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FROM THE BEQUEST OF

CHARLES SUMNER

CLASS OF 1830

Senator from Massachusetts

FOR BOOKS RELATING TO
POLITICS AND FINE ARTS

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Hon. Lewis
from Charles Sum
U. S. Senate
from Mass

The Nation and the Constitution.

AN

Oration

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES AND CITIZENS OF PROVIDEN

JULY 4, 1866.

BY J. LEWIS DIMAN.

PROVIDENCE:
PROVIDENCE PRESS COMPANY, CITY PRINTERS.
1866.

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THE CITY OF PROVIDENCE.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CITY COUNCIL,

Passed July 9, 1866.

RESOLVED, That the thanks of the City Council be and they are hereby tendered to PROFESSOR J. LEWIS DIMAN, for the able and eloquent Oration delivered by him at the late municipal celebration of the anniversary of American Independence.

RESOLVED, That the Committee of Arrangements for the Fourth of July Celebration be and they are hereby authorized to request of Professor DIMAN a copy of the Oration delivered by him on that day, and to cause the same to be published in such manner as they may deem expedient, for the use of the City Council.

A true copy:

Witness, SAMUEL W. BROWN, CITY CLERK.

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ORATION.

WHO among us, fellow-citizens, can have forgotten how much this festival, in former years, was graced by the presence of revolutionary heroes, whose venerable aspect was itself a benediction, as with mute eloquence, more expressive than the living voice, they reminded us of the great price with which our liberties were purchased. Long as they were spared, the conspicuous feature in each procession, we needed nothing to tell us of Bunker Hill, and Saratoga, and Yorktown. One by one they have passed away. I know not whether as I speak the last survives to hear the ringing of bells and the roar of artillery, that certify to our ears the constant and indissoluble alliance of Liberty and Union. They have passed away, but their departure has taken nothing from the sacredness of our festival, for we greet to-day another presence, inspiring the same reverence and gratitude; and when in all the years to come, we, and our children, and our children's children, gather to these annual rites, the day still shall seem apparelled with the same sacred memories, as we shall say, "These were the men who flew with Burnside to the Capital; who braved with

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him the storm at Hatteras; who held with him the bridge at Antietam; who bore with him the bitter anguish at Fredericksburg; who tasted with him the ecstacy of the supreme hour when the serpent's head was bruised at Richmond." Long as these men survive, how can this day return without awakening in all our breasts a devout emotion? Let it be a day, throughout all the land, of glad rejoicing. Let every bell ring its loudest peal; let cannon thunder to cannon from every city and village; let age forget its infirmity, let labor cast aside its burden; but let it also be a day dedicated to a study of the sacred obligations which those sufferings and sacrifices have imposed. From the triumphal arch that spans our streets, '76 and '66 look down upon us.

Through the tremendous struggle which the fortitude and valor of these men have brought to a successful close, we have passed to a higher plane of political experience. Like the patriarch, crowned with the power of a new name by his mysterious wrestling with an unseen enemy, we have come from the night of conflict with a new sense of our nationality, with a far profounder appreciation of the meaning of our institutions. The day that broke over our Peniel saw realized the splendid dream of Milton, of "a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks." We had cast off forever the miserable sophistries which for a time had paralyzed political opinion, and stood erect in the consciousness of assured nationality. The night was indeed dark and terrible through which we passed, but remembering the watchful Providence that sustained us, we too may say, "we have seen God face to face."

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It is, then, no disparagement of the good and wise who have gone before us, to claim that we have been brought to a deeper perception of the foundations of our nationality, and to a more correct interpretation of those great ideas which are incorporated into our body politic. There are things which experience alone can teach, and doubly sad would seem our bitter sacrifices should they leave us no compensating lessons. Against our will the appeal to arms was made, and in the unerring course of that righteous Providence which holds nations not less than men to an account, they that imagined a vain thing were ruled with a rod of iron and dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel. But in such a political system as ours, the sword can never be the final arbiter. It flashes from its scabbard at the bidding of ideas. The mutual recognition, by the mass of the people, of fundamental principles of policy, is the only safeguard of public peace. "The foundation of government," said one of the fathers of the Republic, "is some principle or passion in the minds of the people."

Nations are only larger men, like men endowed with individual life, obeying analogous laws of growth subject, alas, as the silent gates of Thebes, the tottering columns of the Acropolis, the sunken pavement of the Forum alike testify, to the same decay. And like the individual, the nation comes only in the course of years to know itself, to interpret its own deeper tendencies and instincts. Its moral greatness and energy are always proportioned to this self-consciousness. Americans have been laughed at for their faith in manifest destiny. Like all supreme convictions of the soul, when not viewed in relation to the whole scope of duty,

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it may prove the pathway to transgression and ruin. But a "sense sublime" of some indissoluble relation to the vast range and purposes of that divine administration which overarches all ages and nations, and whose triumphant issue shines from the serene splendors of the latter day, can alone lift any nation to the level of historic greatness. The absence of this conviction leaves the annals of the great oriental monarchies as flat and dry as the Desert of Sahara; its presence renders the three great successive commonwealths, the Hebrew, the Roman and our own, the noblest growth of time. Instead, then, of remitting our faith in manifest destiny, we ought to covet an ampler sense of our historic mission. Of necessity absorbed in the unexampled growth of a material civilization, the meaning of our own recorded past has remained hitherto an enigma to us. There has been little in its outward form to awaken interest. It is the history, for the most part, of plain, honest men. It is decorated with none of the illusions of antiquity and romance. No venerable monuments of by-gone ages overshadow us with a legendary lore that silently infuses its fascinating lessons. We have lived in the future more than in the past. Not the most hurtful, discordant, contradictory views aroused us to a just appreciation of our annals.

Need I mention, in proof of the slight degree to which the nation has reflected on itself, the fact, known to all, that the first philosophic study of our institutions proceeded from a foreigner. Nor was this fact without most momentous consequences, for great and undeniable as were the merits of De Tocqueville's book, and far as I should wish to be from detracting anything

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from its well-deserved repute, yet no one, to-day, can doubt that his strange assertion "that the Union was an accident," and his confident prediction that in case of a collision between the States and the Federal authority, the latter must inevitably yield, had a vast and most pernicious influence in shaping the public sentiment of England at the outset of our civil conflict. The conclusions of the fair-minded Frenchman were accepted without dispute, and were the source of those opinions so freely expressed in Parliament and in so many public meetings; and had England incurred the deep damnation of that step to which at one time she approached so near, had she recognized as one of the family of nations the confederacy whose corner stone was an arrogant denial of what England for years had made her boast, the direful consequences might justly have been traced to this fundamental error respecting the nature of our Federal system which the authority of De Tocqueville had done so much to disseminate. Of such vital importance is it to know for ourselves, and to make others comprehend, the true foundations of our nationality.

The author of the Palmetto Geography, published during the war for the benefit of southern youths, who derived the common law from the book of Leviticus, did not in fact shoot wider of the mark than many of those English writers who have aimed to enlighten their countrymen respecting our institutions. Well read in Thucydides and Aristotle, but ignorant of Hamilton and Madison, they have reasoned from the narrow municipal life of the ancient democracies, to our essentially original and imperial system. Misled by names, they have overlooked real distinctions. They have

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repeated stale aphorisms respecting Republican institutions, forgetting, or not caring to remember, that the term Republic has been equally applied to the Dutch Confederation, in which dwelt no direct principle of popular liberty; to Poland, the most oppressive compound the world has ever seen, of monarchy and aristocracy; to the Italian cities of the middle ages, which were mere oligarchies; and to imperial Rome, where the distingushing feature of American republicanism, the representative system, was never recognized. Strange to say, the sole English statesman of any note who seems to have seized hold of the fact that there was anything distinctive or peculiar in our liberties, was the leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli, who termed the United States a "territorial democracy," an apt designation, provided the immense difference be recognized between an American farmer and an European peasant, one of a class which has never yet proved itself capable of local self-government.

We cannot too deeply engrave on all our minds the fact that our political system is an essentially new experiment in the life of States. The form of government here established has no prototype in any former age. It refuses to conform to the well-known division of Aristotle. We seek in vain to explain it by Greek or Roman analogies. It embodies novel political ideas, and can be explained only from analysis of its own interior principles. For purposes of comparison we may class it, as a recent English writer has done, with the Achaian League, with the Swiss Cantons, with the seven United Provinces of the Netherland, but the resemblance is superficial. Neither in the constitution

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of our Federal system, nor in the elements out of which the Federal system itself is formed, is there any real analogy. As our democracy is an original and unexampled democracy, so our Federal system is an original and unexampled Federal system. We shall halt and stumble in all our conclusions, if we do not reason from this postulate.

Settled for the most part as English colonies, inheriting English maxims and usages, copying to a great extent in the method of our colonial administration, English parliamentary forms; above all, bringing with us across the sea the boon of the Common Law, it has been our habit to regard England as the exclusive source of our political existence. Nor has the error been confined to our side of the Atlantic. England has loved to speak of America as an unruly but vigorous offspring. That our institutions are a mere offshoot of theirs, has been a favorite opinion, especially with that class of Englishmen who have given us their most hearty sympathy. America, they have repeated, is but another England, without her battlemented castles, her ivied manor-houses, her gray cathedrals, her court and her upper class. New York and Philadelphia and Boston, are Liverpool and Manchester and Edinburgh. In other words, that famous English middle class, whose characteristics Matthew Arnold has so keenly analyzed, reaches in America its perfect growth.

Without wishing to depreciate the debt we owe to England, I maintain that this theory of the genesis of our political ideas is a radical mistake. We brought much from the mother land, so much that, notwithstanding the mean subserviency to selfish interests that has crept over English politics since the treaty of Utrecht,

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she is old England still; but the fact cannot be overlooked that into the earliest shaping of our institutions there entered elements not of English growth, elements that were not subordinate and evanescent, but controling and permanent. We brought from England, it is true, the grand distinguishing feature of modern society, the representative system, but how altered and expanded from the narrow notions of a privilege conferred by royal grace on certain favored corporations was the right here so soon asserted as inseparable from every local municipality. In that one step, from a privilege to a right, was involved the immense transition from the middle ages to modern times. The first perpetuated a class, the second proclaimed the existence of a people.

When, in the following century, the colonies contended, that representation and taxation were inseparable, though they claimed to be standing on the platform of old English liberty, yet it was evident that they asserted a theory of representation unknown to English law. The clearest judicial mind then living, Lord Mansfield, saw the difference, and in his place in the House of Lords, he declared that the claim of the colonies, if grounded in right, went to the whole constitution of the British Empire. As a lawyer, Lord Mansfield's position was impregnable, for English representation from the beginning was prescriptive, the representation of classes, and, to-day, England is struggling for what America, from the beginning, has enjoyed, a true representation of the people.

Nor need we search far for the source of this new character which representative institutions here assumed. The elder Adams, in a letter to the Abbe de Mably, in 1782, declares that the characteristic feature

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of New England institutions, which more than anything else gave an impulse to the revolution, was the system of town government. But the New England towns were the children of the New England churches, the distinctive characteristics of the civil being derived from the ecclesiastical democracy. If, therefore, we would know whence come the distinctive principles that have moulded the New England character, and which, issuing from New England, have done so much to shape the political institutions of the new world, we must go back, not to the common law, not to the writs of Simon de Montfort, but to the mighty dialectics of a French refugee, who, from his asylum amid the Alps, with a zeal consuming as Loyola's and a logic daring as Rousseau's, scattered the firebrands of revolution in the disguise of divine decrees. It is a memorable fact that the political institutions of this country thus received their most energetic impulse, not from England, but from France; and the abstract, ideal stamp then impressed upon them has not been effaced to the present day.

This abstract, ideal tendency that so much marks American political ideas from the traditional, prescriptive character of English liberty, is shown in the first assertion of that Declaration which has been read to us to-day, an assertion once hastily condemned by a famous New England orator as a "glittering generality," but which, he should have known, was old as the jurisprudence of the Antonines, affirmed, indeed, by the Roman lawyers as a mere legal maxim, but taken up and expanded by the great French jurisconsults, till a legal rule was clothed with the force and influence of a social principle, and passing from the hands of lawyers to the hands of scholars, became a principle of politics which

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promises, at the present time, to modify more powerfully than any other the destinies of States. Not, then, to the English, but to the Roman law, do we owe the most characteristic features of our body politic, and our historic mission is not to perpetuate the limited, prescriptive rights that have sprung from the middle age, but to complete the illustrious fabric of Roman liberty, which, unlike the systems reared by the barbarian conquerors of Europe, recognized power not as an estate, held for the benefit of the possessors. but as a trust to be exercised for the common good. Whatever may be the analogies between American and English institutions, there is a radical distinction between a system which consists in the perpetual balance of separate estates, and a system based on one undivided sovereignty.

The study of our institutions has been legal rather than historical. The lawyer, I know, may urge that we sacrifice the chief advantage of a written constitution if we do not observe the letter. But in politics, as in religion, the letter often killeth. To the legal training of George Grenville, Burke attributed, in great part, that blindness as a statesman, which did so much to precipitate the American Revolution. The ship of State can never be safely steered by slaves to precedent.

In every country possessing a written constitution, there must be besides, an historic or providential constitution, and nothing can be more certain than that the former will never adequately express the latter. Nay, the written may not only fall short of, it may contradict the unwritten. The articles of Confederation, for example, were a written constitution, but they not only did not embody the actual living constitution that had

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controlled the united action of the colonies, they virtually subverted it. The colonies were less a nation under the articles of confederation than they had been while owning a common allegiance to the British Crown. Their inchoate nationality was only marred and defaced by that miserable makeshift, the child of narrow, local jealousies, which served no other purpose than to make them sigh for the unity they had thrown away.

The written Constitution may exist or not. It may be amended or set aside. It is a human work, the attempt of men to give legal expression to a general fact. But the providential constitution must exist. It is the nation's organic life. It grows with the nation's growth and strengthens with its strength, and no written constitution can have any worth, or can endure for any time, unless the unwritten infuses itself into it.

> "There is a mystery in the soul of State,
> Which hath an operation more divine
> Than breath or pen can give expressure to."

Let me not be understood to detract from the value or authority of a written constitution. Foreigners have wondered why we were willing to make such sacrifices and shed blood so freely for a piece of paper. They little realize the intensity of that inbred reverence for Law, which with us amounts almost to a religion. We can never estimate too highly an instrument which is, beyond question, the most refined product of political wisdom the world has ever seen, and the successful establishing of which Lord Brougham himself, in his better days, before a soured and querulous old age had darkened the windows of his mind, declared to be "the most important event in the history

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of our species." But the Constitution is not the State.

The maxim is often uttered, great jurists have given it their endorsement, that ours is a government of laws and not of men. John Adams calls this maxim the very definition of a Republic. When set up as a stay to hasty or illegal action, the maxim is a most sound and wholesome one. For it is unquestionably true that with reference to any private action the law is sovereign. The organic claims allegiance from the individual will. But the maxim ceases to be true when applied, not to one individual, but to the whole body politic. Here, not the law, but the people, is supreme. Not the government, but the State, under God is sovereign. "In the political order," says Mr. Brownson, "the fact precedes the law. The nation holds not from the law, but the law holds from the nation."

For the public weal the people may adopt certain rules by which to regulate their action. These rules, until regularly amended or repealed, are the supreme method. Long as they remain in operation, they justly claim of every citizen, not obedience simply, but reverence and honor; but to say that the law governs, is to confuse the fundamental principles of a free society. "It is certain," says one of the clearest political reasoners of our day, the late Sir Cornewall Lewis, "that in every sort of government the sovereign power must be legally unlimited; and that every government must be conducted by men." To surrender this fundamental principle, would be to exchange the progressive political development of Europe for the torpor of Mohammedan rule. To have first recognized this principle constitutes our distinction as a nation.

We have, in fact, suffered our instinct of nationality to become weakened by fixing our eyes too much on

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the written constitution. The government has veiled the older and grander proportions of the State. Even Mr. Motley, in his letter to the London Times, at the beginning of our civil strife, committed the strange error of asserting "that the constitution of 1787 made us a nation." It did, it could do, no such thing. It was the nation that made the constitution. In the words of the preamble it asserts its imperial parentage.

By thus looking at the government rather than the State, so many of our most sagacious public men were betrayed into the admission that prior to the adoption of the constitution, the States were sovereign. This was the view of Mr. Jefferson, and was even conceded by Mr. Webster. From this view the doctrine of secession followed as a logical conclusion.

For when were the States thus severally possessed of sovereign power? Not during the colonial period, for then, as they themselves repeatedly asserted, they were mere dependencies of the British Crown. Not when Independence was first declared, for that declaration was a joint act, the assertion of a collective sovereignty. Not as separate States, but as an organized political unity, they proceeded to raise armies, to carry on war, to conclude treaties. Never were they recognized by any foreign power as endowed with other than collective sovereignty. The sovereignty wrested from the British Crown passed to the *United* States, nor by any act, nor by any declaration, nor by any pretence whatever, did any one of those States ever claim a separate and individual sovereignty. What though in the din of arms they became so oblivious of their nationality as to accept the erroneous expression of it in the Articles of Confederation, shall an error of statement

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vitiate an historic fact? Let the whole dangerous doctrine of original State sovereignty be forever dismissed from the public mind. Let the words of an illustrious South Carolinian statesman be forever engraved on all our hearts: "The separate independence and individual sovereignty of the several States were never thought of by the enlightened band of patriots who framed the Declaration."

Our political system will never be secure till this notion of original State sovereignty has been exploded. No military triumphs can accomplish this. To be conquered is not to be convinced. But a few days ago, in a New York paper, the defiant declaration was put forth: "The South accepts the result in respect to its present practical application, but that acceptance does not imply any abandonment in thought of the principle upon which the secession movement was founded." It is but charity to think that by very many these views are honestly maintained, and that soon as the fearful ravages of war have been forgotten, they may reassert their malignant and destructive sway over southern sentiment; and there is no way in which these conclusions can be logically met but by ceasing to regard the nation as compounded of separate sovereignties. What though we claim that in adopting the federal constitution, the States renounced forever their separate sovereignty, and ceded it to the central power? A party competent to do, is competent to undo, and though sacred faith may be broken, and solemn pledges may be violated by such a course, yet what prevents that some miserable plea that the terms of the agreement have been broken by the other members, shall be held by one member to justify withdrawing from it?

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Do we say that the very terms of the agreement imply that it shall be perpetual? Is not every treaty of alliance between nations in its terms perpetual? Was not the Holy Alliance meant to be perpetual? But what barrier have its solemn stipulations proved to the unscrupulous ambition of Bismarck?

The denial of original State sovereignty is not the denial of State rights. The rights of the States, within their appropriate sphere are sacred and inviolable as the rights of the federal government. Our political system is exposed to no greater peril than is involved in the tendency to centralization of power. But with explicit division of powers there is no division of sovereignty. The State entrusts its functions to a double set of agents, but does not abdicate its indivisible and inalienable supremacy. Between the federal and State functions no issue of subordination can arise.

Mr. Calhoun, misled by mere external resemblances, fancied that he saw in the adjustment of our Federal and State authority, a reproduction of the English system of checks and balances, and he would have rendered it more efficient by a dual executive, and by substituting concurrent for numerical majorities. It is incomprehensible how so acute a mind should have so wholly misconceived the genius of our system. The British constitution, which bears in all its features the marks of the long conflict of classes out of which it sprung, and which, like the proud Keep of Windsor, to which it has been compared, is a majestic monument of feudal civilization, seeks in the balance of Three Estates a safeguard against despotism. English liberties have grown from this antagonism. But in our system such antagonism can have no place. Our Federal and State

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governments do not represent rival classes or antagonistic interests. Our interests are homogeneous and organic. The Federal and State governments are not centripital and centrifugal forces; they are happily combined like the double motion of the earth on its axis and in its orbit.

Keeping in mind this distinction between the State and government, we can easily estimate the value of that aphorism so often uttered, "that the Federal tie is weak because it is artificial." Is not every form of government artificial? Can the term be applied to the clauses of our Federal Constitution with any more propriety than to the Reform Bill or the Bill of Rights, or even to Magna Charta? Or, in what sense are the interpretations of the Constitution by the Supreme Court, which ultimately fix its meaning, any more artificial than the long series of Pretorian Edicts which stamped its peculiar character on Roman Law? If the objection has any force, it applies to every form of government that has ever existed since the legislation of Solon, or the Laws of the Ten Tables. Sir James Mackintosh gained great reputation once for saying that "Constitutions are not made, but grow." The only meaning of such a maxim is the simple and obvious meaning that constitutions must be framed in accordance with anterior facts. They are weak, not because they are made, but because they are unwisely or unjustly made.

A Federal system is more artificial than other systems only because it is the highest refinement of human policy. It is more artificial only in the sense that all consummate achievements of art, of literature, of science, are more artificial; only in the sense that

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every matured product of intelligence and reason is more artificial than the untutored instinct of the savage. That a body politic, thus formed, should be less compact than barbarian or feudal monarchies, would imply that civilization itself is anarchy.

The Federal systems of ancient Greece were weak, because their starting point was the separate sovereignty of cities; ours is strong because the collective sovereignty of the American people is the broad basis on which it rests. It might indeed be questioned whether the term "federal" is strictly applicable to a system that so radically departs from all former types. In the more exact phrase of Mr. Phillimore, we may call it a "composite state." It is, in every essential aspect, a new experiment, the logical working out of the most advanced political ideas of modern times.

The strange craft that shot so suddenly the other day into the harbor of St. Johns, when the frightened watchman fled his post announcing that a sinking ship was coming in, did not more truly embody an original idea, than do our institutions. Like that watchman, most of those abroad who, five years ago, had their gaze for the first time fixed upon us by the breaking out of the civil conflict, thought they saw a sinking ship. Like that little craft which has safely ploughed its way across the ocean, and now floats beside the frowning batteries of England, proclaiming, wherever she bears the Star Spangled Banner, that a new age of naval warfare has come, the Republic decried and denounced, with prophets of evil predicting that she was fit only for smooth seas and summer gales, across a darker and a stormier sea has held her victorious course, and to-day, in the pride of unbroken strength, and in the

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majesty of perfect proportion, is proclaiming to the world the triumph of an experiment that has no parallel in the recorded history of mankind.

Fellow citizens, have I painted too bright a picture? Is the ship of the Republic safe in port, or is she still tossed on the open sea? Let us not disguise the difficulties of the hour. We have still a great work to do, a work, in some respects, the most complex and difficult ever presented to any people; but is it a work beyond our strength? If I had nothing in which to put my trust but an individual, or a party, I might indeed be filled with apprehension. But ours is not the government of one man, nor the government of one party. I look beyond the mere functionaries to the source from which they derive their powers. I turn from the petty jealousies and miserable bickerings of the servant's hall, to the serene atmosphere of the presence chamber. I build my hopes, not on the tinkering expedients of politicians, but in the sound, unerring instincts of the sovereign people.

No nation that ever existed depended so little as does ours upon its mere form of government. To my mind, the crowning moment in our great conflict was not when the first gun, fired on Sumter, was followed by the magnificent uprising of a great people; when the whole North burned with an enthusiasm that has had nothing like it since the days of the Crusades; but rather that dark, that dreadful hour when, with the nation reeling beneath the blow that smote its beloved chief, the great duties of the State passed without a break or a jar to the hands of his successor. That was the real triumph of our institutions. I would have all other days, however glorious, be forgotten. I would have all other

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pictures fade away, before I would part with that, for not Gettysburg, nor Chattanooga, nor Petersburg, not Hooker fighting above the clouds, nor Farragut lashed to the mast-head, nor Sherman holding his mighty march to the sea that roared and clapped its hands as it sent to the sky the sheen of his terrible banners, was such a spectacle as the calm self-possession of that hour.

With such proofs of national capacity, can we doubt, fellow-citizens, that, with the blessing of Providence, the great problem before us will be solved? that the nation, guided by the great principles which illuminate her history, will march on without faltering, in the path on which the light shineth more and more, that, swayed by the increasing influences of a christian civilization, recognizing no distinction of color or race, extending to all, alike the blessings of liberty and the safeguards of law, the land of our fathers, coming from her baptism of blood, with the dove of divine peace resting upon her, will merit the benediction: "This is the people in which I am well pleased?" By the mercy of God, while Europe rings with arms, we are left to pursue the nobler arts of peace. Let the victories of war be eclipsed by the grander victories of Justice and Truth.

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CELEBRATION

OF THE

NINETIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDANCE

IN

GENEVA (SUISSE)

JULY 4th 1866

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION

OF THE

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

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1867. Dec. 27.
Gift of
Sam'l Greene, M.D.
Lowell.

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THE COMMEMORATIVE BANQUET

JULY 4th 1866

At an informal meeting of gentlemen, held at the Grand Hôtel de la Paix, Geneva, on the evening of the thirtieth day of June, it was resolved that the citizens of the United States, who chanced to be in Geneva at the time, ought to observe in some way, the ninetieth anniversary of their national independance; and Messrs. J. A. C. Gray, of New-York, F. S. Kinney of New-Jersey, James L. Claghorne, and Louis A. Godey, of Pennsylvania, were appointed a Committee to carry the purpose of the meeting into effect. With commendable zeal and energy, these gentlemen at once put themselves in communication with other American citizens, and it was determined to commemorate the day, by a banquet in which all Americans residing in the city at the time, should be invited to participate; and that the more distinguished friends of the United States, among the native Genevese, should be invited as guests. The large

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saloon of the Hôtel de la Paix was procured for the purpose; and its director, Mr Kohler, gave promptly and generously, all the assistance that he could render, in furthering the arrangements. The Hôtel was profusely decorated with flags: fireworks were sent for from Paris: and the services of two fine bands of music were procured through his kind instrumentality. Other hotels, such as the Hôtel des Bergues, the Hôtel Beau Rivage, the Hôtel de la Couronne, and the Hôtel de l'Ecu, also displayed our national flag during the day; cannon were fired from a small vessel anchored in Lake Leman: and in the evening a fine exhibition of fireworks was made in several parts of the city.

Invitations to attend the dinner were issued to the President, and Vice-President of the Grand Council of Geneva, to Messrs. Chenevière, Turrettini and Richard, Counsellors of State, to M. Harrington, American minister at Berne, to M. Upton, American consul at Geneva, to general Dufour, to Dr Merle d'Aubigné, to the count de Gasparin, author of the « Uprising of a Great People, » to M. J. H. Serment, advocate, President of the « Auxiliary Committee of the American Association for the benefit of the Freedmen, » M. Alexandre Lombard, banker, M. le prof. Adert et M. Debrit, editors of *le Journal de Genève*, M. Tronchin, editor of *la Nation Suisse*, M. Aug. de la Rive, to professor Naville, and many other well-known European friends of the United States, several of whom, it will be afterwards seen, accepted; while others, either by official engagements or absence, were compelled to decline, greatly to their regret and ours.

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The Americans who were present at the Hôtel to participate in the banquet, were:

Mr George D. Phelps.
Mrs Phelps.
Mr H. W. Robbins.
Mr J. Mc Henry Kitching.
Mr L. A. Godey.
Mrs Godey.
Mr W. A. Moller.
Mrs Moller.
M. Jas. L. Claghorne.
Mrs Claghorne.
Mr Townsend Harris.
Mr George Bell.
Mrs Bell.
Miss Bell.
Dr J. Lawrence Lee.
Miss Lee.
Mr J. Thorpe.
Mrs Thorpe.
Miss Barnes.
Miss Dick.
Mr J. F. Page.
Mrs Page.
Miss Page.
Mr Anthony Lang.
Mr J. F. Page Jr.
Mr Thomas Page.
Mr J. A. Robinson.
Mr J. A. C. Gray.
Mrs Gray.
Miss Gray.
Miss Hunter.
Miss Danforth.
Mr Parke Godwin.
Miss Godwin.
Mr F. S. Kinney.
Miss Kinney.
Mr Char. Lanier.
Mrs Lanier.
Rev. Marcus Ames.
Mr George Cummings.
Mr George Kemp.
Mrs Kemp.
Mr S. A. Sawyer.
Mrs Sawyer.
Mrs Eggleston.
Mr Eggleston.
Mr C. I. Taylor.
Miss Woodbury.
M. J. H. Godwin Jr.
Miss L. G. Metcalf.
Mrs Robinson.
M. A. H. Lowery.
Mr W. C. Fargo Jr.

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Among the invited guests present, were Charles Upton Esq., American Consul at Geneva, Dr Merle d'Aubigné, M. Alexandre Lombard, with parts of their families, lord Walter Campbell, M. J. H. Serment, M. Marc Debrit, M. James Odier, M. Tronchin and others.

At the hour appointed, the company took their seats in the spacious dining-room of the Hôtel, which was tastefully decorated with wreaths, banners, etc, after which M. George D. Phelps of New-York, who had been selected to preside, briefly introduced the proceedings as follows :

Remarks of Mr Phelps.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

We are assembled to celebrate our country's ninetieth national Birth day, — a day sacred in the memory of every true American, and dear to the heart of every friend of liberty — here and everywhere.

While we are in a measure strangers and in a strange land, yet as the friends of liberty, we are all brethren, and in good harmony in our patriotic sentiments.

And although most of us are far away from our dear native land, we meet within the bounds, and under the flag and protection of our elder sister Republic — the country of William Tell and Zwingli, — of Calvin, Berthelier and a host of kindred worthies; — and also in this famous city of Geneva, whose streets have flowed with the precious blood

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of many Martyrs to the same Holy cause of civil and religious liberty for which *our* patriot fathers so freely bled and died. — Thus surrounded and inspired by kindred associations, sympathising strangers and congenial spirits, let us, with becoming thankgivings and rejoicings, commemorate the deeds, and hallow the memories of those, who, under God, wrought out for us our blessed inheritance and our National Glory.

But first, in conformity to the time honoured usage of our patriot forefathers, let us invoke the favour of Him, who is the author and bestower of our every blessing, — and Who has ever been our country's constant friend and great benefactor.

The Rev. D^{r} Ames of Massachussets, being called upon, invoked the Divine blessing, when the company partook of the good things, so bounteously provided by the worthy proprietor of the Hôtel; at the close of which entertainment the President suggested that, as the company appeared to be quite satisfied with the physical comforts provided for the occasion, they would be now invited to the intellectual feast prepared by the Committee of arrangements. He then announced the regular toasts in order, as follow:

First toast. — « The President of the United States, » which after *the President's Grand March* was responded to by Charles Upton Esq., United States's consul in the city of Geneva.

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Mr Upton's Speech.

I came here somewhat in the mood which Sterne described himself to be in when the Franciscan asked him for alms and he buttoned up his purse, predetermined not to give him a single *sou;* so I had predetermined not to speak, but I feel that it would be ungracious, and my silence might be misconstrued, especially when called upon to respond to the health of President Johnson.

For long years I belonged to a party opposed to Andrew Johnson, a party which latterly became a cipher at the South; but when the wretched rebellion was precipitated, and men who loved their country forgot party, I found myself at his side, and have been there ever since.

In the recent unhappy differences between the President and the Congress I have been more nearly in accord with him than with the Congress. But I will not dwell upon this subject, only to ask of you fellow-citizens, who will soon return to our common country and mingle in those discussions which divide her citizens, to remember the great services of Mr Johnson in the past and to judge him kindly; remember how much the nation owes him, — how, from the beginning, his name was a bulwark against which the waves of secession dashed surlily and angrily; that he not only preserved his own State, but that, throughout the South, he was the shield and the shelter of the Union.

Allow me to pass from these topics, and, as your consul,

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to welcome you to Geneva — a city, as was happily and gracefully said by the Chairman in his opening remarks, where an anniversary of liberty may be most fitly celebrated. The history of this city is full of interest for patriots. Suffer me to call your attention to some parts of it and to some things you will not find in the guide-books.

The earliest government of Geneva was by a catholic bishop, chosen by the people, and afterwards consecrated at Rome. It happened in the course of time that the Pope visited Geneva when the bishopric was vacant and he appointed a bishop. The people not only acquiesced but felicitated themselves that so great a magnate as the Pope should interest himself in their affairs, but the precedent was fatal, for the bishops were thenceforth appointed from among the House of Savoy whose Duke had long coveted the sovereignty of Geneva, which was then in the midst of their territorial possessions. The people struggled nobly against this usurpation.

There is an old tower at the end of one of the bridges here which cross the Rhone, a tower of the middle ages, (which you may know by three clocks near the top of it, giving the time at Berne, Geneva and Paris) in which there is a mural tablet with an inscription to the memory of Philibert Berthelier. Berthelier was the first martyr of liberty here. The second was Levrier, who was a judge in the bishop's court and who denied an appeal from his court to the Duke.

Both these heroes were beheaded, but not at the ordinary place of execution, for the Duke feared a rescue by

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the people. Levrier wrote upon the wall of his prison, after he knew his sentence, these latin lines :

Quid mihi mors nocuit ? Virtus post fata virescit !
Nec cruce, nec sævi gladio perit illa tyranni.

(What harmed me death? Virtue then grows without decay ! Nor cross, nor tyrant's sword can take her life away.)

The people never doubted their right to freedom after it was sealed by the blood of these men, and after long years of heroic sufferings, they oftained it, but not until with it they took in the reformed religion and thus rid themselves of bishop as well as duke. Not long after, as you know, Calvin came here, and his history is identified with that of Geneva. I confess to have had great prejudices against this great man until I investigated the history of his time and labours. Most of the Genevese are still prejudiced against him, but I hope the time will come when they will do him justice — at present there is no monument or statue here to preserve his memory. But Molière, to whom, living, the French Academy had refused an election, was honoured a century after his death by their bringing his bust in their midst with this inscription « Nothing was wanting to his glory — he was wanting to ours. » The time will come, I think when the Genevese will do the like, justice to themselves and to John Calvin. (*Applause.*)

The second regular toast was then announced :

« The United States of America and the Confederation of Switzerland, the twin Republics of the Old and the

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New World, in whose organisation is so happily blended the Unity of the Nation with the Liberty of the citizen. »

Music : *Hail Columbia* and *Ranz des Vaches*. This was responded to, by Parke Godwin, Esq. editor of the *New-York Evening-Post*.

Mr Godwin's Speech.

M. President, and Gentlemen and Ladies.

The place, the time, the circumstances, so felicitously blended in your toast, are all calculated to excite in the mind the profoundest thoughts, and to fill the heart with the noblest emotions.

This is Geneva — the little city of the Lake — from which, more than any other city of Europe, have gone forth those voices which have controlled the sublime marches of human thought. Thence emanated that grand principle of the Divine Sovereignty, which is now the creed of the churches, and of no churches more than our own. Here, by a singular and yet not unnatural contrast, was first heard that solitary, wild, plaintive cry, in behalf of the equality and rights of man, which, at the end of the last century, grew into the lion's roar : and is now the authoritative utterance of the whole people.

Most fitly, M. President, have you coupled the name of Switzerland with that of the United States, — twin republics of the old and new worlds, — the vanguard and rear-guard of liberty, — alike devoted to the same beneficent

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mission of upholding freedom among the nations, and alike unconquerable in that devotion. Ah! of old has liberty dwelt among these hills, robed in the verdure of their beautiful valleys, — pure as the snow of their summits, — immoveable as the rocks at their base. Our distinguished and venerable Bryant has said of the mountains that

« — they proclaim,
The everlasting creed of liberty,
That creed is written on the untrampled snow;
Thundered by torrents, which no power can hold.
Save that of God, when he sends forth his cold, » —

Where then, so well as in Switzerland, the land of the mountain and the torrent, as in this nation of political unity and popular rights, as in this city of intellectual activity and religious independence, where so well can we Americans celebrate our natal day? This is our other home: this is our second country : no walls of aristocratic seclu sion frown upon us when we approach these picturesque and lovely cities : no insolent and angry waves roll back upon us an insular arrogance : no palace-guards, the embroidered and gilded minions of tyranny, bid us wait : but we come to the Swiss as to our own : their hospitable hands strike ours with a brother's grasp : and, while around us everywhere we see, the signs of man's domination over man, overbearing rule, — dynastic oppression, — family arrogance, selfish caste, — in short, the few trampling upon the many until the many grovel in mire and igno-

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rance, and poverty and squalor, — here the spirit and the body, have cast their fetters off, — here, as with us, is recognised that truth of truths, — substance of all Christianity, all philosophy, all human hope, — that man was not made for governments, — that he was not even made for society, — but that all governments and all societies were made for man. (*Cheers.*) In other words he is the end and they the means : their supreme function : their sole and exclusive reason for being : their only justification, is the good which they minister to him : and when they have other aims, when they are perverted to more partial or selfish uses, they cease to be legitimate, rightful, useful : and they are a curse and a nuisance to the earth. (*Cheers.*)

That, I repeat, is at bottom the peculiarity of the American and Swiss systems of political organisation : that is their excellence : that is their glory. They make man himself, — the individual as the universal man, — each one of us and every one of us, — our development, our happiness, our progress, — our mastery of the resources of nature and of the facilities and blessings of the social state, — the high, the final, the exclusive object of political and civil organisation! Elsewhere we hear a wretched jargon about the divine right of certain dynasties ; about the historic pre-eminence of certain families, about the legitimate priviledges of certain classes, their authority to control and govern other classes : not only to control and govern, but to own : to own all the property, to hold all the trusts, to direct even the education of all minds, to say, what thoughts they shall think, what truths they may believe ; and, most impious

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of all, they assume to dispense the means of Heaven's free and universal salvation. (*Applause.*) But here that silly enfantillage, that miserable sophism, that selfish and odious assumption has passed away: and the Swiss, like the American, acknowledges but one absolute authority, the authority of God over his conscience and heart, and but one absolute right, the right of all men to an equal love and an exact justice. (*Cheers*).

The Swiss has done some thing to evince his fidelity to these frontal principles: and so has the American. Both have sealed their faith in their blood. For long centuries here, the struggle for freedom has gone on: and though it has been less long with us it has not been less intense. If not our entire history, the last ten years of it, have shown where we stand. We have not shrunk from our principles. Though a bitter, — a painful, nay a terrible cup was presented to us, we drained it to the dregs. Five hundred thousands slain, and a million of hearts made desolate, tell the world what liberty is to us, what estimate we set on union. Dearer than life, dearer than father or mother, dearer than sweetheart or wife, is that free, popular, constitutional existence, which distinguishes us from others and makes us what we are. (*Cheers.*)

Thank God, that others are at last beginning to discover, not only the greatness of our means but the grandeur of our end. Europe estimates more truly to day than ever before the measure and strength of that stupendous experiment, experiment no longer, which we have undertaken in the western world. It is beginning to see, in spite of the

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boasts of a factitious and pedantic Cæsarism, which has no force whatever save that which it insidiously sucks from the egg of democracy, — that popular government is not only the most progressive, the most beneficent, the most just, — the most beneficent and progressive because the most just, — but that it is also, externally as well as internally, the strongest government! No other government could have coped with the difficulties that ours has overcome, could have survived the perils that ours has surmounted. No other government, after the experience of the late years, will willingly dash itself against the Republic, as she sits, solitary and secure, but peaceful and mighty, beyond the seas. (*Applause.*)

But, whatever Europe may feel or think we Americans can now apply with some little alteration to the whole country, the beautiful eulogy, which Webster once confined to the state of Massachusett. « She needs no encomium: there she is; behold her, and judge for yourself. The Past at least is secure. There is her history, the world knows it by heart. There is Concord and Lexington and Bunker-Hill, » to which we add now, Chattanooga, Gettysburg, and the Five-Forks, and there they will remain forever! The bones of her sons, fallen in the last great struggle for the Union, now lie mingled with the soil of every State and there they will lie forever. Where political liberty raised its first voice, where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. But, should it be destined to meet with reverses, — should folly and madness threaten it, — should party strife

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and blind ambition hawk at and tear it, — should fanaticism, under the guise of philanthropy, combine with the banded tyrannies of the old world to overwhelm it,— it will stretch forth its arms, with whatever vigor they may still retain, over the friends who gather around it, — and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory and on the very spot of its origin! (*Cheers.*)

Third toast. — « The day we celebrate, — the eighty-ninth anniversary of American Independance; for ever dear to the hearts, — for ever hallowed in the memories of all lovers of national integrity and individual freedom. »

Music : *The Star spangled banner.* This was responded to by Rev. Dr Ames of Lancaster Mass, whose eloquent speech, however, unfortunately, was not reported.

Fourth toast. — « Civil and Religious liberty, — the purpose of Divine Providence towards all the nations. — Eternal honour to its martyrs, its defenders and its advocates in every land. »

Music : *Air Suisse des Montagnes (Buch.).*

In announcing this toast the President said he was quite sure he should give great pleasure to every American present, when he introduced, as its respondent, one whose name was known and esteemed in all our country; whose published works lay side by side of the Holy Bible. and Bunyon's Dream throughout the length and breadth of our land — namely, Dr Merle d'Aubigné of this city of Geneva (*Cheers*).

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Dr Merle d'Aubigné's Speech.

Mr President,

The toast you give me to propose, is on civil and religious liberty. I should wish, in order to do honour to it, to be able, in this, my native country, to speak my native tongue, the tongue of my fathers. But I must speak English. There is a contradiction, Sir, in your request; you ask me to speak about liberty and you make me a slave. When I speak English, I am bound, I am in irons, I am a slave; nevertheless, I will endeavour, even though enchained, to give expression to my thoughts.

Civil and religious liberty! Ladies and gentlemen, there is need, great need of it. With the exception of two or three oases, the desert is everywhere. It is wanted in paganism, it is wanted in Islamism, it is wanted in Christendom, and it is even deficient in some protestant countries. But civil and religious liberty is the purpose of Divine Providence towards all nations, and after the darkness of the middle ages, began the great emancipations of humanity. The will of God was the triumph of that great cause; he raised up heroes, he crowned martyrs, and according to his usual mode of action, the accomplishing of *great* designs by *small* means, He made use of this little republic, to be one of the chief instruments of His marvellous plan.

We have had heroes and martyrs of liberty — and mar-

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tyrs are more than heroes, for they give their life to the cause they defend. At a distance of some few yards from the place where we are now assembled, on the edge of this majestic river which flows before our windows, at about this season of the year, 1519, Philibert Berthelier who had raised the people of this city against the encroachments of the prince-bishop of Geneva, and of the Duke of Savoy, was imprisoned in the tower of Cæsar : « Ask forgiveness, said to him the ducal officers, and submit yourself to the prince, else you will die. » Berthelier answered nothing, but he rose and wrote on the wall of his prison : *Non moriar, sed vivam et narrabo opera Domini.* The next day, the Duke and the bishop put all their army under arms; Berthelier was led to the narrow strip of land that lies between the tower and the river, and there the executioner struck off his head. Sir, Berthelier's name and glory, still live, and after three hundred years, we honour him, as one of the founders of modern liberty.

After him God raised up another hero. He was not a soldier like Berthelier, but a lawyer. Levrier the first judge of the town, when the Duke endeavoured to act as master, rose up in the Council and said : « The Duke is here a vassal and not a sovereign. » The learned judge was traitrously seized, coming out of the cathedral, tied to a horse, carried to the castle of Bonne, at the feet of the Alps, about six miles from this, a place you could almost see from these windows. He was taken at midnight to the court of the fortress : « By God's grace, he said, I die for the liberty of my country » and his head rolled in the castle's

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yard. Honour to the defenders and martyrs of liberty! (*Cheers.*)

But this was not all: In the sixteenth century everything appeared contrary to Liberty. It was the time of the centralisation of power, the epoch of the triumph of absolute authority in the State, in France, in Spain, everywhere. But just at the moment that absolute power raised its head in the State, it received a terrible blow in the Church. At the moment when kings were taking up the sceptre of despotism, it was taken from the hands of the pope. An adversary, a terrible adversary rose up against civil and religious despotism; this adversary was the Bible. The freedom of examination of the Scriptures of God was proclaimed by the reformers, and at the time when autocratic authority triumphed in the State by the means of such princes as Francis I, and Philip II, it was defeated in the Church by the powertul voices of a Luther, a Zwingli, a Calvin. This Sir, secured the final triumph of civil and religious liberty in the whole world. Geneva was again by the instrumentality of Calvin the centre of this movement. You know the lines of the great poet of the last century — Voltaire,

« Je ne décide pas entre Genève et Rome. »

In other countries were all struggling during the XVIth and XVIIth centuries against the popes, the Jesuits, the inquisitors, and liberty triumphed. Civilisation was saved. But this did not take place without producing its martyrs. In France, in Italy, in Spain, in the Netherlands

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and elsewhere, thousands of scaffolds were raised, torrents of blood were shed, but this blood of the martyrs was the seed of Faith and of Liberty. (*Cheers.*)

In these modern times new arms were wanted. The little republic of the Old World was not enough; God raised up the great republic of the New World. When our hands began to hang down you came to our help, as a powerful reinforcement. Citizens of the United States, what is the real cause of the strength and of the prosperity of your county? Certainly it is the possession of civil and religious liberty,—as the great cause of the downfall of Spain, so powerful three centuries ago, is the want of civil and religious liberty. But as you owe everything to her, so you owe yourselves entirely to her: you have already done much for her. Washington has been a great hero of Liberty and we honour him in the Old World, as you do in the New. The soldiers of whom he was the leader, and who fell in battle, were martyrs to Liberty.... you have had such even to our days. Lincoln is the great martyr to Liberty in the XIXth century. Tears were shed over his fate in these lands, as in yours. Honour, eternal honour to the defenders of Liberty in every land!... (*Cheers*).

Citizens of the United States, we, citizens of Geneva, of Switzerland, rejoice to see you in our country, to receive you in our city. We are thankful for the opportunity you afford today to the small old republic of greeting the new great one. Citizens of America, the citizens of Switzerland shake hands with you. We rejoice and we thank God that he has raised up your great people. We rejoice and we

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thank God that he has sent to you that Gospel which makes free, that you have remained faithful to the great cause of independance that began in a day, which we now meet to celebrate We rejoice and we thank God that you send out to distant nations of the Earth the Bible and the missionaries, who give liberty, true liberty to man. We rejoice and we thank God for the abolition of slavery, for the reestablishment of peace in your country, for the resolutions of Christian men among you to consecrate their strength to the glory of God and the liberty of mankind. Ladies and gentlemen I propose to you a toast which I am sure will be responded to with joy : *Civil and religious liberty in the whole world !* (*Great applause.*)

Fifth toast. — « The European friends of the American Union, who in the darkest hours of its trial, were yet true to our cause. Their names will ever be held in grateful remembrance by all true hearted Americans. »

In announcing this toast, the President rose and said that among the distinguished friends referred to in this sentiment, may be named, in Switzerland, the count de Gasparin, Dr Merle d'Aubigné, M. Serment, M. Lombard, and many others; in France there were Messrs. Laboulaye, Pelletan, Laugel, and Cochin ; and in England Messrs Cobden, Bright, Foster, Goldwyn Smith, John Stuart Mill, Sir Morton Peto — and tho' last not the least, the duke of Argyle, whose youthful worthy son, lord Walter Campbell, is now present, a welcome guest; among these,

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none had rendered us a more effective service, than the author of the « Uprising of a great people » and it was hoped that Count de Gasparin would be present to respond to this toast, but he was away from the city, as the company would learn from a telegraphic despatch, which was then read.

In his absence M. Phelps said he was happy to be permitted to call upon M. Tronchin, *Rédacteur en chef* of the « *Nation* » and also always a consistent advocate of our cause.

M. Tronchin's Speech.

Mesdames et Messieurs,

Je vous demande pardon, d'abord, de venir prendre la parole dans une langue qui n'est pas la vôtre, mais soyez persuadés que, si l'idiome diffère, les sentiments sont les mêmes et que mon cœur bat à l'unisson des vôtres en ce jour mémorable.

Mesdames et Messieurs,

Comme les hommes, les nations ont entre elles des liens, surtout quand elles sont, comme l'Amérique et la Suisse, liées par des institutions semblables et devant toutes deux la vie à la liberté.

Ah! Messieurs, quand il y a quelque quatre-vingt-dix ans

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une sœur cadette nous naissait tout là-bas, de l'autre côté de l'Atlantique, nos cœurs tressaillirent de joie.

Nous suivîmes ses premiers pas dans la vie avec une anxieuse sollicitude fraternelle.

Nous applaudîmes à chacun de ses pas de géant dans la civilisation, et nous sommes heureux et fiers aujourd'hui de pouvoir vous dire, à vous Américains :

Il n'y a pas un siècle que vous existez, et déjà vous êtes à la tête de la civilisation.

Il n'y a pas un siècle que vous existez, et dans ce court laps de temps vous avez fait plus que les autres peuples dont la vie compte quinze et vingt siècles.

Il n'y a pas cent ans que vous vivez, et votre puissance est déjà si grande, que le vieux monde étonné redoute non-seulement de vous attaquer chez vous, mais tremble à la pensée que vous ne veniez sur ses rivages promener votre glorieux étendard étoilé. (*Cheers.*)

Citoyens des États-Unis, pourquoi toutes ces merveilles?

Comment se fait-il que n'ayant rien... vous ayez tout créé?

Que n'étant rien... vous êtes tout devenu?

Ah! Messieurs... c'est que vous étiez libres, c'est que vous avez accueilli dans votre pays tous les peuples de la terre et que tous, sitôt qu'ils ont touché votre sol béni, ils sont devenus par le cœur les enfants de la patrie et que tous leurs vœux et tous leurs efforts ont tendu vers un même but: le bonheur, la prospérité et la grandeur de leur mère adoptive.

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Messieurs,

Si nous n'avons pas pu, nous, serrés que nous étions dans un cercle de fer, devenir grands et puissants, nous avons du moins gardé notre liberté, et si jamais cette liberté venait à être en danger, ce n'est pas sur les peuples qui nous entourent que nous pourrions chercher un appui, mais tous nos regards se tourneraient et toutes nos mains se tendraient vers notre sœur bien-aimée, et d'elle seule nous serions sûrs d'avoir aide et protection. (*Cheers*).

Je viens donc, Messieurs, vous proposer un toast à l'union intime des États-Unis et de la Suisse, de ces deux pays vivant par les mêmes institutions, glorieux tous deux d'exister par le même principe et de porter haut et ferme le superbe drapeau de la liberté.

Je bois, Messieurs, aux deux sœurs, l'Amérique et la Suisse. (*Cheers.*)

Sixth toast. — « The memory of George Washington who founded, and of Abraham Lincoln who preserved our national existence. »

This toast was drunk standing and in silence.

Music : *Marche funèbre* (*Meyerbeer*).

Seventh toast. — « The army and navy of the United States and its citizen soldiery, whose deeds have passed into the imperishable records of history, and need no comment.

Music : *Marche brillante* (*Jullien*).

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In the absence of the gentleman who was expected to respond, the Rev. Dr Ames of Massachussets, who had served in our armies as volunteer chaplain, made a most happy response ; which, on account of his immediate departure from the city, could not be reported.

Eighth toast. — « The women of the Republic at home and abroad, in peace or in war, in trial or in triumph, — ever our wisest counsellors, our most generous and disinterested helpmates and our sincerest and dearest friends. »

Music : *Valse des étoiles* (*Verdi*).

This sentiment was responded to by M. Alexandre Lombard, banker of Geneva.

M. Lombard's Speech.

Monsieur le Président, Mesdames et Messieurs,

C'est un grand honneur pour moi, et dont je me sens peu digne, étant peu habitué à la parole, de répondre au toast gracieux que vous me priez de présenter aux dames. Mais cette tâche me devient facile en obéissant à mes sympathies pour cette noble et belle portion de votre population américaine, dont j'ai eu le privilége dans ma déjà longue carrière de connaître bien des représentants distingués ; en me rappelant la glorieuse assistance que vos femmes et sœurs ont rendue dans les hôpitaux et sur le champ de bataille de Gettysburg (pour n'en citer qu'un), aux malades et aux blessés, noble mission qu'elles se sont données au nom

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de leur Sauveur de consoler les affligés, et qui leur appartient en première ligne. Dans vos libres institutions, cette assistance est spontanée, et je constate comme un fait glorieux et remarquable, que plus de 100 millions de dollars ont été recueillis par des comités indépendants de l'État pour créer et entretenir ces deux auxiliaires si essentiels aux armées et dont l'absence abat si rapidement leur moral ; vous avez compris que, soutenir efficacement l'âme et veiller au bien-être physique des soldats, c'est le plus sûr moyen de faire de ceux-ci des combattants énergiques. (*Applause.*)

Votre demande m'est sympathique aussi parce qu'elle me rappelle cet ouvrage *sur la famille*, cette production remarquable et récente d'un de vos plus chauds amis, le comte de Gasparin, que je regrette de ne pas rencontrer ici. Et comment parler de la famille sans y voir ces mères, ces épouses, ces filles et sœurs bien aimées qui font le charme et le bonheur de nos intérieurs ?

Permettez maintenant qu'abordant des considérations d'un ordre plus général, je vous exprime quelques pensées rapidement jetées sur le papier avant cette réunion. L'impromptu qui caractérise votre fête fera excuser ce qu'elles ont d'imparfait dans la forme.

Oui, Mesdames et Messieurs, ce n'est pas un ami du lendemain qui vous adresse la parole en ce moment et qui se félicite d'avoir eu l'honneur d'être convié à ce banquet destiné à commémorer l'anniversaire de votre glorieuse indépendance, mais c'est bien un véritable et ancien ami de vos libres institutions.

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Comme citoyen d'un État libre, je considère comme un très-grand bonheur de pouvoir fraterniser avec des citoyens des États libres constitués de l'autre côté de l'Atlantique. Mais ce n'est pas le premier lien commun qui existe entre nous. Des Genevois, aspirant à la même liberté qui est votre partage, et qui n'était pas comprise alors à Genève comme elle l'est aujourd'hui par tous les citoyens sans distinction, allèrent, vous le savez peut-être, vers la fin du siècle dernier, à la suite de nos orages politiques, chercher un abri dans vos contrées. Il suffit de prononcer ici le nom de New-Geneva sur les bords du lac Oswego, et celui d'un de vos célèbres hommes d'État, Albert Gallatin, pour rappeler les faits auxquels je fais allusion.

Dès lors, votre grande république a marché, elle est devenue un principe vivant et fécond qui s'impose à l'attention des peuples, et sur lequel je voudrais les voir, avec le temps, modeler toutes leurs institutions. Mais, pour être solide, cette œuvre devra être lente, car toutes les nations, hélas! ne sont pas encore mûres pour imiter, sur ce terrain, la race anglo-saxonne.

Grâce à Dieu, Genève, ma bien-aimée patrie, n'est pas à ses débuts dans la voie de la liberté. Elle aussi l'a conquise et, maintes fois, comme vous, avec le sang de ses enfants. Quelque petite qu'elle soit, elle a son nom dans l'histoire et vous ne dédaignerez pas mes paroles si je vous exprime les sympathies de l'un des descendants des nombreux émigrés qui, — comme plus tard on en vit beaucoup en Amérique, — vinrent au seizième siècle chercher un refuge dans les murs protecteurs de ma ville natale.

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Les institutions de Genève, vous le savez, ressemblent beaucoup aux vôtres. Un pas pourtant lui reste à faire, et cela dans le domaine religieux : la séparation de l'Église et de l'État. Ce pas le ferons-nous un jour? Pour la paix et pour la prospérité de ma patrie, je veux l'espérer. Vos pères de la précédente génération comprirent que ce complément manquait à leur liberté. Ils l'accomplirent en rompant hardiment les liens qui unissaient leurs Églises avec l'État. Ce fut le couronnement de l'œuvre commencée par les pèlerins du *May Flower*. Ce pas considérable fut béni de Dieu. Telle est ma profonde conviction.

Oui, Messieurs, toutes les libertés sont solidaires, et cette victoire, remportée sur les préjugés du passé, a préludé à une autre victoire, immense et glorieuse, elle vous a préparé, j'en suis persuadé, celle qui vient de s'accomplir récemment, et à laquelle sera éternellement attaché le nom de votre grand citoyen Lincoln. (*Cheers.*)

Je vous ai dit que je n'étais pas un ami du lendemain. En effet, Messieurs, il y a vingt-cinq ans, dans une brochure où j'exposais à mes compatriotes les ressources que votre pays pouvait offrir au trop plein des capitaux, j'exprimais des prévisions et des vues que la crise et les événements qui viennent de se passer ont pleinement justifiées.

Si ces prévisions se sont réalisées, c'est à la puissance morale inhérente aux États libres du Nord que cela est dû surtout, puissance due à la force d'un *principe vrai*. Qu'eussent pu faire, en effet, leurs canons pour la destruction du principe coupable de l'esclavage, sans l'appui de cette force-là?

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C'est au développement de cette puissance morale, c'est au jeu libre et pacifique de vos institutions, destinées peut-être à protéger d'autres exilés encore, — si par malheur un puissant adversaire, que je n'ai pas besoin de nommer, venait à triompher un jour, — c'est en un mot à cette prospérité que vous a acquise le respect des droits imprescriptibles de la conscience humaine que je bois en ce moment.

Mesdames et Messieurs je porte un toast à la prospérité et à la grandeur pacifique de la libre Amérique, et, en le portant, je ne m'éloigne pas du sujet du toast qui m'a été confié, puisque c'est aux dames américaines qu'est dévolue la grande mission d'élever et de soutenir dans des principes chrétiens et, par cela même, vraiment libéraux, les hommes destinés à sauvegarder et à défendre vos nobles et fécondes institutions, mères nourricières de celles que je voudrais voir fleurir en tous lieux. (*Cheers.*)

The regular toasts having thus been disposed of, volunteers were called for, when the following letters and sentiments, received from absent friends were presented and read by James L. Claghorne Esq. of Philadelphia, the efficient chairman of the Commitee of arrangements :

The first was from count de Gasparin as fellows.

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Count de Gasparin's letter.

Monsieur,

Quoique j'aie déjà repondu par télégraphe à la dépêche que vous avez bien voulu m'envoyer, j'éprouve le besoin d'exprimer directement au Comité américain ma vive reconnaissance.

J'aurais été heureux de me trouver au milieu de vous à l'Hôtel de la Paix; en tout cas vous savez combien me sont chères les destinées de votre grand pays. Hâtez-vous d'achever l'œuvre commencée, l'égalité des races, l'égalité des États. Le jour où votre Congrès proclamera en même temps le suffrage général et l'amnistie générale, je ne serai pas le dernier à applaudir.

Je remercie encore une fois le Comité de l'honneur qu'il m'a fait et je vous prie de croire, Monsieur, à mes sentiments sincères d'estime et de dévouement.

DE GASPARIN.

The second was from George Harrington, Esq.

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Mr George Harrington's letter.

Berne, 2 July 1866.

My dear Sir,

I cannot refrain from acknowledging more fully than in my telegraphic response, the receipt of your kind invitation to myself and family to participate in the proposed reunion of Americans now at Geneva, to take place on the coming 4th of July.

I beg you to present to the Committee my sincere thanks for their kind remembrance of me and to assure them that I should have been proud to join them, had my previous engagements permitted.

It will be remembered by all of you that in the earlier days of the Republic it was recommended that each recurring anniversary of that day on which the people of the United States declared themselves free and independent, should for all time thereafter, be ushered in by « the « ringing of bells and the firing of cannon, and that there « should be bonfires and illuminations » and other evidences of public rejoicing; and those rejoicings have been continued for ninety years, because that people, *our* people, and I may add, our people only—have felt themselves perfectly free and independent: free to act, free to speak, free to worship God in the manner that each for himself might select.

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The free and unrestrained exercise of these individual privileges produces its effect upon the individual man. Each man becomes a power; (and woman, God bless her, is « the power behind the throne, stonger than the throne itself ») and it was the action of this power unified and aggregated that recently so astonished Europe; nor have they yet comprehended the secret of its existence nor of its cause and origin.

Were I with you, I should ask the privilege, on this the 90th birth-day of our country, to extend to all present, whether of the North or of the South, whether of the East or of the West, the right hand of fellowship. I should further ask that we forget in this celebration of our country's natal day whatever of differences may have heretofore existed, substituting therefore harmony, good will and loyalty, by which we may insure peace and prosperity over the whole of our broad country, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Your celebration may be the more enjoyable, being held within the boundaries of *the* republic of the old world,— in the midst of a people who, with their government, are naturally and earnestly linked to us in bonds of sympathy.

If you will permit me, I will propose as a sentiment:

« The Republics of the Old World and the New: *Switzerland and the United States*. The simplicity is in the governments, the majesty in the people. »

I am very truly your obedient servant,

GEO. HARRINGTON.

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M. Serment, advocate, and one of the most constant defenders of the Freedom of America, being toasted by M. Godwin, responded as follows.

M. Serment's Speech.

Mesdames et Messieurs,

J'éprouve un vif regret, pour ne pas dire une sorte de honte, de ne pouvoir m'exprimer dans la langue qui vous est familière. Nous disons en français « apprendre *par cœur*. » Si la facilité avec laquelle on parvient à posséder une langue était en raison directe de l'affection que l'on éprouve pour le pays où elle est parlée, je devrais savoir l'anglais, ou plutôt le *yankee* mieux que personne. Si jamais j'ai regretté de n'avoir aucune aptitude linguistique, c'est certainement aujourd'hui. Mais, de toute nation et en toute langue, on peut se joindre à la fête que vous célébrez. L'anniversaire du jour où vos pères ont fondé l'indépendance de votre patrie est un anniversaire glorieux et béni, non-seulement pour l'Amérique, mais pour le monde entier et surtout pour la Suisse. Nous sommes heureux de nous sentir à cette occassion en parfaite harmonie de pensées, de sentiments et d'enthousiasme avec vous, nos chers compatriotes... Vous nous permettez, n'est-ce pas, de vous appeler concitoyens, *fellow citizen and countrymen?* (*Oui! oui!*)

J'ai entendu dire quelquefois que les États-Unis n'ont

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point d'histoire. J'ai entendu aussi que cela n'est point en la défaveur de cette nation, l'histoire n'étant que le récit des misères et des crimes de l'humanité et des catastrophes qui en sont la conséquence. Je ne partage ni l'une ni l'autre de ces opinions. Si les annales des peuples sont remplies de souvenirs parfois tristes, parfois honteux, on y voit briller, à côté d'ombres profondes, de vives lumières; on y rencontre de sublimes dévouements, des traits de vertu qui révèlent en l'humanité le sceau glorieux de sa primitive nature; on y contemple avec joie les luttes héroïques des âmes pures pour la cause du droit et de la vérité. Quand une histoire d'un siècle seulement présente deux événements tels que la conquête de l'indépendance et l'abolition de l'esclavage, deux noms tels que ceux de Washington et de Lincoln, et des progrès en tous sens tels que ceux que vous avez réalisés, on peut dire que cette histoire vaut celle de vingt siècles de tant d'autres nations qui, traînant après elles un passé néfaste, ne marchent vers l'avenir qu'à tâtons et d'un pas chancelant. Votre dernière lutte pour l'honneur et le maintien de l'Union, pour le triomphe de la justice, pour le salut de la liberté, est d'un exemple glorieux et fécond pour tous les hommes; il suffirait à illustrer un peuple plus que tous les autres et à lui assurer à tout jamais l'estime et la reconnaissance des générations futures. *(Cheers.)*

Je tiens à grand honneur ce que M. Godwin a dit de moi. Oui, j'ai été l'un de ceux qui n'ont jamais douté, ni de la grandeur de la cause pour laquelle vous avez versé votre sang, ni de l'avenir de votre république. Lorsque, à

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la veille de la bataille de Gettysburg, on niait généralement en Europe la possibilité de votre délivrance; lorsque le navire qui porte le pavillon étoilé, battu par la tempête, semblait faire eau de toutes parts, nous fûmes plongés dans l'angoisse, mais nous ne désespérâmes point, convaincus que Celui qui vous avait miraculeusement protégés et qui commande à la mer et aux vents, conduirait lui-même le vaisseau dans le port. (*Cheers.*)

Aujourd'hui, c'est l'Europe qui est à son tour dans la fournaise de la guerre. Nous ne savons à quels dangers la Suisse peut être exposée dans les circonstances présentes. Mais, pour la sauvegarde de notre indépendance, nous comptons sur la providence de Dieu, sans laquelle la conservation des faibles à travers les âges serait inexplicable; nous comptons sur nous-mêmes, espérant qu'il nous sera donné de faire notre devoir, quoi qu'il arrive; nous comptons enfin sur votre amitié, frères de l'Amérique, sur votre amitié, d'autant plus précieuse qu'elle est plus désintéressée. Si la république de Guillaume-Tell n'existait pas, votre patrie n'en serait pas moins grande et n'en accomplirait pas moins sûrement sa haute mission sur cette terre. Mais si les États-Unis venaient à perdre de leur prestige et de leur influence, les petits États libres de l'Europe ne seraient pas sans appréhensions et sentiraient qu'il leur manque un appui. Or, votre pays ne possède pas seulement une puissance matérielle imposante, son autorité morale est plus grande encore. Vous vous êtes concilié le respect du monde entier, parce que vous avez mis votre incomparable énergie et vos immenses ressources au service du droit. Comme vous obser-

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vez scrupuleusement les principes de la justice envers les autres, vous êtes bien placés pour en réclamer aussi des autres la stricte observation. Un mot de vous a suffi pour déterminer un puissant empire à retirer ses troupes du Mexique et à laisser, ou plutôt à rendre à cette république son droit inaliénable de se gouverner elle-même. Un mot de vous serait, à l'occasion, d'une grande efficace pour la protection du droit des petits en Europe. De plus en plus, et en tout pays, votre voix sera écoutée dans les conseils de ceux qui sont les instruments de Dieu pour diriger les nations. Elle sera écoutée parce qu'elle dit et dira toujours : Paix et bienveillance entre les hommes! Respect du droit! Vérité, liberté, progrès! (*Cheers.*)

Que Dieu veuille continuer à protéger la république des États-Unis, et puisse l'anniversaire de son indépendance être célébré chaque année en Suisse comme une fête commune aux deux nations! C'est notre vœu le plus ardent! (*Applause.*)

Other complimentary toasts to individuals and the efficient Committee, who so successfully planned and carried out this impromptu festival, were offered; after which the company retired, apparently well satisfied with their reunion and entertainment.

While these proceedings, were going on, within the hotel, a vast multitude of citizens without, were enter tained by the discharge of artillery, fireworks and music.

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The following brief extracts from the two leading Geneva journals will indicate the impressions produced upon the Genevese guests present on the occasion.

From « Journal de Genève. »

LE 4 JUILLET 1866 A GENÈVE

La journée du 4 juillet marque une date importante dans l'histoire de l'humanité. Il y a soixante-quatorze ans, à pareil jour, que les États-Unis, en obtenant de l'Angleterre la reconnaissance solennelle de leur indépendance, posaient dans le monde un principe qui est devenu depuis, malgré bien des éclipses, un des fondements de la science politique moderne : le droit que possèdent les peuples de se soustraire à une domination devenue odieuse, pour vivre de leur vie propre, dans la plénitude de leur liberté.

Les Américains n'ont garde d'oublier ce glorieux anniversaire ; aussi mardi soir un splendide banquet réunissait-il à l'hôtel de la Paix les citoyens des États-Unis et un certain nombre de citoyens genevois, dont la présence dans cette fête achevait de lui donner son caractère républicain.

La cordialité avec laquelle ils y avaient été invités, l'accueil sympathique qui leur a été fait, les discours qu'ils ont entendus, tout a concouru à prouver qu'il existe entre les deux républiques une vraie et sincère fraternité. Dans cette réunion toute privée, la tâche de représenter Genève était échue à quelques écrivains de la presse et à d'autres personnes connues par leur attachement à la cause américaine. Dans les discours que l'on a bien voulu leur demander, ils se sont efforcés d'exprimer les sentiments de profonde sympathie qui unissent le peuple genevois à ses frères des États-Unis, l'intérêt qu'il prend aux destinées

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d'une nation sœur de la nôtre, sinon par la race, du moins par les tendances, les principes et les institutions. Ils ont applaudi au retour de la paix qui succède aux tempêtes de la guerre civile, tempêtes fécondes d'ailleurs, puisqu'elles ont emporté avec elles l'esclavage, le seul nuage qui vînt assombrir le ciel où flottait le pavillon étoilé.

Les discours prononcés par M. Upton, le consul américain, et par M. Godwin, rédacteur d'un des principaux journaux de New-York, ont montré que les hommes et les faits importants de notre histoire nationale sont loin d'être étrangers à nos amis qui habitent sur l'autre rive de l'Atlantique. Les noms de Calvin et de Philibert Berthelier, auxquels MM. Upton et Godwin, et après eux notre compatriote M. Merle d'Aubigné, ont fait de fréquentes allusions, jouissent en Amérique d'une popularité presque aussi grande que chez nous. C'est un fait que nous constatons avec plaisir, parce que l'union entre deux peuples n'est jamais plus intime et plus forte que lorsqu'elle se fonde sur une connaissance exacte de leur passé et de leurs traditions nationales.

Ajoutons que cette sympathie ne s'arrête pas au XVI^me^ siècle, mais qu'elle s'étend encore à nos illustrations contemporaines, à celles, en particulier, qui ont donné des gages de dévoûment à la cause des États-Unis.

Un autre fait également significatif a été l'approbation sans réserve par laquelle ont été accueillies toutes les allusions directes ou indirectes qui ont pu être faites à la liberté de conscience. Ces hommes libres, dégagés, au point de vue religieux, de tout lien envers l'État, n'en restent pas moins fidèles à leurs anciennes croyances. Le banquet s'est ouvert par une prière prononcée avec solennité, écoutée avec recueillement. On se sentait bien réellement en Amérique, dans ce pays où la liberté civile n'a été, en quelque sorte, que le développement et la conséquence logique de la liberté religieuse.

Nous ne faisons point ici un compte rendu; nous nous bornons à résumer les impressions que cette réunion nous a laissées. Toutefois il nous est impossible de ne pas insister plus particulièrement sur le toast porté par M. Serment, après ceux de MM. Merle d'Aubigné, Alfred Tronchin et Alexandre Lombard. M. Serment, qui parlait comme président de l'Association en faveur des noirs affranchis, a passé rapidement en revue les cent an-

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nées de l'histoire américaine en la comparant aux périodes de lutte et de dévouement de notre vieille histoire. Entre des personnalités comme celles de Washington ou d'Abraham Lincoln et les grandes figures historiques qui ont joué leur rôle dans la conquête de nos libertés, il existe une parenté glorieuse pour tous que l'orateur est heureux de pouvoir reconnaître.

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Nous ne terminerons pas cet article sans accorder à l'admirable ordonnance de cette fête la part d'éloges qu'elle mérite, et sans féliciter le président, M. Phelps, pour l'amabilité et la parfaite courtoisie dont il a fait preuve en la dirigeant. De nombreuses dames, en fraîches toilettes, montraient par leur présence que dans une république les manifestations du patriotisme ne sont pas l'apanage exclusif du sexe fort. La table était chargée de corbeilles de fleurs, de lis surtout, au milieu desquelles flottait le drapeau étoilé des États-Unis. Une excellente musique, qui nous a fait entendre quelques-uns de nos airs nationaux, ajoutait un charme de plus à cette réunion qui laissera à tous ceux qui ont eu la bonne fortune d'y assister les plus vifs et les plus durables souvenirs.

From « La Nation Suisse. »

Il est, dans la vie des peuples, des événements d'une importance telle que la date en reste gravée dans tous les cœurs.

Le 4 juillet est pour les Américains l'anniversaire de leur indépendance, et leur patriotisme leur fait un devoir de célébrer solennellement, partout où ils se trouvent, cette date si heureuse pour eux, et, disons-le, si heureuse pour le monde entier.

Cette année, les nombreux Américains présents à Genève ont dignement et magnifiquement célébré le 4 juillet. Ils ont fêté leur liberté dans un pays libre, au milieu d'un peuple non pas étranger à eux, mais au milieu de concitoyens; car si l'Amérique et la Suisse sont séparées par de grandes distances, elles ne

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forment, par leurs institutions et leurs liens, qu'un seul et même peuple.

Cette belle fête a laissé dans le cœur de tous ceux qui ont eu le bonheur d'y assister un souvenir si profond, que je ne puis résister au désir d'en donner un compte-rendu.

* * *

Le comité qui s'était constitué pour organiser la fête avait décidé qu'un grand banquet serait donné à cette occasion, et le *Grand Hôtel de la Paix* avait été choisi à cet effet.

Dès le matin, l'hôtel avait été pavoisé de drapeaux, et des salves d'artillerie étaient tirées d'un bateau ancré devant le quai du Mont-Blanc.

Le comité, avec une gracieuseté toute américaine, avait envoyé des invitations à un grand nombre de Genevois, ainsi qu'à la presse.

A sept heures, tous les invités se trouvant réunis, on passa dans la salle du banquet.

Nous ne saurions, à cette occasion, trop louer les organisateurs de cette fête, ainsi que M. Kohler, propriétaire du *Grand Hôtel de la Paix*, pour le goût et la magnificence déployés à cette occasion.

Des trophées de drapeaux américains et suisses entrelacés ornaient la salle et flottaient au-dessus de groupes de fleurs artistement arrangés. Près de 80 convives prirent place à la table merveilleusement servie. De nombreuses dames en éblouissantes toilettes venaient à propos rompre la monotonie des habits noirs et des cravates blanches des messieurs.

Ce fait de dames et de jeunes filles venant prendre une large part à cette fête patriotique et l'embellir par leur présence, nous prouve que l'Amérique est bien véritablement un pays modèle; que non-seulement l'homme y est quelque chose, mais que la femme aussi sait prendre une grande part dans leur vie publique.

On m'a montré parmi ces dames plusieurs jeunes femmes qui, dans la dernière guerre, avaient quitté tout le confort et l'opulence d'une vie pour ainsi dire aristocratique, s'étaient faites sœurs de charité et avaient, avec une abnégation, une bonté et une sollicitude au-dessus de tout éloge, soigné, soit sur les

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champs de bataille, soit dans les hôpitaux, les soldats blessés et malades.

J'étais involontairement ému en contemplant ces ravissantes têtes blondes. Je me les représentais au chevet des mourants, les soignant de leurs jolies mains blanches, et les consolant par leurs gracieux sourires, arrachant les uns à la mort, ou rendant cette mort plus douce à ceux qu'hélas! elles ne pouvaient sauver. C'est bien là la mission de la femme libre sur cette terre, et cela nous montre ce que la liberté a fait en élevant le cœur et les sentiments des femmes américaines.

* * *

Nous ne pouvons terminer ce compte-rendu sans remercier sincèrement MM. Phelps, Godey, de Philadelphie; J.-A.-C. Gray, de New-York; J.-F. Kinney, de New-Jersey; James Claghorn, membres du comité. Ils peuvent être persuadés que cette fête restera à tout jamais gravée dans le cœur de ceux qui ont eu le bonheur d'y assister, ainsi que dans le souvenir de la population genevoise, qui s'y est, nous en sommes garant, complétement associée.

. . . . . .

Quand j'ai dit que tout concourait à rendre cette solennité brillante, je ne me trompais pas; le Mont-Blanc lui-même, couvert une partie de la journée, s'était dans la soirée débarrassé de son manteau de nuages, et on l'apercevait des fenêtres de la salle du banquet, majestueux, présidant à cette fête, à laquelle il semblait aussi vouloir prendre part.

Impr. Ramboz et Schuchardt.

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ADDRESS

OF

GOVERNOR CONRAD BAKER,

DELIVERED AT KNIGHTSTOWN, IND.,

JULY 4th, 1867,

ON THE OCCASION OF LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

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ADDRESS.

Fellow Citizens—Ladies and Gentlemen:

To the joint action of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Trustees of the Soldiers' Home are we indebted for the happy blending of the two patriotic objects which have assembled us here to-day

It is meet and proper that the commemoration of the laying of the corner stone of the grandest political structure that man ever reared or Providence ever blessed should on this day be associated with the laying of the corner stone of a Home for those who have been disabled in battling to preserve this grand political structure from destruction.

It is also fit and proper that these twin offerings, both sacred to patriotism, should be made under the auspices of an association of citizen soldiers lately composing a part and still bearing the name of the Grand Army of the Republic.

But while it is true, as already intimated, that the Declaration of Independence was, and is, the corner stone of our national existence, it ought not to be forgotten that this stone was, and is, built upon and supported by broad and deep pre-existing foundations.

These foundations, to which I now invite your indulgent attention, consist:

First—Of that Union which constitutes us one people, and without which independence and national existence never could have become realities; and,

Secondly—Of those immutable principles of truth and justice, for the support of which the fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor

The first proposition, then, to which I propose to speak is, that the Union was and is one of the grand foundations upon which our independence and nationality are based.

What then, is the nature of the Union? what its origin, and what the causes which brought it into being? Is it a league between sovereign States, independent not only of all the nations of the earth, but independent of each other, or is it a Union of the entire people of one vast country as one undivided nation, all owing allegiance to the same Government, of which they themselves are the architects and builders?

As a starting point in the consideration of these questions, we have thirteen distinct and separate British Colonies, all founded on charters, proprietory grants or royal governmental commissions, emanating from the British crown and defining the boundaries of these colonies respectively.

The colonies although existing separately under these charters, grants and commissions occupied contiguous territory, had a common origin and for the most part, the colonists spoke the same language. Their situation was such that their welfare if not their very existence required that there should be some common government for the regulation of their external affairs with the rest of the world, to which all should be alike subject For many years after the planting of these colonies, they all had this necessary common government for the regulation of their external concerns, under and as a part of the British Kingdom, to whose crown they in the fullest manner acknowledged their allegiance.

But whilst these colonies all owed and acknowledged their allegiance to the British Crown, each of them had, for a long time, enjoyed the blessings of local self government in relation to their domestic affairs and internal regulations. They acknowledged themselves as part of the British Empire, to be bound by all treaty stipulations made by it with other nations, and also that they were subject to the legislation of the British Parliament, so far as related to their commercial intercourse with the world, and all other subjects on which a uniformity of legislation was necessary or desirable for all portions of that Empire. They claimed, however, that being British subjects, they were entitled to all the rights of Englishmen, prominent among which was the right of trial by jury, and the right to be exempt from being taxed save with the consent of their immediate representatives. They submitted for many years to the most unjust restrictions upon their trade and commercial intercourse as between themselves as well as between them and the outside world, without questioning the power of Parliament to impose these restrictions. When, however, Parliament went one step farther, and attempted to levy internal taxes in the shape of stamp duties, embracing within their scope nearly all the daily transactions of life: they remonstrated and boldly denied the power of Parliament to impose such burdens. The controversy, which this attempt on the part of Parliament to tax the Colonies without their consent, gave rise to the Continental Congress of 1765, which may be regarded as the germ of the American Union.

Although each colony had a local legislature, they were separate and distinct political communities, and had, by their organic structure, no power to unite for any purpose without the consent of the British Government, and as a consequence a union of the people of the colonies for the purpose of resisting the aggressions of the parent Government was one step towards revolution.

The colonial Legislative Assemblies consisted of three separate and distinct branches, the concurrence of all of which was necessary in the passage of laws. These branches consisted, first, of a Governor chosen directly or indirectly by and dependant upon the Crown. Second, a representative assembly chosen by the people;

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and third, a Council or Upper House selected by the representatives of the people with the concurrence or subject to the negative of the royal Governor. For many years the Colonial Legislatures had exercised the exclusive and unquestioned right of levying all the internal taxes which were imposed upon the colonists, and of granting or refusing such supplies to the King as to the Legislature might seem proper. With perhaps a single exception, no reasonable complaint could be made against any of the colonies of a want of liberality in responding to the King's requisitions for supplies. The colonists insisted that being British subjects, they were entitled to all the rights of British citizenship, and that as resident citizens of England could not be taxed except with the consent of their representatives in the House of Commons, and as it was impracticable that the colonies should be represented in Parliament, it followed that the people of the colonies could only be taxed with the consent of their representatives in the Colonial Legislative Assemblies. Parliament, on the other hand, claimed the unlimited power of legislating for the colonies in all cases whatsoever.

Here, then, was an issue between the people of the colonies on the one hand, and the Parliament on the other, which could only be settled by the yielding of one party to the claims of the other, or by the stern arbitrament of the sword.

The history of the times, and the facts set forth in the Declaration of Independence, show how reluctant the Fathers were to resort to extreme measures for redress of grievances. They say in that instrument that at every stage of the oppressions of which they complained they had petitioned for redress in the most humble manner, but that their petitions had been answered by repeated injury.

How calm, considerate and dignified was the conduct of the men of the Revolution when compared with the proceedings of those who recently rebelled against the authority of a government in which they were not only fully represented, but over which they exercised an undue control. In the one case every peaceable measure was exhausted for the redress of real grievances, and resistance was only sanctioned as a last resort. In the other, without any real cause of complaint, war was invoked as a remedy against apprehended evils. Looking at these two examples of resistance to constituted authority in the light of their respective results, who can doubt that God is just, or that He governs in the affairs of men?

The stamp act received the royal assent on the 22d day of March, 1765 and thereby the power of Parliament to tax the colonies in the absence of representation was attempted to be exercised to the fullest extent and in the most oppressive manner.

On the 6th day of June, of the same year, in the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, James Otis, of Boston, advised "the calling of an American Congress, which should come together *without asking the consent of the King*, and should consist of committees from each of the thirteen colonies, to be appointed respectively *by the delegates of the people without regard to the other branches of the legislature.*"

The suggestion was adopted. Otis and two other members of the Massachusetts House of Representatives were appointed delegates to the proposed Congress, and letters were sent to every legislative assembly on the continent "proposing that committees of the several assemblies should meet at New York on the first Tuesday of the following October, to consult together and consider of a united representation to implore relief."

In pursuance of similar action on the part of other colonies, the first continental Congress met in the city of New York, on the 7th day of October, 1765. It consisted of delegates from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, South Carolina, Delaware, New Jersey and New York. New Hampshire, although unrepresented by delegates, had pledged her people in advance to abide by the result, and Georgia evinced her interest in the matter by sending a messenger a thousand miles by land to obtain a copy of the proceedings.

Virginia and North Carolina were not in any way represented in this first American Congress, although they were both in full sympathy with the people of the other colonies.

As bearing on the formation and nature of the American Union, it is interesting and important to note the manner in which this first Congress was constituted. Did it represent the local colonial governments of the respective colonies, or did it represent the people? To answer this question, it is only necessary to State the manner in which the delegates were appointed. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland and South Carolina, the Governor and Council, both constituent parts of the legislative power, were entirely ignored, and the appointments were made by the House of Representatives.

In Delaware and New Jersey the popular branch of the Legislature did not even act in its organized capacity, but the delegates from those colonies were named by letters of appointment, signed by the individual members of the Houses of Representatives of these colonies respectively; and in New York the Legislative Committee of Correspondence, appointed by the popular branch of the Legislature of that colony, constituted its delegates to the Congress.

Here then, we see that in the first Continental Congress the delegate did not represent the local governments of their respective colonies, but that they did represent the people of the colonies from which they were sent. That they were appointed not by the local governments but by the popular branches of the Colonial Assemblies, as the immediate and most convenient organs of the popular will.

The Congress thus assembled entered immediately on the consideration of the grounds on which they would base their efforts to vindicate American liberty and American rights. Whether they should build on the rights secured by their respective charters or on natural justice became the question. Some were for relying on their charters and pleading the rights thus secured, but Christopher Gadsden of South Carolina, saw that this was basing American liberty on too narrow a foundation and would result in division and destruction, as their charters differed and some of the colonies had no charters from the Crown at all.

"We should stand," (said this sturdy patriot) "upon the broad, common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men, and as the descendants of Englishmen—I wish the charters may not ensnare us at last by drawing different colonies to act differently in this great cause. Whenever this is the case, all will be over with the whole. There should be no New England man, no New Yorker on the continent, but all of us Americans."

"These views" (says Bancroft) "prevailed, and in the proceedings of the Congress the argument for American liberty from royal grants was avoided. This is the first great step towards independence. Dummer has pleaded for colony charters; Livingston, Gadsden, and the Congress of 1765 provided for American self-existence and Union by claiming rights that preceded charters, and would survive their ruin."

It is worthy of remark that the question between chartered rights and natural justice has repeated itself in our subsequent history. Those in after years who have been the peculiar advocates of State sovereignty are the legitimate descendants of the men who, in our controversy with Great Britain, were willing to base American liberty on no firmer foundation than the words of a King contained in a royal charter, a royal proprietory grant, or a royal governor's commission; while those who have manfully in-

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sisted on the paramount sovereignty of the entire American People, have with Gadsden and the Continental Congress of 1765 always maintained that human rights are older and more sacred than mere chartered rights, and that charters and constitutions are only valuable as they tend to secure natural rights and promote human happiness

The Stamp Act, the passage of which gave birth to the Congress of 1765, having been repealed in 1766, that Congress never reassembled and had no successor untill 1774. In the meantime the controversy went on between the British government and the Colonies, as to the powers of the former over the latter The form of the exactions was changed, but the substance was insisted upon with increased pertinacity. Port duties on the necessaries of life were substituted for stamp taxes, and the legality of their assessment was denied and their collection resisted with the same sturdy determination that had been previously put forth in relation to the Stamp Act

Again, Union became the watchword of the people, and "Join or Die" rang out as the motto of these real Sons of Liberty.

As early as July, 1773, Dr Franklin advised the assembling of a general Congress of all the Colonies, giving as a reason for this advice, that "the strength of an empire depends not only on the union of its parts, but on their readiness for a united exertion of their common force."

Virginia, although unrepresented in the Continental Congress of 1765, was the first to move in the call of that of 1774. The House of Burgesses of Virginia met in May, 1774, and soon after the meeting news was received that the port of Boston was to be closed by an act of Parliament on the first day of June following They forthwith passed an order designating that day as a day of fasting humiliation and prayer, to implore the Divine interposition for averting the heavy calamity which threatened destruction to their civil rights and the evils of civil war, and to give them "one heart and one mind firmly to oppose, by all just and proper means, every injury to American rights."

This action, as might have been and doubtless was expected, brought down upon them the displeasure of the royal Governor, who immediately dissolved the House. But the members immediately reassembled in another place, and declared that all the Colonies had a joint interest in the late proceeding of parliament, and advised the calling of a general Continental Congress In accordance with this recommendation a convention of the people of Virginia was held, by which seven persons were appointed to represent the people of that colony in a General Congress to be held at Philadelphia in the following September.

Massachusetts promptly seconded the motion of Virginia for a Congress, and other colonies soon followed their example by appointing delegates Here again the delegates were the representatives of the people and not the representatives of the local colonial governments. They were appointed either by conventions of the people or by the popular branches of the legislatures acting for the people.

These delegates met at Philadelphia in Congress on the 5th day of September. 1774, and designated themselves in their proceedings as "The Delegates appointed by the good people of the Colonies" All the Colonies were represented in this Congress except Georgia.

Being without a written constitution or compact of union, and not yet seriously contemplating independence, the Congress of 1774 in imitation of that of 1765, resolved that each colony should have one vote, but to prevent this from being drawn into precedent they declared as a reason for this action that they could not procure reliable data for determining the importance of each Colony.

This Congress, after declaring the rights of the people of the Colonies and setting forth the grievances of which they complained, prepared an agreement of non-intercourse with the mother country, which was signed by all the members and recommended to the people for their adoption until their grievances should be fully redressed. They adjourned on the 26th day of October, having first recommended that another Congress of all the Colonies should be held at Philadelphia, on the 10th day of May, 1775, unless their grievances should be before that time redressed, and that delegates to the new Congress should be appointed without delay.

In the mean time, the Colonial Government of Massachusetts was revolutionized Parliament had attempted to subvert their charter by changing the mode of selecting the Council, so as to insure the subserviency of that branch of the Legislature to the Crown and Parliament. Popular indignation was so aroused by this fresh act of aggression that the new Councillors were compelled to resign Writs of election had been issued for a new House of Representatives, but the royal Governor, in consequence of the compulsory resignation of the Councillors, countermanded by proclamation the writs of election.

The people, in disregard of the Governor's proclamation, held their elections, and the members elect met pursuant to the precepts. There being no council, and the Governor failing to recognise the members elected to the House of Representatives, of course they had no power under the Charter to legislate. The members of the House adjourned from Salem to Cambridge, and resolved themselves into a Provincial Congress, and the people of the colony sanctioned this proceeding by generally yielding obedience to their authority.

On the 19th of April, 1775, the battle of Lexington was fought, and on the 10th of the succeeding month the Continental Congress met in Philadelphia. The delegates had been chosen partly by conventions of the people, and partly by the popular branch of such of the Colonial Legislatures as were then in session: but these latter appointments were all subsequently ratified by conventions of the people.

At the opening of the session all the colonies were represented except Georgia and Rhode Island, and five days afterwards the delegates of the latter appeared, leaving Georgia alone unrepresented. Congress continued in session until the first day of August, when they took a recess to the 5th day of September. Soon after their reassembling, all the colonies including Georgia, were represented, Civil war had actually commenced, and Congress at once became the organ of the united resistance of the colonies to the mother country. It at once assumed the control of the legislation of the continent, and instead of considering itself the [illegible] of the local colonial governments it acted as the representative of Majesty of a united people, and advised the colonies what they should do in the matter of reconstructing their local governments, put the country in a state of defense, and assumed control of the military operations of the colonies. It devised ways and means for conducting the war, organized a continental or national army by adopting the army raised by the New England Provinces, and then under the command of General Ward, and by directing troops to be raised by Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, to join the army near Boston, which was designated by Congress as the American Continental Army; and was ordered to be paid out of the Continental treasury. On the 15th day of June, 1775, George Washington, one of the delegates from Virginia, was unanimously chosen by Congress to be the Commander in Chief of the Continental forces. In Washington's commission, the style of "*the United Colonies*" was for the first time adopted, and the defense of *American* liberties was assumed as the great object of the Union In a letter of instructions which accompanied this commission, the General was enjoined by Congress to make it his special care that the liberties of *America* received no detriment.

Here then we have a national Congress, a na-

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tional Army, a national Treasury and a national Union, without a single State in the Union. What then becomes of the oft-repeated assumption that the States made the Union, and can therefore unmake it at pleasure by withdrawing therefrom?

The Continental Congress finding that their cherished idea of a reconciliation with the mother country on the basis of justice and freedom was a delusive hope, on the Fourth day of July, 1776, adopted the Declaration of Independence, the Colonies voting unanimously therefor, and sent it forth to the world.

What evidence does this instrument contain as to the pre-existence of the Union and its nature? Let it speak for itself, and judge ye whether its utterances are doubtful either as to the existence of the Union, or the authority upon which Congress acted in making the declaration.

Its first sentence reads as follows:

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for ONE PEOPLE to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, *the separate and equal station* to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation."

One People! What stronger or more emphatic expression could have been employed to indicate the oneness of our beloved country? The clause just quoted from the Declaration shows that prior to and on the morning of the 4th day of July, 1776, there were political bonds connecting the *One People* of the thirteen colonies with another people, even the people of Great Britain; that this connection prevented this "One People" from exercising among the Powers of the earth that sovereignty to which they were entitled, but which they had never possessed; and for the purpose of dissolving this connection and enabling this *One People* to assume among the Powers of the earth *the separate and equal station* which was rightfully theirs, is the declared object of this immortal instrument. Our fathers, in declaring their independence, did not usher into the world thirteen independent sovereign nations or States; but they did introduce into the family of nations one people, one nation, composed of the united people of thirteen colonies, bound together in the same bundle of the Union, and they claimed for this "One People" one, and only one, separate and equal place among the Powers of the earth. Let us thank the Ruler of the Universe that His Providence made good the declaration of 1776, and through that same Providence directing the minds, nerving the arms and encouraging the hearts of the patriotic, brave and good men of our own generation, we are to-day, after the lapse of nearly a century, still one people, occupying one, and only one, separate and equal station among the Powers of the world.

But the evidence contained in the declaration in favor of our national unity and the paramount sovereignty of the people of the entire Union does not stop here. Let me quote in your hearing a portion of its concluding sentence. It reads thus:

"We therefore, the representatives of the *United States of America* in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, *do in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies* solemnly publish and declare that these *United Colonies* are, and of right, ought to be free and independent States."

Here is the title deed of our nationality made in the name and by the authority of the good people of the United Colonies, acting through their chosen representatives in the general Congress. Does any one of the original thirteen States claim to be sovereign and independent? If so she is estopped from dating her sovereignty and independence prior to the Fourth day of July, 1776, for in the declaration she acknowledges her previous colonial condition and her want of equality of station among the powers of the earth. Each of the States was born independent *in* the Union, but not independent *of* the Union. And the State that would destroy the Union would become the murderer of the mother who bore her.

Are we told that the articles of confederation which preceded the Constitution of the United States, was a compact by its terms between independent sovereign States? This must be granted, but with the admission should go the fact that these articles of confederation never were ratified and never became effectual until the war of the Revolution had nearly been concluded. The ratification took place and Congress first met under them in 1781 and peace came in 1783. The Union was a verity for six years and more prior to the ratification of these articles, and they being a departure from the grand principle of national unity, announced in the Declaration of Independence, were soon given up for the Constitution of the United States, which again spoke the national will by the authority, not of the States, but of one united people.

One other historical incident bearing upon the same point, and I conclude this branch of the subject.

When the Commissioners of France, Great Britain and the United States met in Paris, in August, 1782, to conclude a treaty of peace, the British Commissioner produced a commission in the language of a then recent act of Parliament, by which the King was authorized to conclude a peace with certain colonies therein named, the thirteen colonies being named separately in the act. Mr. Jay, one of the American Commissioners, objected to the sufficiency of this authority and refused to proceed with the negotiations until the British Commissioner returned and procured instructions authorizing him to treat with "the Commissioners of the United States of America," and the treaty was then made between France, Great Britian and the United States; the Commissioners of each representing one sovereign and independent power.

This historical review clearly shows that Mr. Lincoln was right when he declared in his first message to Congress that "the States have their *status* in the Union, and they have no other legal *status*. If they break from this, they can only do so against law and by revolution. The Union, and not themselves separately, procured their independence and their liberty. By conquest or purchase the Union gave each of them whatever of independence or liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and in fact it created them as States. Originally some dependent colonies made the Union, and in turn the Union threw off their dependence for them, and made them States such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State constitution independent of the Union."

So spoke the "good President to his countrymen, and, though being dead, so he still speaks. May the people ever heed his words, and remember that the Union has been the source of all our political blessings in the past, and is the foundation of all our hopes for the future.

The Declaration of Independence, as we have seen, assumed the previous existence of the Union, and declared the national independence. It did more, it proclaimed the inalienable rights of men, and these rights thus proclaimed, constitute another of the broad, deep foundations of American institutions and introduces the second topic proposed for your consideration.

In the light of the grand historic transactions of the last six years which have so gloriously vindicated our national unity may we not to-day repeat with a new emphasis the words of our fathers that "We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

This sublime utterance was as I have said one of the broad, deep foundations upon which the

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fathers of the Republic built the infant nation, and though they and we as to a portion of our people for a time practically ignored the truths thus uttered, under the alternate smiles and chastenings of the Supreme Judge of the world, to whom they appealed for the rectitude of their intentions, we have grown and prospered until the Grand Republic has become the beacon light as well as the marvel of the world.

Although the Constitution of the United States corrected the error which had been committed in the Articles of Confederation, as to the nature of our Union, and the relation of the several parts to each other, and to the whole, and so far restored us to the principles of the Declaration of Independence it recognized, while ashamed to pronounce or record the name of that monster iniquity, chattle and hereditary slavery. Thus we presented to the world the spectacle of a great republic built on the foundation of a perfect equality of rights among men, and yet practically denying to a portion of its people the enjoyment of all their rights. Slavery so blinded the minds and hardened the hearts of the nation that the national government, in all its departments, executive, legislative and judicial, bowed down at the shrine of the monster. It claimed protection under the flag of freedom wherever it floated, and denounced as traitors and infidels all who denied its pretensions. At last, under the pretence of vindicating the Constitution, it attempted to overthrow the Republic, and build upon it ruins a political monstrosity, called a confederacy, of which human bondage instead of the inalienable rights of man was to be the chief corner stone. Although the national conscience was so debauched as to be no longer able to perceive the horrors of slavery, a vast majority of the people still loved the Union of their fathers, and God in his goodness made this love our schoolmaster to bring us back to the love of liberty, not as a mere sentiment, but as a living, energising universal principle. By showing the nation that either the Union or slavery must die, he educated us up to the point that sanctioned the issuing of the proclamation that rung out freedom to the land and to all the inhabitants thereof; and the people said Amen; and the Grand Army of the Republic said Amen; and slavery died amidst its worshippers, the Union was saved, and a regenerated Republic shouted Amen.

However difficult it may be under certain complications to apply in practice the great doctrine of equal rights among men, is it not wonderful, notwithstanding all the lessons of experience, that man, whose breath is in his nostrils, should even in our own day arrogate to himself the possession of rights which he denies to his fellow man. And how contemptible and cowardly does this claim of superior rights become when it is based upon the assumption, true or false, that it exists because the man who makes the claim is superior to him as against whom it is made.

If one man or one race of men is weaker than, or inferior, to another, is it not an imputation upon the wisdom and justice of the God of Nature to assert that the weaker man or weaker race is endowed by nature with inferior rights; that the Supreme Ruler of the universe so legislates as not to protect the weak against the strong, but the strong against the weak. That He is the God of the proud the arrogant, and the powerful, but not the God of the weak and the lowly. That he is a respecter of persons, but not a respecter of righteousness. Surely such doctrines find no sanction in the Declaration of Independence, or in the teachings of Him who enjoined that "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

If one man or race of men claims superior rights and greater protection from society and government in the battle of life, because of his or its supposed superiority to another man or another race, prudence would seem to dictate that the claimant should take out a policy against the accident of his being mistaken in the assumption.

Fortunately, companies now exist that are willing to insure against accidents of all kinds.

If the assumed superiority does exist, so much the greater is the reason that the inferior and the weaker should enjoy the protection of equal rights and equal laws. If it does not exist, the claim is based on a falsehood, and must therefore fall.

The Declaration of Independence does not proclaim the absurd doctrine that all men of the same race are created equal, and that as among themselves they are entitled to certain inalienable rights, but that as to other races they are not equal, and do not possess, or may be despoiled of their rights. Again, if a superior race may deny to an inferior race the enjoyment of equal and impartial rights, why may not a superior man deny to an inferior man of the same race the same thing? I defy mortal man to show why the logic that proves the one proposition will not prove the other. The result of such logic would be that the most superior man in the nation must govern all the rest, and to be consistent we would all have to bow to some shrewd fellow like Louis Napoleon, and say, "We await your superior pleasure; your will is the law; you are the Government by divine right of superiority."

This is not the time nor the place to discuss mere partisan questions, but on a day consecrated to liberty, and in the presence of so many of its noble and gallant defenders, may we not with entire propriety consider the rights of humanity and the practical application of the principles of the Declaration of Independence to the duties of life?

Believing such considerations to be appropriate to the occasion, I have no hesitancy in saying that the suppression of the rebellion and the consequences which have already flown and which are still to flow therefrom must, at no distant day, place the nation on the broad platform of the Declaration of Independence, and consequently assure to all classes of our citizens, of every race, equal and impartial civil and political rights thenceforth and forever.

In my judgment, the sooner this consummation is reached the better will it be for the country, and the sooner will the Republic be prepared for that high mission among the nations of the earth which we all believe God in his providence designs it to accomplish.

When and by what particular instrumentalities this result is to be attained may not now be certainly determined, but I must be permitted to express the opinion that as to those States which have always been true and loyal to the Union, and none of whose rights have ever been forfeited by treason or rebellion, the question must be left to the voluntary action of the people of the States respectively, and that these loyal States should freely, and without unnecessary delay, concede that which justice and sound policy unite in demanding.

By such a course the General Government will assume no questionable powers, our traditional policy as to the proper sphere of State and Federal action will be preserved, a just confidence will be manifested by the national authorities in those States whose people have never heretofore faltered in the hour of trial, and a broad line of demarkation will be drawn between that confidence which uninterrupted loyalty deserves, and that distrust which past rebellion justly inspires.

That justice will be done, and impartial rights accorded, and that, too, at no distant day, by all the loyal States, should not be doubted, and if, in the end, it shall be found that one or two semi-loyal States have bound themselves to the dead past, and are determined not to profit by the lessons of experience, with all the other States firmly planted on the immutable principles of right and justice, and with all the power of the General Government on the side of freedom and equal rights, how easy will it not

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be to bring up these reluctant States to the common level by an amendment of the constitution, without a resort to the exercise of doubtful Congressional powers.

Gentlemen of the Grand Army of the Republic, allow me, on behalf of myself and the Trustees of the Soldier's Home, to thank you for your presence and for your participation in the laying of the corner stone of this Home for your disabled comrades. You have illustrated your devotion to the Union, and to the great principles upon which our institutions are based, on many a well contested field, and your State and your country recognize you as the worthy descendants of the noble men who declared and achieved our independence.

To perpetuate friendships formed on the march, on the battlefield, and around your camp fires during the war, to keep the fires of liberty ever bright and burning on the altar of your hearts, and to minister to the wants of your brother soldiers when trouble or distress overtake them, you have associated yourselves together under the name of the Grand Army of the Republic. We bid your brotherhood God speed, and trust that the blessing of the Father of all, and the benedictions of a grateful people may attend each of you through life.

And to you the honored inmates of this Home I desire to say that however much we may regret that the provision made for its establishment and your comfort, is not as ample as could have been desired, still you may rest assured that the people of Indiana in greatful recognition of your services, toils and sufferings, will in due time supply all that may be lacking to make this institution a Home for those who gave for their country all that man can give, life only excepted. That you may lead peaceful and happy lives in this institution, and at last through the mediation of the Son, be admitted to the Father's House in which there are many mansions, is not only the prayer of myself, but the prayer of all present.

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ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT

PAOLI

Massacre Ground,

JULY 4th, 1867.

WEST CHESTER.
N. T. SMITH, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
1867.

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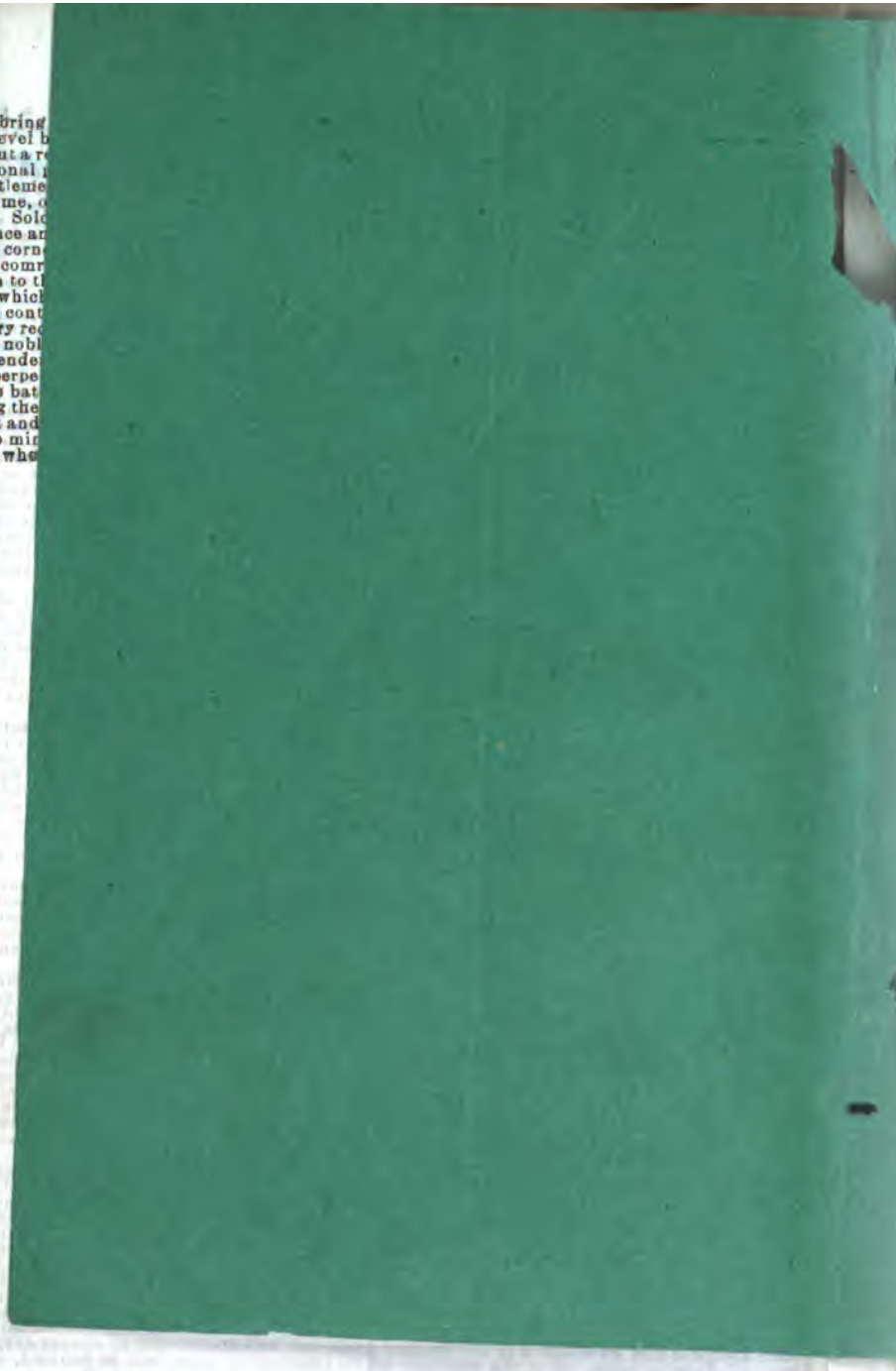

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JULY 4th, 1867.

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1867.

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1830 Nov. 16.
Gift of
Hon. Chas. Sumner.
(M. C. 1830.)

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CORRESPONDENCE.

WEST CHESTER, July 8th, 1867.

JAMES J. CREIGH, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

In common with many others, who listened to your appropriate and patriotic Address at Paoli, on the 4th inst., we would ask the favor of a copy for publication. In these latter days, when from a doubtful patriotism so many "uncertain sounds" reach the public ear, "the ring of the true metal" will ever meet a cordial welcome, and a grateful response from a loyal people.

Truly yours, &c.

J. LACEY DARLINGTON,

For Committee of Arrangements.

WEST CHESTER, PA., July 16th, 1867.

Dear Sir:—

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your complimentary letter, requesting a copy of my Address at Paoli, on the 4th inst., for publication.

In complying with your request, allow me to express the hope, that notwithstanding its many imperfections, the general views embraced in it will receive, as you so kindly intimate, the approval of loyal and patriotic people.

Very truly yours,

J. J. CREIGH.

To J. LACEY DARLINGTON, Esq., for Committee.

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ADDRESS.

The American family, happily saved from dismemberment, again come together, as of old, to this pleasant feast of their thanksgiving. As parents and children, as friends and neighbors, and countrymen, as brothers and sisters in the covenants of the Union and the Constitution, with no war cloud darkening our heavens, and the thunder of our glorious artillery of victory having, as by miracle, changed into the sweeter notes of peace on earth and good will to men, we have come, loyally and and patriotically I trust, hither to this holy tomb, to give thanks to God and honor to the fathers.

I salute you with congratulations. I congratulate you upon having such a day as the Fourth of July. Others have freely given life, liberty, fortune, home, everything dear on earth, for a day of national independence. But their sacrifices were in vain. Their heroism and martyrdom did not, like ours, bud and bloom at last into "bright consummate flowers of liberty." The American people alone enjoy in fullest sense, the supreme felicity of a day of independence.

It is a great day, for great things have been done on this day. Not a king crowned, but a king re

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nounced; not an empire set up to crush men down' but a republic to make them free. It is a day of independence—independence not only of thirteen colonies, but independence of man.

It was not merely a day of utterance. It was a prophetical, a typical period of history. All the anniversaries that have succeeded it are but as portions of that one day, unfolding the promise of its morning. Our fathers stood in the early dawn and saw only the sunrise. Their children, after many hours of foreboding darkness, are now beholding something of the full orbed day. The Fourth of July of the present ought to be as precious to our hearts as the Fourth of July of the past. For while on the one was declared the independence of our fathers, on the other was witnessed great victories for that free government which they had founded. The Fourth of July, 1776, and the Fourth of July, 1863, are twin days in our history, worthy of an equal commemoration; and no celebration of the former will be complete without a celebration of the latter. The day of '76 grows young again in the day of '63. Independence Hall and the fields of Vicksburg and Gettysburg claim from the loyal American a joint pilgrimage to their holy shrines. The man whose heart did not beat responsive to the victorious cheers at Vicksburg and Gettysburg, has no business here to-day. For it was the same old cause of the revolution that the soldiers under Grant and Meade *there* rallied 'round to save—free government and the rights of man. The martyrs of the

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Round Top and the Mississippi, and the martyrs of Paoli, fought for the same banner, died in the same faith, and were received up into the same immortal apotheosis.

If I may congratulate you upon having such a day as the Fourth of July to celebrate—a day set apart for the observance of national memories and national principles—let me also congratulate you upon having a government—a free government in which the people are the rulers. It is a great thing to have.

The happiness of a people is in the freedom of their government. A government ought to be the representative of every man in her borders—a democratic republic. Then the citizen feels, knows with a strong assurance, that she is his own government. Every thread in her banner has been woven there by his own hand. Every law in her statute book has been recorded there for his sake. Every acre of her territory is a part of his fatherland. Her glory is his glory. Her sorrow is his sorrow. Living or dying he is his country's and she is his. Only make the people freemen—citizens. Only give to them equal rights and privileges, a common interest, a just representation, a controlling voice in the government, and your country will be strong, invincible, unconquerable, rich in material prosperity, swift in moral and intellectual progress, abounding in patriotism.

Popular liberty, guarded by liberal laws, makes a government strong and a people loyal.

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"The object of government," says an eminent thinker, "is not the preservation of particular institutions, nor the propagation of particular tenets, but the happiness of the people at large." I repeat, make the people freemen and citizens, and then your country will be safe as against all enemies at home and abroad.

Friends and fellow-citizens—we need to take this truth home to ourselves in these extraordinary times. If we have any hopes, if we have any fears of the republic, the former will be realized and the latter augmented, just in proportion as we apply—as we misapply this great principle of republican government.

What aroused the loyal people of the Union in the recent war? What set their souls on fire when the flag went down from Sumpter? What sent new blood, as it were, thrilling through the veins of their old men, and what caused even their women and children to become enthuiasts in the cause of patriotism?

What hurried their young men away from the peaceful pursuits of city, and town, and village and farm, and in the twinkling of an eye, quick as the flash of cannon, converted them into iron men—soldiers—whom the most warlike of the ancients would have been proud to have enlisted under their eagles?

What inspired the people so long given up to business and wealth, and pleasure, and almost to ignoble effeminacy, to come forward and willingly—

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yes, joyfully—offer the treasures of their hearts upon the altar of their country, and count all sacrifices as nothing if only their country might be saved?

Accustomed to peace, they suddenly found themselves equal to war—unexpected war. With a plundered treasury—without an army or a navy sufficient for the emergency—with traitors everywhere at home, and rival enemies in almost every foreign government, and a defiant foe thundering at the gates of the capitol—nevertheless, they grandly resolved to conquer or to die—and with unsurpassed martial ardor took up their long perilous line of march, set their faces like flint to the danger before them, welcomed the shout of battle—never wearied, nor halted, nor turned back from the duty that led them forward! Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and months into years, over which brooded the shadows of death, but they marched onward and upward, and still onward and upward, 'till they had scaled the toppling crags of duty, and planted the waving banner of the stars upon the shining table-lands of Victory!

And now what caused this great uprising of the American people? Whence came the heroic inspiration of that struggle? It arose from the exact harmony between the government and the people.

The people's government was in peril, and the people sprung forward to save their government.

Although the love of the Union had long slept a sleep like death in the hearts of her children, the first cannon-boom of dangerous treason awoke it

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into glorious resurrection. It was verily the ascension time of our national patriotism.

The stability and prosperity of the government was felt to be the stability and prosperity of the people. The citizen had an interest in his government and was attached to its institutions. He was patriotic. Nothing is more lovely, more beautiful, than true, genuine patriotism, permeated through and through with love of liberty and hatred of tyranny. Love of the country for her own great sake—because she is our country—because she was the country of our fathers—because all our advantages and privileges are, in some way, interwoven with her history and sheltered in the folds of her flag—because she is to us "as mother and sister, and brother"—because she is the child of Liberty and rejoices to obey her parent's voice, and follow her hand whithersoever it beckons—because she is worth living for and worth dying for—this, *this* is the true passionate patriotism, the love of country, that culminates in a magnificent national life, that makes patriots and statesmen, poets and orators, heroes and martyrs, that will save a country and bless a world.

The Romans called it public virtue. Our America is worthy of this exalted patriotism. No crown upon her brow unless it be the crown of her people's love; no sceptre in her hand unless it be the royal sceptre of her people's will; no "imperial purple" on her limbs unless it be the regal colors of her people's chosen insignia.

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Her birth was legitimate. She is the most legitimate government in providential history. True, she was cradled in a revolution and baptised in blood; but it was a revolution of divine right,—if resistance to tyrants is obedience to God—and her crimson consecration was the very benediction of righteous martyrdom. True, she has committed errors. Her constitution and legislation have not always accorded with the conduct of a republic loyal to herself, but her Declaration has never been recanted, and now in the maturity of her varied experience it is solemnly assumed as the rule of her life forever in the future.

That which her sponsors promised for her before the tribunal of history, almost a century ago, she is to-day in the act of fulfilling throughout the land.

I would say of the Declaration of Independence, that it is to be regarded first as a declaration that the colonies were "free and independent States;" in the second place, as a promulgation of the rights of human nature.

You all know with what prudence and moderation, and even reluctance, our fathers separated from Great Britain. They were not rebels and conspirators, intent only on destruction. They started with the one object of preserving their rights as English colonies. It was only when moderate means failed, after respectful petition and remonstrance had been rudely thrust aside, that they took up arms. It was only when it was too plain to be misunderstood, that colonial connection with the mother country

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meant vassalage and serfdom to the crown, that they enrolled themselves under the banner of independence and marched forward to found a new government of their own.

Thus wrote Jefferson, in 1775: "There is not in the British empire a man who more cordially loves a union with Great Britain than I do, but by the God that made me, I will cease to exist before I yield to a connection on such terms as the British Parliament propose; and in this I speak the sentiment of America."

That their oppression was intolerable is not only the record they have handed down to us, but the testimony of some of the most prominent English statesmen of that day. George III was a king who delighted in the exercise of arbitrary power. He had no sympathy with his people, either at home or in the colonies. It had been proposed to the preceding sovereign, George II, to increase the revenue by taxing the unrepresented colonies of America, but he instantly rejected it "as a dangerous stretch of arbitrary power."

It was but five years after George III came to the throne, that a bill for the taxation of America was introduced into Parliament, and received not only his cordial support, but it was believed that he had suggested it. It was supported by the clergy, and the aristocracy, who hoped to have their land taxes and contributions to the treasury reduced by the taxation of the colonies. But Burke, and Fox, and Chatham and the liberal statesmen of that day, de-

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nounced the whole scheme. Like their noble successors, Bright and Cobden, Hughes and Mill, they were the friends and advocates of popular liberty.

They declared that the cause of the American people was the cause of the English people. For, "in their opinion, if the *despotic principle* adopted by the throne for the government of America was successful, it might be applied to the home government."

It is an interesting fact, that George III, in his preparation for war upon the colonies, applied by by an autograph letter, to the Empress of Russia for twenty thousand troops, and was refused. He then asked for fifteen thousand, and was again refused. He then asked for ten thousand, and was again refused.

Catharine of Russia declined to traffic in the blood of her subjects, and advised the King that there were other means of succeeding than by force of arms.

Fellow-citizens—in a little while our flag will float over a portion of the ancient, powerful, and to us ever generous empire of Russia.

As the new star of Alaski is added to the constellation of the republic, it will recall the time when Russia refused to aid in the oppression of our fathers; the time when she stretched forth her hand and set all within her borders free, thus teaching even the Republic a lesson; and the more recent time, never to be forgotten by the generations of America, when she alone, among the great pow-

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ers of Europe, was the decided friend of our government in the war of the rebellion, and did not hesitate to give us the moral weight of her prayers for our deliverance from the perils of treason.

The "Kings war" (for it was so called by its opponents in England) upon the colonies, was conducted in a manner worthy of its arbitrary origin. Their seas were plundered, their coasts ravaged, their towns burned, foreign mercenaries transported to fight against them, those of their countrymen captured on the high seas were forced to take up arms against them, or put themselves to death to escape that ignominy—even the merciless savage were employed to do the work of death upon the frontiers.

Among the expenses of the war which George III laid before Parliament, one of the items was "for five gross of scalping knives."

But cruelty and perfidy and massacre—the disciplined British, the unsparing Indian, the hired Hessian, the traitor Arnold availed not against the just cause. God was in the history of that great epoch, and His almighty arm encircled the cause of independence. He gave our fathers great men to be their leaders. Adams and Jefferson, Franklin, Hancock, Henry, and their colleagues to be their orators, their writers and their statesmen. Greene, Schuyler, Hamilton, Wayne, La Fayette, Morgan and many others of the field and line to be their patriot chiefs.

And among them all, there, through the whole of that seven years of revolution, stood the central figure, the providential man, George Washington,

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who, with "sublime self-repression," calmly directed the cloud of battle. Whether it rested upon a field won or a field lost, a retreat or a pursuit, a Winter encampment or a Summer campaign—whether it shone with victory or frowned with disaster, his hand was upon it steadily parting it asunder, until at last the glorious sun of Liberty broke through and revealed the heavens and the earth of new America.

I have said that the declaration of independence was also a promulgation of the rights of human nature. We have formed but a faint conception of its real origin, character, purpose and historical relations, if, at any time we have regarded it as nothing more than a passionate revolutionary manifesto, a mass of glittering generalities, a tract for the times, a kind of red republican address, or at most, a summing up of colonial grievances, by which the revolution was justified, but which became a thing of the past when it was crowned with success.

It meant far more than all this to the general mind of our fathers. It means far more to us than an eloquent memorial only of the struggle for independence. It established certain great principles in our national life. It is to America as the Apostles' creed is to the church, her confession of faith, the norm of her life, the fountain of her laws and the breath of her being. It is worthy of the lofty eulogium of Buckle, that "in 1776, the Americans laid before Europe that noble Declaration which ought to be hung up in the nursery of every king, and blazoned on the porch of every loyal palace."

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A declaration of the causes which impelled the colonies to the separation was its practical and immediate object, but the rights o fman were the great doctrines and principles promulgated by our fathers in the declaration of independence. Equality and liberty was written upon the corner-stone of the new edifice they were building.

And it is a significant fact, that in all their revised State constitutions, except that of South Carolina, there was an acknowledgment of the rights of man, and that the people is the source of power. "At the bar of humanity and the bar of the people, South Carolina alone remained silent."—*Bancroft.*

Fellow-citizens—our true national life lies in the practical cultivation in all the spheres of American development of the spirit, the principles, the ideas of the declaration. The Constitution must be obeyed, but the spirit of liberty, which is enthroned in the declaration, must breathe life into the constitution, or it will be false to the original purpose and radical idea of the nation. First, the declaration—then, the constitution. The former relates to the subjective, and the latter to the objective life of the Nation. One is the soul, the other the body. One must be reproduced in the other.

I beg you not to misunderstand me. I lead you to no crusade upon the constitution. God forbid that I should touch with profane hands the solemn league and covenant of the American family! The friends of liberty are the friends of order. As all true progress must be orderly progress, it was necessary for

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the young republic to acquire a constitutional life, and, therefore, certain great interests had, unfortunately, to be postponed or compromised for a season, to the end that her untried political system might become thoroughly fixed in the grooves of constitutional order and authority, so that in the appropriate periods of her historical development, all the great interests of human freedom might be safely organized and protected under the majesty of the law.

But if we must not under-estimate, neither must we over-estimate the constitution. It is not infallible. It is not something stationary. It moves with the nation. It is the servant of the nation. It is always to be adapted to the wants of the nation. The constitution is now passing through its ordeal. We believe that it will come out triumphant. We believe that before a great while it will be better adapted to the wants of a free government than it was upon the day of its adoption. The freedom of all the people; the citizenship of all the people; the equality of citizens and the equality of States—these are to be the grand principles of the constitution of the re-constructed Union. When that happy day dawns upon us, we shall hear more about the blessings of Liberty and the advantages of the Union than we have ever heard before. The State first—the Union second—the Union under the Constitution will be regarded as the dead language of the past—the false teaching of discomfited treason. Such phrases will find no place in the new language

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of the Nation—but we shall hear everywhere, leaping joyfully from the lips of the whole people, that loyal and scornful reply of Henry Clay to Jefferson Davis, in 1850, "I owe a paramount allegiance to my whole country—I owe a subordinate fidelity to my own State."

I have spoken to you of the oppression of our fathers as the cause of the revolution, but there was something greater than that which brought it about, and controlled its mighty impulses. Even if Mr. Burke's proposition "to admit the Americans to an equal interest in the British constitution, and place them at once on the footing of other Englishmen," had been adopted, a separation between the colonies and England would have taken place at no very distant day. There was a *historical necessity* for such a government as the government of the United States. The human race was about to move forward in its progressive march, and a different sphere of action was needed—a free land which had been kept clean from the permanent impressions of any of the old forms of government. And, therefore, here in new America, where there were no olden dynasties, no long lines of royalty and aristocracy, no established system of politics, and very little, if any, of the belief in the "divine right of kings;" here, among a people who seemed to have more of the spirit of liberty in their hearts than any other people on the face of the earth, whose life was full of great ideas struggling for deliverance, whose colonial education had made them a brave, hardy,

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practical, self-reliant people; whose geographical position was eminently adapted to develop their energies, moral and intellectual—in this land and among these people was, in the order of providential history, to be founded a government suited to the wants of progressive humanity, representative in its nature and in its administration; not only representing its own citizens, but representing the world. The real meaning—the philosophical meaning—of our national motto, "one from many," is not merely one State from many States, but one nature from many natures, one people from many people, one great nation from all the nations of the earth.

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs." History is the revelation of that purpose. That which is now is the product of that which was. The great eras of the past were the nurseries of the eras of the present. The civilization of the past culminates in the civilization of the present. The heroism of other days renews its glory in the heroism of to-day. The church of this century wears upon her head the crown her blessed martyrs died for long years ago. This age was foreshadowed in every former struggle for civil and religious freedom. America is the result of previous history—the child of the ages. You cannot crush her. She is in the line of progress. You cannot chain the wheels of her chariot. She is one of the great figures that mark the historical development of the race. In one sense, she is the last in its line of march,

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History rising in the East marches to Greece and Rome; inaugurates the great reformation in Germany and England, and then sows the seed of christian civilization in North America, from which, in the fulness of time, will spring up "that tree of life which will extend its roots through all oceans and spread its branches over the universe."

America was designed by history to be the home of the people—their own peculiar country—and all mankind are findifig places in our national life. There is here what there is nowhere else—a "chaos of nations." The elements of our future strength and greatness are to be found in this vast congregation of peoples. From their intermarriage will, one day, be born the noblest nationality the world has ever seen.

You all remember that exquisite story of a Grecian artist, who was employed to make an elegant statue. He sent for all the beautiful women of his country, and taking the most perfect feature of grace and beauty from each, blended all into a glorious statue of a Greek woman, so that when it was completed, every beautiful lady of that classic land saw in the marvellous work of the artist, the likeness of her own beautiful face.

Even so is the invisible hand of history blending together this chaos of nations, bringing out of it order and beauty—producing, gradually, that colossal figure of America, in whose stately proportions will be recognized types and features of all the great fatherlands of the world.

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The rebellion endeavored to destroy this colossal figure of history. It endeavored to dismember the wonderful union of the United States. It endeavored to divide a great government into petty sovereignties, forgetting that in this age the world is to be governed by great powers. It defied the spirit of liberty, and attempted to perpetuate barbarism in the new world. It set its face backwards, against the well defined progress of history. In a word, it was unhistorical, and, therefore, failed—went down into a dishonored grave, never to rise again. It was a sinful rebellion against lawful authority, that had always been exercised with clemency and justice, and it was not a revolution against intolerable despotism. It is only against such oppression that the right of revolution can be invoked. But in no instance did the South suffer oppression. It had been for many years the virtual ruler of the government, and the North had only been its too willing servant. The act of the South, therefore, in rebelling, was without shadow of defence, excuse or apology. It was a crime against the majesty of the law. It was treason—aggravated treason—to a republic; and in the persons of its official representatives, should have suffered the condemnation of the law. Treason, in the person of the chief traitor of all, should at least have been degraded by the law. As for the masses of the South, we should remember that, instructed by bad leaders, they have always had a false conception of republican government. We doubt whether there has ever been a moment in

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their past history when they would willingly have given up the names, forms and habiliments of a constitutional and representative system. But they were never educated in the original principles of republicanism—never rooted and grounded in the government as democrats from love of democracy. If they had a place for the constitution, they had no place for the declaration of independence. They fell into the fatal mistake of regarding the Union as something dependent, entirely, upon a constitution susceptible of various interpretations, whereas, the real national life of the Union sprung from the bosom of the great truths of the declaration.

They are now called upon to learn a new political philosophy from new teachers. The South is now an open door to the advocates of liberty. The southern people have never, until recently, been allowed an opportunity to hear the champions of the cause of human rights. Much of their opposition to free institutions, and much of the sin of their rebellion, should be attributed to their ignorance. But we must not, from mistaken charity, abate one jot or tittle of our radical determination, to make universal acquiescence in the republican issues, settled by the war, the condition of southern restoration. Do not let us be afraid of offending the South—of keeping alive the animosities of the war. That is the syren cry which has so often deceived us. There is no truth—no philosophy in it. The passions which the war evoked may not die out for awhile. But the day will come to us, as

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it has to other nations, when the memory of our civil war will live only in name. England has long been united England, in spite of her War of the Roses, which lasted thirty years; in spite of her great Rebellion, which lasted twenty years—both of which exceeded ours in cruelty, bitterness and passion. A people constantly on the march of progress will forget the internecine conflicts of the past, and discord will give way to harmony, enmity to fellowship, in the mutual triumphs of the future.

Fellow-citizens—a word more and I have done. We are now laying foundations; let us lay them strong. We must reconstruct the Union upon the principles of pure and comprehensive republicanism; secure the government by ample guarantees against rebellion in the future; make treason dishonorable and unprofitable; and stand by those who are fearlessly endeavoring to place the Southern States in the hands of thoroughly loyal men. This is the great duty of the times, incumbent alike upon President and Congress and people. Let no man, as he values his responsibility to God and his country, evade it. But let us all devote ourselves to that chief duty with courageous obedience, and a golden age of prosperity will shine upon the republic.

For nations, as for individuals, there is always but one right path to follow. For rulers and statesmen, as for people, there is but one way to honor. For us all, the path of duty is the way to happiness and glory.

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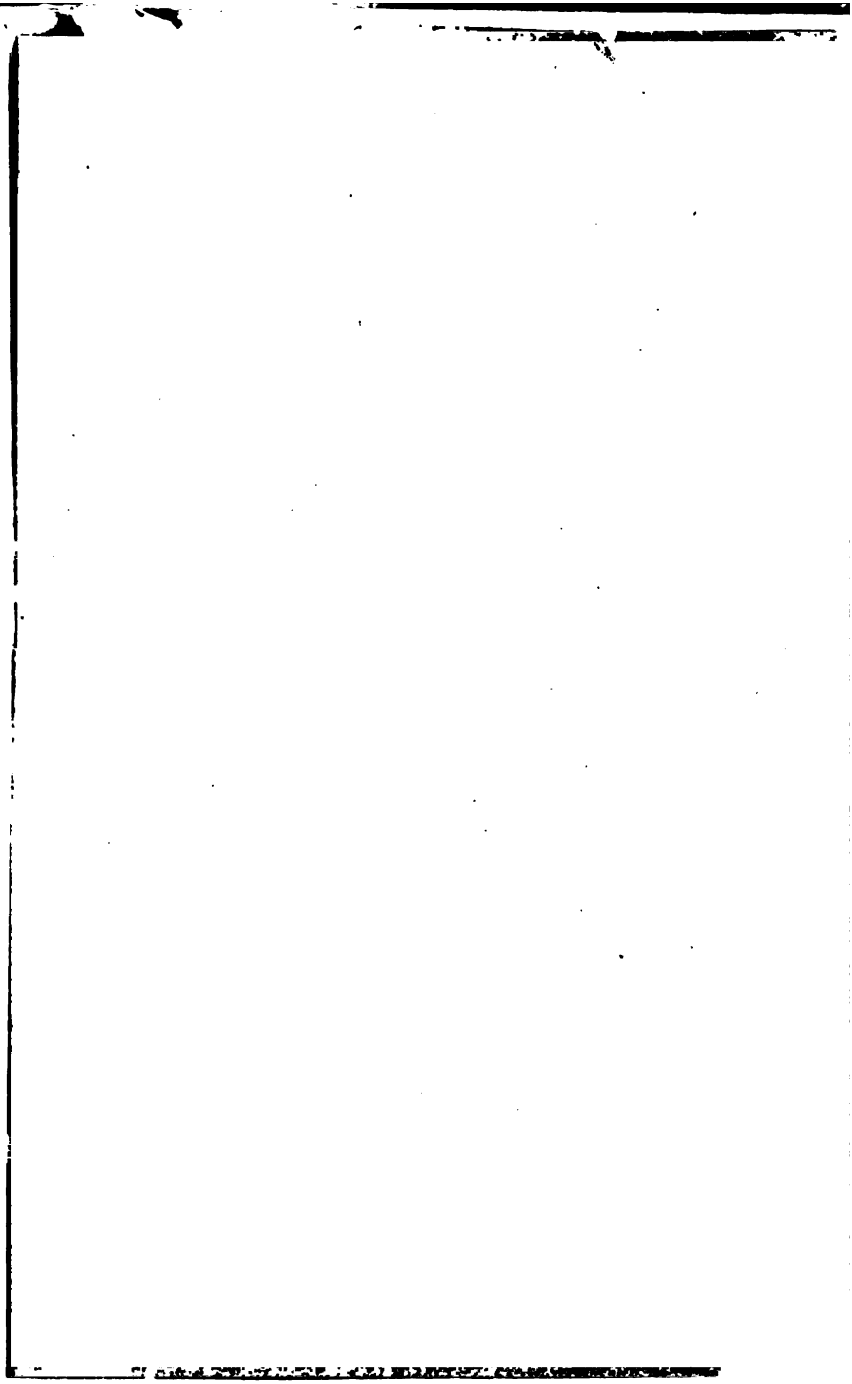

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Clarke, F. E. 5

ORATION

AT THE

River House, Washington Heights,

JULY 4, 1867.

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AN ORATION

DELIVERED AT

THE RIVER HOUSE,

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS,

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1867,

BY

COL. I. EDWARDS CLARKE.

BOSTON:
PRESS OF GEO. C. RAND & AVERY, NO. 3, CORNHILL.
1867.

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1867, Aug. 31.
Gift of
Hon. Chas. Sumner.
(B. 6. 1830.)

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From Hon Charles Sumner
with best wishes of
S. Edmonds. Clerk &c.

TO

THE GUESTS OF THE RIVER HOUSE,

THIS ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AND PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST,

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE guests of the RIVER HOUSE, having resolved to celebrate the 4th of July, 1867, requested R. D. LIVINGSTON, Esq., to read the Declaration of Independence, and Col. I. EDWARDS CLARKE to deliver an oration; while Messrs. CAMP and WADE, with the assistance of the ladies, were to provide a concord of sweet sounds, and give, for the inspiration and delight of the guests, the national songs.

A temporary stage, draped with flags, was erected upon the piazza; and at 11, A.M., the audience was called to order by D. M. PORTER, Esq., who presided. Shaded from the sun, and fanned by the sea-breeze sweeping up the river, the broad piazza made a model auditorium; and few audiences on that day could have been more pleasantly accommodated.

"America" was first sung, then the Declaration was admirably read by Mr. LIVINGSTON, followed by the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner;" then came the address, after which the choir gave "The Red, White, and Blue." After thanks, by resolution, to the reader and orator, the address was requested for publication. The audience were then taken charge of by SAMUEL A. WALSH, Esq., and his efficient assistants, Messrs. F. J. WEEKS and H. G.

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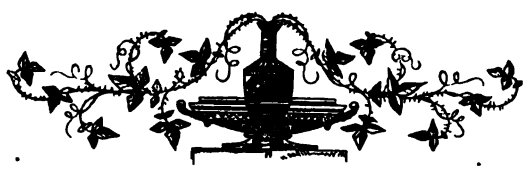
HERRICK, a veteran of the Virginia campaigns, whose attentions enlivened the festivities, and were gratefully appreciated. At 2, P.M., Mr. HERRICK invited the guests to a sumptuous dinner, worthy the day, and the high reputation of the RIVER HOUSE. Under the shade of the grove, in the afternoon, the gentlemen whiled away the hours; and it seemed unanimously conceded that all had enjoyed themselves, and that the celebration was a success.

To the guests of the RIVER HOUSE, for 1867, as a reminiscence of pleasant mutual acquaintance and of happy hours, this memento is offered by the Committee.



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ORATION.

IT has been thought fitting, that upon this day, when over the broad continent thirty millions of people rest from labor in order to celebrate the natal day of this great Republic, that we, who find ourselves grouped under this friendly roof, should join in the grand chorus of joy, which, beginning in the far-off forests of Maine, hailed the earliest rays of the morning sun, and, sweeping gradually westward, as half the world revolves, will greet the setting sun from the golden gate of the Pacific and the silvery shores of Sitka!

Gathered from so many homes, we find ourselves, for these summer months, thrown into association as one family: it were passing strange if on all topics we held harmonious opinions; but to-day, surely, spite of diverse associations or party "shibboleths," — to-day we have a common interest,

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a common sympathy; for we are, above all else, Americans!

Our great orator, when he would give a vivid impression of England's sway, pictured, in his unequalled diction, "Her morning drum-beat echoing round the world." Magnificent as is the imagery, and comprehensive as is the sway, it is, after all, but the drum-beat of a hireling soldiery, standing sentinel over distant and scattered colonies, and, in suggestiveness and sublimity, falls immeasurably below the spontaneous outburst of this peopled continent, which the sun of this day wakes and witnesses, "from the rising even to the going down thereof."

This morning, in the farthest village of Maine, when the sun's first ray flashed from the gilded vane of the church-spire, it woke the merry peals below; smiting sudden music from the tower, as of old, flashing along the Lybian sands, it was wont to wake the statued god to music. Instantly, as with some rare species of morning glory, the bare pole set in the village green blossomed into the flag; while, at the first sound of the bells, came the answering boom of joyful cannon! So, from hamlet to hamlet, the glad news speeds: hills and mountains catch up and fling back from their reverberating cliffs the joyous echoes. The White Hills of New Hampshire echo it to the Green

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Mountains; the Green Mountains call across to the Catskills; these shout along the line to the Alleghanies, who, gathering up and multiplying the echoes among their multitudinous hills, send it far across the continent to the mighty ranges of the Rocky Mountains, which repeat the strain, till, as the fading sunlight gilds their topmost peak, old ocean learns the story, and seems, with his breaking billows along the shore, to murmur it as a lullaby to the sleeping continent!

There is no wilderness so desolate, no little hamlet so remote, no wanderer so forgetful, as not to heed and welcome this glad day.

The anniversary of that day which ushered into the august company of sovereign states a new republic, destined to a mightier sway than any imperial or regal dominion; the birthday of a nation, — ay, more, far more, — the beginning of an era to man; an era whose early steps it is in our power to trace, and from whose morning splendors we can prophecy the brightness of its perfect day; an era, not of the growth and prosperity of one nation only, but of progress to all mankind; an era which shall culminate when the vision of the poet is realized, —

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

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We are standing upon historic ground,—on the banks of this lordly river, whose very name perpetuates the romance of its discovery, and whose history is linked with the most tragic event of the Revolution. This stream, in itself and its history, furnishes an epitome of our country, our growth, our destiny. Flowing, with stately sweep, between mountains whose grandeur more than matches "the castled crags that guard the Rhine," by meadows fair as those that line the Thames, and beside gentle acclivities, whose villa-crowned beauty recalls those low hills that cluster around the flowered city of Arno's stream; at last, under yonder frowning Palisades, it passes out to meet the ocean, through a gateway as magnificent as that of any stream that seeks the sea. In its varied beauty and grandeur, its inexhaustible resources, and its untamable might, it may fitly symbolize this fair land, over whose broad domain Nature has lavished her wealth of power and beauty with no niggard hand; nor can we forget that its waves once upheld that little craft, whose rapidly-turning wheels prophesied and made possible those sailless fleets whose keels have since vexed every sea. Across to yonder valley paddled, in his light canoe, the hero-chief of Cooper's romance; a little above us, Irving made classic forever long reaches of river and shore; beside

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this very spot slowly sailed, in the evening twilight, that British man-of-war which carried André and brought back Arnold! Every spot around us has been trodden by Redcoat and Tory and Continental, in those dark days when the infant republic struggled on to an uncertain end. You may trace mound and rampart and bastion still, and imagination re-peoples these woods and rocks with the struggling combatants.

A son of genius, born beside this stream, peopled its Highlands with fairies in that most exquisite poem, "The Culprit Fay," and, in another moment of inspiration, penned those matchless lines to his country's flag, which will live as long as poetry charms, or patriotism inspires.

Turning from the memories that cluster around the banks of this beautiful river to the present, we find in it a true index of our country's mighty growth. Who, passing a day of luxurious idleness upon this broad piazza, could fail to be impressed with the wonderful vitality, resources, and wealth of this country?

The crowded steamers that throng its waters; the fleets of barges, with their guardian tugs, moving in unending procession; the sails, that fly to and fro all the day; and, ever and anon, the thundering trains, flashing by, — swift shuttles,

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weaving the nation's cloth of gold. All things show that a mighty people are paying tribute to some imperial city.

Standing, then, where the memories of the Revolution still linger, and where the population and the production of the nation passes, as it were, in review before us, it seems peculiarly fitting that we, to whom past and present thus appeal, should pause for a moment, to remember what it is that this day commemorates, and to consider what, in view of the future of our country, is our duty as patriots and as citizens.

The teaching of history has been compared to the stern lights of the ship, illuminating only the path that has been passed, but shedding no radiance to pierce the palpable darkness of the future; but, to one who believes in a Divine Providence, that watches over the destinies of nations as of individuals, there is a solemn fascination in tracing, while reading history, the unerring logic of events; to see Nemesis ever standing by the side of states; to mark how the present is the child of *all* the past; and how the future inevitably springs from the present. Philosophy and Science are fast demonstrating that there *is* no "chance,"— that order is Heaven's first and latest law. Buckle and Agassiz, wittingly or unwittingly, show Philosophy

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and Science, standing, as of old, the willing handmaids of Religion; and the thoughtful student of history is forced to exclaim with the poet, —

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Recall for a moment the discovery of this country, the long delay of colonizing it, the almost miraculous preservation of the feeble and scattered colonies, the recovery of the continent from the Latin and Catholic powers, the gradual steps that led to the concentration and final independence of the sometime separate and unfriendly colonies; review the subsequent events down to the present moment, and doubt, if you can, the overruling guidance of a Divine Providence.

In the light of the Emancipation Proclamation, the inscription upon that bell whose mellow music first rang out the thrilling news of the signing of the Declaration was *not* a mere coincidence. Not exultation only, but warning, mingled with its tones, had they been heard aright, "Proclaim LIBERTY throughout the land, to ALL the inhabitants thereof."

It was in the same year that the "Mayflower" landed at Plymouth that the first slave-ship touched

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at Jamestown. For two hundred and forty years the two systems introduced by these two ships developed themselves over the fresh and boundless territories of this unsettled new world. Contrast Massachusetts and Virginia to-day, and see the logical results of the two civilizations. Recall the horrors of the past seven years, count up the untold millions wasted in war, and see whether slavery (but for which secession had not been) *is*, on the whole, "profitable."

Surely, though

> "The mills of God grind slowly,
> Yet they grind exceeding small."

I doubt, if, to every human being who has toiled in slavery, fair wages had been paid through all those two hundred and forty years, the sum-total would have amounted to more than was destroyed by the devastation of the war, paid to the soldiers, and burned up in ammunition.

Leaving the present, let us strive, for a moment, to realize the state of affairs as they were in 1776. Ninety-one years ago to-day, a few men, assembled in Philadelphia as Delegates of "the United American States, in Congress assembled," solemnly published and declared to the world the reasons that induced these thirteen colonies to throw off their

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allegiance to the king of England, and to declare themselves free and independent States. In terse, pregnant sentences, they recited the wrongs which had been endured by them until endurance was no longer possible; and solemnly commending their cause to the care of the God of nations, and to the judgment of the civilized world, they calmly awaited the issue. It was a sublime exhibition of courage.

Three millions of people, — less by one-fourth than the present population of this State of New York, — scattered over an extent of country reaching from New Hampshire to Georgia; with not a single town of importance which was not a seaport, and liable to sudden destruction by an enemy whose boast it was to rule the seas; without arms, without money, without preparation, — calmly inviting destruction.

The trials, the sufferings, the endurance, the patient, persistent courage displayed for seven long years, all culminating in that final triumph which made the celebration of this day possible and obligatory, — are they not familiar as household words?

"The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought, —
The land they loved so well."

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Usually the founders of new States and the authors of new creeds seem unconscious of their high destiny.

> "The hand that raised St. Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
> Wrought in a sad sincerity;
> Himself from God he could not free;
> He builded better than he knew:
> The conscious stone to beauty grew."

But, among those immortal signers of the Declaration, there was one on whom the spirit of prophecy seemed that day to rest, as he wrote to his wife, at Quincy, the story of that summer day's work, and stated that "it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival; commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty; solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

Among those who are recalled this day, the prophet, John Adams, should surely be honored; for never did prophet prophecy more truly.

So many years of peace had made the story of war obsolete; so great discoveries and triumphs in the physical world had hidden the work of the

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fathers, just as the carved and glistening marble hides the solid granite foundations below. So imperative was the demand for work, in development, by railroads, of this vast and ever-extending territory, that, to many, a day given up to the history of old battles, and encomiums upon the American Eagle, seemed a day wasted, and a fit subject of ridicule.

But, fortunately, the American people would not give up their *only* holiday. They would continue to march in processions, and sit long hours while some village orator told over again the stories of the Revolution; and in the little red schoolhouses scattered all over the New-England hills, and the far-away Western prairies, the children learned the story of Lexington and Bunker Hill. They might know nothing of the world's great battles; of Marathon or Thermopylæ, of Agincourt or Waterloo: but they *did* know of Valley Forge and Trenton and Yorktown. Fighting for country against the British was all the history we had; and the stupidest urchin of them all, though he might fail to comprehend the mysteries of "the three r's,—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic,"—did learn to hate the Britishers, to love the Continentals, to despise the Tories, and to worship Washington. And so it was, when the need came, the children of the Revolutionary sires justified their descent.

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The astute conspirators, who thought the time had come to execute their long-planned treason, left out of calculation the Fourth-of-July orations, the little red schoolhouses, and "The Child's History." They should have remembered, that, as the Tories went down before the wrath of the old Continentals, so would their children, the Northern allies of secession, sink into insignificance before the awakened wrath of the descendants of Revolutionary sires.

They should have remembered, moreover, that it was not the recital of wrongs endured which gave to that Declaration its vital force; it was not the simple, indignant uprising against unendurable oppression, which gave to our Revolutionary fathers that success which justifies the Declaration, and redeemed rebellion from the stigma of treason. It was because that Declaration contained a seminal principle, because it announced the absolute political equality of the individual man, because it was the first translation of the Golden Rule into human politics, because it was a "Bill of Rights" for humanity, the "Magna Charta" of the whole human race; that, like the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, it led those struggling patriots safely through the Red Sea and the wilderness.

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It is that living principle, which sheds around those words, and the memory of those who first uttered them, the fragrance of immortality.

When the originators of secession put forth THEIR Declaration of Independence, mistaking the letter for the spirit, they enumerated, in justification of rebellion, a long list of supposititious wrongs endured; but they forgot that it was the vitalizing spirit of freedom which gave life and victory to their great original. When they invoked the inspiration of slavery, they surely forgot the words of that Thomas Jefferson who wrote the Declaration of '76, as, speaking of slavery, he said, "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just."

They forgot the countless procession of dusky forms, which, for nearly two and a half centuries, had been passing through the portals of death; going out from poverty, from slavery, from torture, to plead for JUSTICE against their oppressors, before Him "whose arm is not shortened that it cannot save."

Their doom was fixed by inexorable fate. Had it not been so from the first, what cause could have succeeded when burdened with the atrocious crimes of Andersonville? But no sacrifice, no heroism (and of these there was no lack), could

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save their cause. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera;" and theirs was a "lost cause" ere ever the wind of the bay had borne away the smoke-clouds from Sumter on that portentous April day. The champions of secession were as the bad man in Massinger's play, when he says, —

"My arm is weighted down with widows' prayers,
And my sword glued to its scabbard with wronged orphans' tears."

How the youthful hosts of freedom rallied at their country's call!

"Freedom's flag above them waving, freedom's songs, triumphant sung;
Ne'er, I ween, to such an army, foe the gauge of battle flung."

Above and around their undisciplined ranks hovered, as we may be permitted to conceive, those shining hosts seen by the servant of the prophet, when, at his master's prayer, his eyes were opened before the walls of Dothan.

Not wholly an idle imagination was it that saw the avenging ghost of old John Brown, ever marching in the van, and marshalling the armies of the Republic; for it is not true, as the too despondent poet sang,

"That Truth is forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne."

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No: sometimes it is permitted to mortal eyes to behold the grand earthly coronation of Justice, so that Faith may not wholly fail. But at what a price it triumphs! Number the desolated homes and hearts all over our Northern land. From what countless battle-fields, from what suffering beds of hospitals, from what inconceivable horrors at Belle Isle and Andersonville, the pale heroes of the loyal nation took up their line of march to join the armies of the skies! How the joyful ranks of the shining hosts opened to receive them! We may picture Warren welcoming Ellsworth, and be sure that the thousands, pressing on steadily after him, were each joyfully received by some kindred spirit of that countless army of martyrs who have died for the cause of human progress.

But these mourning Northern homes, thus desolated, are not all homes of hopeless sorrow. Many a father, bringing back the body of his brave son "to rest amid familiar scenes," has been ready to exclaim, with Cato, —

> "Thanks to the gods! My boy has done his duty!
> Welcome my son! There sit him down, my friends,
> Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
> The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.
> How beautiful is death when earned by virtue!
> Who would not be that youth? What pity 'tis

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That we can die but once to save our country!
Why sits that sadness on your brow, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in a civil war!

Mourn not, then, overmuch for the loyal dead: —

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

Of the countless dead who died fighting for the alien flag, doubtless thousands were inspired by honest convictions of duty: of each of these we can but say, —

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, —
(There they alike in trembling hope repose), —
The bosom of his Father and his God."

A touching incident was told me by one who fought bravely in the Southern ranks. A fellow-officer, of whom he uttered a noble eulogy, fell in his arms on the rampart of Fort Wagner, whispering, with his latest breath, "My only regret in dying is, that I die fighting on the wrong side."

"The wrong side!" In the belief that this is the unspoken conviction of thousands, I largely base my hope of future unity and harmony.

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We have now glanced rapidly at the cause, and stated the reasons, that have justified the universal celebration of the fourth day of July. Its future is assured. History, as if fearful, that, among these later brilliant deeds, some day more fortunate might usurp its place, took care to write against the date Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Gettysburg.

The colonial period of our country never really closed till the war of secession began. We still looked to the mother-country for decisive words in law and literature. Suddenly, we have become, by virtue of military strength, a power among the nations. As surely as the great oak lies folded in the acorn's cup, so surely was our present free America contained in those opening sentences of the Declaration. Never had mighty drama more fitting prologue. Ours has been a natural development. The death-struggle between liberty and slavery was inevitable. It rests with us, now, whether those fiercely-contested victories of the war shall stand justified upon the book of fate; or whether they shall shine upon the pages of our country's history *only* as the vain heroism of that wild charge at Balaklava, which illumined the murky fight with a courageous splendor worthy the old chivalric days, but which, in no wise, aided to decide the contest, — brilliant but inconclusive, — a very meteor of battle.

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We stand now at the very meeting of the ways: we may take, as we elect, the path that leads to republican freedom or centralized despotism. Rarely, in the history of a nation, is it thus given to a single generation to shape its destiny. We have seen how our woes arose from causes in the control of the men who shaped the new-born State: let us seek to spare our children similar suffering. Let us bury the bitterness of war. Let its hatreds and animosities be bygones. While, in the lately rebellious States, we must, in common prudence, keep the power in loyal hands till assured that the rights of all will be secured; as soon as possible, let the country be re-united.

In this new country of ours, the noble principles of the Declaration have become vital facts; and the political equality of man, without regard to color, race, or creed, has been embodied in the Constitution, and enacted in the law. At last, the experiment, whether a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," is possible, is to be fairly tried. The civilization and Christianity of a people, is to be measured, not by the condition of the highest, but of the humblest. There is no foundation upon which a nation can build, save that of equal and exact Justice.

Our republican institutions have passed through

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a fiery ordeal,—such an ordeal as no other system of government has ever successfully endured. They are yet upon trial. It is the solemn duty of every citizen to give now his best, most earnest thought to his country. Revolutions go not backward. The *status quo ante bellum* never *quite* returns. A broader, better civilization opens before us, or the loss of all we sought in the republic threatens. These are *not* idle fears. Where men claim the rights, they should not shrink from the duties, of sovereigns. It is yet to be demonstrated whether we have virtue enough to rescue and preserve, in all their pristine purity, the principles of republican government. Let us look, for a moment, at our dangers. Four millions of people forcibly changed from slaves to freemen; ten States, devastated by war, and, since the hurricane of war has subsided, starved by the failure of crops, are now under military rule; taxes over the whole land, more onerous than those of any other civilized country; an army of tithe-collectors, organized upon a system needlessly oppressive and inquisitive; a mixed foreign population, necessarily ignorant of the duties and dangers of republican citizens.

Whether, by the long-continued attrition of an inquisitorial revenue regime, the character of our people will not be essentially changed or modified,

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is a grave question. Whether the habit of unquestioning obedience to official commands, engendered by military discipline, and patiently endured during the war; and whether the old Federalist leaven of desire for centralization, destructive to all republican freedom; the known tendency of every department of government to aggregate power to itself; and the long exercise of unprecedented power by every department,—are compatible with that individual independence which is the most essential element in the character of an American citizen, or whether all these new and exceptional influences are more than counterbalanced by our training before the war, are questions for thoughtful consideration.

The apparent dangers to arise from the sudden disbanding of enormous armies were shown to be *but* "apparent." When a million of soldiers sank back into the people,—as the rain drops into the ocean,—the citizen soldiery of the Republic, the bronzed veterans of a hundred battles, became but simple citizens; and the chimera of a military despotism, subverting our form of government, disappeared. High-spirited, independent, impatient of impertinent interference, acknowledging no superior, submitting to no unjust authority, giving to all the political rights claimed for each; obeying the law,

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because creating it, and therefore able to change it if found obnoxious; tolerant of religious opinion, because believing it a question between the Creator and the individual; respectful to rulers, because they were the executors of the law, while vigilantly watchful that they should be faithful servants of the people; intelligent, and careful that common-school education should be universal; industrious, capable, honest, patriotic, — such should be, in theory, the character of a citizen of a republic, such the product of its principles; and such was, in fact, the character of the free-born American citizen. When that character shall have become essentially changed, republicanism, as we have understood it, will become impossible. The necessity, imposed by the war, of a minute, all-embracing system of taxation, is the most dangerous change our revolution has thus far produced. This tendency must be balanced by careful education, and by the constantly instilled idea that *this* system, as well as the creation of military governments over the Southern States, is *but* a temporary expedient, rendered necessary by the misfortunes of war; and while it is to be endured, as offering the only honorable solution of our difficulties, it is not, in itself, to be commended or long continued.

We have now fully considered the depressing

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conditions that surround our country, and can profitably note the encouraging features that should give cheerfulness and hope. Strong in the passionate love and devotion of her sons, our beloved and victorious Country calmly awaits the future. Burdened, as we are, with the enormous debt contracted to save the Republic, our burdens are not as great, in view of our rapidly-augmenting resources, as were those which rested upon our fathers at the close of their seven-years' war. To their three millions of population, we oppose thirty millions; for their narrow strip of Atlantic sea-coast, we have half a continent; and the mighty Mississippi is now

> "A nation's heart, whose hands,
> Far to eastward, far to westward, touch the shining ocean sands."

We measure distance by thousands of miles; but steam and lightning so dominate space, that *our* extremest limits are *nearer* than were theirs. With them, population grew by slow accretion; to us, the thronging thousands escaping from Europe turn the ocean to a ferry. Invention has so multiplied the capability of the laborer, that now one man accomplishes the labor of four in those days. Over all the land, Providence again smiles with the promise of a bounteous harvest, and Peace stands wait-

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ing to shelter us under her white wings. Southern cotton-fields and Northern prairies welcome the returning laborers. He who lately toiled under the musket, now "jocund drives the plough a-field." Labor, armed with pick and spade, delves among precious metals in the mountain mines. Commerce marshals her fleets to bring to us the products of the Far East. All things prognosticate an era of material development, which shall make the burden of our national debt, a few years hence, so light as to be no longer burdensome.

Nearly four centuries ago, the bold Genoese set sail from Palos, seeking India, and found the New World. For four hundred years, men have spoken of the happy chance by which, when in pursuit of a delusion, he found immortal fame. But, lo! within the past eight months, we have demonstrated his theory, proving that, though dying in ignorance of the fact, he had nevertheless found what he sought, — the shortest way to the Indies. In the world's history, the control of the commerce of the East has ever signified wealth and dominion. Its possession has been the most eagerly-coveted prize between nations. To-day, beyond a peradventure, that commerce is ours. Into our coffers, "Ormus and Ind," China, and Far Japan, shall pour "barbaric

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gold." Draining Europe of population, and Asia of wealth, America shall stand the centre and controller of the earth. All lands shall acknowledge her might, and pay tribute to her power.

Within the lifetime of some who now hear me, a hundred stars shall cluster on that banner, and a hundred millions of happy people gather beneath its folds.

The Latin races in the New World have utterly failed; only the Anglo-Saxon, with his Irish and German cousins, prospers. Whether, as free citizens, either the African or Asiatic can be conjoined, is still a problem.

Down to the border-line of Mexico, a common language, common origin, common traditions, and common interests, point to a common government. The physical configuration of the continent implies unity of ownership; for the dwellers by streams that drain a continent will never submit to seek the sea through alien lands.

> "Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky:
> Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die."

We may condemn the acquisition of territory, and shrink from foreign immigration: it is but fighting against fate. As well seek to dam the Mississippi, or forbid the Atlantic waves to beat against our shores.

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It is often said that the principles of republicanism will fail when applied to large territories. Why?

The principles of local self-government in local matters, to which, as speedily as possible, we must return; the idea that that government is best which governs least, rigidly applied to the General Government; no taxation without representation; no union of Church and State; no privileged classes; perfect equality of all citizens in civil and political rights; universal elementary education, enforced, if need be; strict subordination of the military to the civil power, as soon as congressional representations and local State Governments are fully restored to the States lately in rebellion, — what reason exists, in the nature of things, now that the strange anomaly of slavery has been annihilated, why *these* principles should not apply to a hundred States as well as to thirteen or thirty? Republican institutions are *not* a failure. The wisdom of the Fathers *is* justified.

At the close of the last century, after success gave emphasis to the words of the Declaration, its echoes were heard in Europe. Everywhere the people stepped up on a wider field. Now that republican institutions here come forth so triumphantly from trial, a far grander effect in Europe may be looked for. Already, it seems as if some new drama were about to be exhibited on the stage

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of the world's history. The closing of an old era, the opening of a new, is upon us. Old civilizations and future promise stand forth for all men to see. Wonderful mediæval pageants, recalling the past magnificence of emperor and pope, have just been displayed at Pesth and Rome; while at Paris, all the mightiest rulers of the earth have assembled to look upon the products of earth's workers. The kings pay homage to the people, to the toiling millions, and recognize the royalty of labor. When the people shall universally comprehend this, *their* reign begins.

Among us, some men are so wedded to past *forms* as to be unable to see aught but danger in any change, regardless of its cause or obvious necessity, and would hamper the new nation with the old traditions; but life mocks at dead forms, and the vitality of our country, which so terrifies them, is its sure hope. At the Navy Yard at Charlestown, they will take you into an immense ship-house, and there show you a vessel upon the stocks, where it has stood for years. The work of preparing her for sea was long since abandoned; but there she stands, an object of interest to idle gazers, an excellent thing by which to learn how a ship looks when half-built, but, for all the practical purposes of a ship, as utterly useless, as if the noble trees, that gave their lives to

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contribute the massive timbers that form her keel and shapely ribs, were still waving, in all their leafy splendor, along the slopes of rock-ribbed Katahdin. They have lost the life of the tree, and utterly missed the grander life of the ship. What idea of a ship would one have who should never see any ship but that? How utterly would the true idea of the ship, — the full-rigged ship, spreading every sail, like some mighty bird poised over the water, an image of triumphant power, of all-conquering beauty, or scudding with bare poles before the angry waves, like a hunted deer, — fail of entering his imagination!

The "Ship of State" has furnished metaphor alike to poet and orator; but I have thought, ofttimes, that it was the long-housed ship on the stocks, and not the real child of the sea, after which they modelled. To ride out the storms of turbulent populations, to bear the passengers *safe* over the trackless sea; that is the end and object of the ship: therefore it is to the practical sailing qualities, not *simply* to the "constitutional" ribs, that the eyes and thoughts of the statesmen, the navigators, must be directed. How to keep the ship true to her course, how to avoid the rocks and reefs and lee-shores of politics, these are the problems. I know no other guides than the fixed stars of principle. They must

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know well the heavenly landmarks who would navigate safely over unknown seas. When clouds and tempest obscure the stars, sad will it be for that nation whose pilots have not some compass by which to lay the line true to the pole. For republican statesmen, that compass is to be found alone in an innate, unalterable love of Liberty and Justice. Such pilots has the good Ship found in times past, nor, under God's guidance, shall she lack them in the days to come.

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Felton, F. E. 1867. 6

THE PURIFICATION AND RECONSTRUCTION OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

AN

ORATION

DELIVERED AT

VALLEJO, JULY IV, 1867.

BY

FRANKLIN ELIOT FELTON.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

SAN FRANCISCO:
EDWARD BOSQUI & COMPANY, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.
MDCCCLXVII.

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1875, March 22.
Walker Bequest.

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ORATION.

On the placid bosom of San Francisco Bay gently rocks at anchor a plague-stricken ship, whose cabin and decks have lately witnessed scenes of anguish, tribulation, and death, that appall the stoutest heart, and blanch the manliest cheek. As the frigate Jamestown, on her mission of mercy, reposed on the sunny waters of Panama, Grim Pestilence invaded her dark hull, and, without authority of a commission, assumed supreme command, issuing imperious orders with more than martial rigor.

Descending to the orlop deck he grappled bluff sailors and marines, and straightway the shriek of agony, the ravings of delirium and the rattle of death resounded through the fated vessel. Stalwart men, impotent to cope with their merciless adversary, succumbed beneath his ponderous strokes, and were reverently borne by sorrowing comrades to lonely graves by the shore of the resonant sea. Gloating on the havoc and

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craving more illustrious victims, the flushed conqueror, turning from the humble deck, strode through the cabin door and knocked with icy hand at the state-room of the scarred veteran and the rosy-cheeked ensign.

Though environed by peril and menaced with destruction, the gallant officers and crew neither shrank from duty nor deserted their posts. Staring fate in the face, they soothed their afflicted shipmates, and awaited with fortitude their impending doom.

Ordered to duty on the infected vessel, officers hastened aboard without falter, although conscious of entering their living sepulcher. With pious tenderness comrades closed the eyelids of the dying, and performed the last sad rites over loved companions.

At last the welcome order sounded to remove the charnel-ship to some salubrious clime, and the emaciated crew, summoning their wasted strength, and with eager alacrity manned the capstan and weighed anchor, joyous to escape from the loathsome bay and its attendant gloom. Long, weary days the ship, becalmed, lay motionless on the waters; the sails flapped listlessly around the masts, yet the Angel of Death remorselessly claimed his victims.

At length propitious breezes wafted the vessel

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to the colder North, whose salutary blasts stiffened the limbs and congealed the blood of the Tropical Fiend. During the mournful voyage a voracious shark followed the wake of the pestilent vessel until the last sufferer was consigned to the cavernous sea, and the monster was deprived of his prey.

As the straining eye of the lookout discerned the distant land, an ecstatic shout of relief burst forth spontaneously from every throat. Spare sails were spread on mast and yard; raven-like the frigate skimmed through the Golden Gate and anchored in the hospitable bay, where health, sympathy, and repose, greeted the hapless wanderers.

Purified and repaired, the same frigate shall hereafter sail to foreign lands, and proudly bear the starry flag to earth's remotest bounds, but the ravages of the pestilence will never be effaced. Loving hearts shall wither beneath its corroding blight, and happy homesteads mourn the devastating scourge.

The recent history of the United States discloses a marked similitude between the ill-fated Jamestown and the American Nation.

Six years ago that staunch Ship of State, the Union, was stricken with pestilence during a prosperous voyage, favored with propitious winds,

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unclouded skies, and tranquil seas. The virulence of infection deranged the intellect of its victims, and convulsed them with delirium. In paroxysms of frenzy they assailed their shipmates, and strove to sink the vessel itself, and were themselves decimated in bloody strife.

Conciliation and kindness failed to calm their rage, but rather intensified their furious animosity. The epidemic assailed, with fatal malignancy, officers of the highest rank, who disseminated contagion to the crew. Contaminated with disease and racked with dissension, the gallant ship tossed helplessly on the seething billows of popular commotion. The whirlpool of passion yawned to engulf her in its dark abyss; the rocks of discord pierced her sides, and the simoon of carnage whirled her onward toward the reefs and quicksands of National dissolution, while mercenary wreckers, England and France, gazed with rapture on her peril, and gloated in anticipation over the coveted spoils from the wreck of the stately ship. In the wake of the infected vessel followed a ravenous shark, to prey on the victims and batten on misfortune. This leviathan, named Brittania, spawned the Florida and Alabama, Twin Monsters of the deep.

But the noble Union was not doomed to wreck. The pure winds from the North swept over her

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with healing power, and scattered the seeds of death as with a besom. Health returned to the pallid cheek, and vigor to the wasted frame. Loving hearts and willing hands rescued the vessel from her perilous surroundings, and guided her safely into the haven of Peace.

On this consecrated day be ours the duty to purify, repair, and refit the Ship of State, and launch anew the glorious Union for a more prosperous voyage on the broad ocean of Time.

"O, then, sail on, thou Ship of State!
Sail on, O, Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on! nor fear to breast the sea—
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

The allegory of the infected ship suggests the theme of the hour—the Purification and Reconstruction of the American Union.

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In the task of National Reconstruction, the American people must be actuated by a spirit of magnanimity and mercy toward their late antagonists. The fervent benevolence of California is never invoked in vain in the sacred cause of mercy and humanity. Vividly do I recall the thrill of delight that electrified the loyal States at the lavish bounty of California to the Sanitary Commission during the dark days of war. Her timely benefaction infused vitality into a holy enterprise, which was then languishing and ready to perish. Her lofty spirit of patriotic beneficence spread from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and kindled the glow of charity in the hearts of the Northern people. Emulating California's bright example, State vied with State in largess to sick and wounded soldiers. Eminent men forsook their avocations, and devoted themselves to the relief of suffering humanity, binding up the wounds and assuaging the pangs alike of friend and foe. Gentle women, foregoing the luxuries of home and the blandishments of refined society, followed the army to the sanguinary fields of battle, and with delicate hands performed kindly offices for the mutilated heroes, or in tender accents whispered words of consolation in the ear of the dying.

The youth of the country shared the patriotic

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enthusiasm. Deft fingers of girlhood wrought articles of necessity or comfort for their brave defenders; and ingenuous boys, renouncing their customary sports and amusements, cheerfully donated their mite to deeds of Heaven-born charity.

History presents no nobler spectacle than the catholic beneficence, the lavish generosity, and the magnanimous clemency of the American people in mitigating the horrors of civil war, and as a Californian I am justly proud that my adopted State vitalized and expanded the grandest philanthropy of the Ages.

The same pure spirit of mercy has lately been evoked by the piteous appeals of our late antagonists, and the golden affluence of California benevolence has clothed the naked, fed the hungry, and nursed the sick in the devastated South.

The merciful spirit of California craves not the confiscated property of misguided brothers, nor seeks to immure deluded relatives in gloomy dungeons, or immolate them on the scaffold, but, like the Divine Master, it raises them up that are cast down, and says to the erring: "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go and sin no more."

Forgiveness and conciliation will restore harmony to our lacerated country, and draw the vail of oblivion over ancient feuds and fierce contention. More precious than remittances of gold for

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the needy and afflicted would be the infusion of the true California spirit into wrangling States, to heal suicidal wounds, and restore vitality and vigor to the shattered Union.

The Roman conquerors were wont to chain their captives to their chariot wheels and drag them in triumph through the streets of the Imperial City, and afterwards treat them as slaves and menials. Civilization and Christianity recoil from such brutality, and the Law of Nations, based on the refined sentiment of the Age, requires the conqueror to treat his captives with courtesy, respect, and humanity. All Christendom was shocked at the bestial spirit that starved American citizens in Southern prisons during the Civil War, and civilized nations throughout the world are now tingling with odium against the barbarous Mexicans, who, in cold blood, shot a prisoner of war—Maximilian—who, although an invader and usurper, was nevertheless a gallant gentleman and the victim of base treachery.

The conquest of our brothers should be celebrated by displays of fraternal affection, remission of sins, and magnanimous clemency. We cannot drag our own kindred in triumphal procession along crowded thoroughfares, chained as captives to the conqueror's car; we cannot send them under the humiliating yoke, nor degrade

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them to the condition of slaves and menials; but to win their hearts by generosity and forbearance will redound to our glory more than the laurels of Cæsar or the victories of Alexander.

In reconstructing the Union sectional animosity must be eradicated, root and branch, and mutual respect and good-fellowship be universally cultivated by the denizens of the different sections of our common country.

In by-gone times, sectional antagonism dissevered the country North and South, and local jealousies, and acrimonious feuds, culminated in mutual aversion and estrangement, germinating Civil War. Northmen lampooned the men of the South as a spurious chivalry, contemned their impulsiveness of action and impassioned speech as bluster and gasconade, and sneered at their valor as bravado. The Southrons retorted by stigmatizing the Northmen as craven Yankees; sordid worshipers of the almighty dollar, with no aspirations beyond mere trade and lucre; devoid of lofty sentiments of honor; cringing sycophants, incapable of resenting an affront, or defending their rights.

Mutual crimination and recrimination ensued, and each party was deceived by a false estimate of the other's character. This fatal misconception has been washed out in brothers' blood, and

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history now records that high daring, patriotic endurance, and true manhood, are universal, and not sectional among Americans, and that the combined valor of the united country renders the American Republic invincible.

When we are in our graves, and the passions and prejudices of the present shall have perished, the impartial historian will delineate the American conflict.

In graphic phrase will he portray that illustrious commander, Grant, and exhibit to the world that comprehensive sagacity which formed combinations ramifying over a Continent, and yet so minute as to grasp scattered squads of the enemy in its constricting folds. He will dilate on Grant's tenacity of will, his earnestness and purity of purpose, and his inflexible determination to conquer, which spurned intervening obstacles, laughed at defeat, and eventuated in ultimate triumph.

He will eulogise that self-reliance which conceived and perfected the plans of vigorous campaigns, and the reticence which locked them up in his own bosom, and kept his own counsel, until they ripened into action.

He will extol the modesty of the hero who listened with serene composure to the shouts of victory, and the plaudits of admiring multitudes.

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The same historian will likewise describe Grant's antagonist, General Lee.

He will enumerate the high qualities Lee displayed as a Commander: his wonderful resources in waging protracted warfare with limited men and scanty means; his marvelous skill exhibited in the impregnable fortifications surrounding Richmond; the daring spirit which led him to cross the Potomac, invade Pennsylvania, and confront the Union army at Gettysburg, and the consummate ability with which he withdrew his shattered forces, with a victorious army in his rear.

He will picture Lee's incursion into Maryland, and his march on Washington, and relate that the opportune arrival of an Army Corps from the Peninsula alone saved the Federal Capital from capture by the Confederate forces.

He will depict Lee's surrender and calm submission to fate, his retirement to literary pursuits, and his wise counsel to his comrades to return to their allegiance.

The historian will describe Sherman's Grand March to the sea, and Farragut's naval exploits, eclipsing in splendor the triumphs of Collingwood and Nelson.

In gorgeous colors he will portray gallant Phil. Sheridan spurring on his foaming charger to

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Winchester; rallying his discomfited men; impetuously charging at their head, and whirling the routed enemy down the Shenandoah Valley.

Yet the self-same pen will delineate Stonewall Jackson—the religious fanatic—who prayed earnestly, and fought vehemently against his country.

The historian will comment on that celerity of movement which gained for Jackson's infantry the appellation of Foot Cavalry, and relate how suddenly he swooped down on the right wing of the Federal Army, then on the left, next on the center, and afterwards assailed some isolated corps. He will dilate on Jackson's fiery zeal; his purity of life; his fanatical devotion to human servitude; his magnetic influence over his soldiers; his restless energy, and his profound conviction of the righteousness of his unholy cause, all of which traits combined to render him a Thunderbolt of War.

These men of the South, though perverse, were still our Countrymen, and we should dispassionately anticipate the judgment of posterity, and claim for the American people the brilliant generalship, the skillful strategy, the impetuous valor, the endurance of suffering, and the tenacious will, displayed alike by Northmen and Southrons in their unnatural conflict. The prowess of both armies dispelled the illusion that Southrons are

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braggarts, or that Northmen lack courage. The ordeal of battle impressed the belligerents with mutual respect for their antagonists, and if the same sentiment were universally disseminated among the people, sectional discord would never again rear its horrid front and germinate Civil War.

The Ship of State is unfortunately polluted by a political Jonah, called the Demagogue, and happy were it for the Country, if, like his prototype, he were cast into the sea. So long as this pest be tolerated by the people, the purification of the body politic will be incomplete.

The malign influence of the Demagogue has already fixed a stigma on Republican institutions, and raised a doubt whether the Government of the people for the people and by the people is not a delusion and a sham. Political machination and artifice have installed corrupt and incompetent men in office, caused the enactment of unjust laws, and waste of public money.

The roll of our Presidents is searched in vain for the name of Webster or Clay, of Douglas or Preston, of Choate or Everett, those intellectual giants, whose eloquence, patriotism, and statesmanship, are the rich heritage of the country.

In place of our foremost men appear the names of accidental heroes and political schemers.

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Senatorial dignity has even descended to the illiterate adventurer, the brazen trickster, and the pliant tool of faction. In the Representative Hall, at Washington, we blush to see the graduates of the bar-room, the faro-bank, and the prize-ring.

Men of bad repute, sullied character, and feeble intellect, are inaugurated Governors; State Legislators reek with venality, ignorance, and dishonor; municipal governments are controlled by adroit sharpers, who form "rings" to plunder the exchequer, and burden the community with onerous taxes.

Primary elections, which, in fact, determine the candidates for public offices, are manipulated by crafty aspirants, aided by the dregs of society, who perform their nefarious bidding, and overawe or outvote men of culture, probity, and merit.

Even the judicial ermine is draggled through the foul pool of politics, and briefless barristers are elevated to the judicial bench, and debase justice and law by crude decisions, indecorous deportment, and vulgar habits.

Candidates, nominated by chicanery, flatter and cajole the people, and piteously whine for their votes. Pending the election, they become all things to all men, profess the noblest patriotism and purest motives, and prate loudly of their

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loyalty, although during the war they neither shouldered a musket nor contributed a farthing to the wounded soldiers.

These sycophants and parasites pretend affection for the black man, whom, forsooth, they would elevate and enfranchise, yet in the self-same breath they vilify and persecute the saffron-hued Chinaman, and, not content to disfranchise the Mongolian, they urge his expulsion from the country, and the erection of a Chinese wall to exclude the Asiatic race from our limits.

The ascendancy of demagogues in public affairs saps the vitality of Republican Government, and the perpetuity of the Union is menaced when bad men are deputed to execute the laws which bad men enact.

In the present crisis it becomes the sacred and imperative duty of every good citizen to extirpate this growing evil, and hence every American should actively participate in the nomination and election of the best men to offices of trust and honor. When unfit candidates are nominated, each voter should have sufficient independence and manliness to oppose their election, disregarding party ties and selfish considerations, and mindful only of the general welfare.

Intriguing politicians and corrupt partisans should be spurned as unclean lepers, and the

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rough element of the community should no longer be suffered to dictate our rulers.

Then would return the pristine days of the Republic, when eloquence, dignity, and learning graced the Senate House—when men like the classic Everett were Governors of States, and Marshall and Story adorned the judicial bench.

God grant that the reign of small men and corrupt influences may speedily terminate throughout the land.

With the Union, purified of internal dissension and political corruption, and re-established on the basis of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, the imagination struggles in vain to picture the glorious destiny that awaits the American Republic. War's desolation in the South shall be effaced by the bountiful yield of her staple products, augmented by the employment of free labor and the application of mechanical ingenuity to improved modes of culture. Telegraphs and Railroads, potent Colonizers, Missionaries, and Peace-makers, shall traverse the vast expanse of virgin territory, and link together, in perpetual amity and community of interests, widely-separated States. The mineral treasures of the mountains will attract hither foreign capital, give employment to countless multitudes, and supply the world with precious metals. Fertile valleys will teem with

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abundant harvests, luxuriant plains and rolling prairies shall pasture innumerable herds of cattle; cities, towns, and villages shall spring into existence, as if summoned by Prospero's wand; American commerce shall whiten every sea and visit every port; Oriental seclusion shall be dissolved, and the teeming population of China and Japan shall cultivate friendly relations with their neighbors, and pour into our coffers the lucrative profits of trade and traffic.

Aerial Navigation may introduce speedier modes of intercommunication than railroads and steamships, and winged Avitors—realizing the fable of Icarus and Daedalus—may soar through the realms of air, bearing precious freights of life and treasure to every quarter of the habitable Globe.

Inventive Genius shall find ample scope for its enterprise, and magnificent rewards for its merits. Education shall be diffused through the masses as universally as light and air.

Music and Painting, Sculpture and Architecture shall be encouraged by the refined taste and generous patronage of the people. Native genius shall establish a National literature, and American Poets and Orators, Historians and Novelists, shall be honored wherever the English language is spoken.

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The National boundaries shall expand, and bleak Canada on the North, and convulsive Mexico on the South, shall knock for admission into the happy household. Cuba and Panama, Nicaragua and the Sandwich Islands shall be absorbed in our progressive empire, and myriad emigrants, escaping from the thraldom of tyranny and the shackles of poverty in the old world, shall find asylum, affluence, and security in this land of promise.

The Continental Republic will diffuse a benign influence on mankind, and vindicate the superiority of Democratic Government. Oppressed Nationalities shall be impelled by its beneficent example to rise in their Majesty, discard the yoke of Despotism and Servitude, prostrate Thrones and Dynasties, abolish Aristocratic Distinctions, introduce the Ballot and Popular Education, and acknowledge allegiance to the Will of the People and God alone. The fruition of these Beatitudes, and countless other Blessings, shall crown the American Republic if American citizens be true to themselves, improve their opportunities and advantages, and cherish a fervid spirit of Nationality.

Men of California:—Your lines have fallen in pleasant places. You possess a territory manyfold larger than Greece or Rome; nor were these mighty Empires endowed with a tithe of your

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material greatness or resources. The genial climate of this favored land invigorates the body, stimulates the intellect, and develops the human system. The fruits of the Tropics, and the products of the Temperate Zone commingle in your soil; the mountains abound in gold and silver, copper and cinnabar, coal, and other minerals. Capacious Harbors allure Trade and Commerce to your shores; majestic rivers irrigate the broad expanse, and bear on their heaving bosoms the yield of the uplands to the sea; primeval forests are studded with umbrageous trees that tower to an altitude bewildering to the senses, and dwarf to merest twigs the tallest oak or pine of other lands; the crests of the Sierras are crowned with chaplets of snow, yet at their base and on their sides luxuriant vegetation flourishes, and wild flowers exhale a sweet perfume; the picturesque scenery of the Yosemite surpasses in sublimity the mighty Alps; mineral springs, bubbling up from the earth, furnish from nature's laboratory medicated draughts for human ills; the air is vocal with feathered songsters; the streams teem with choicest fish; the woods abound with noble game; prolific vineyards are prodigal of generous wine to please the taste and warm the heart; throughout the year herds of cattle and sheep browse on rich herbage, and supply food and raiment; your citizens are

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cosmopolitan in tone, taste, and habits; exempt from local prejudice and angularities of character, full of enterprise, and profuse of hospitality. The magnetic glitter of gold has attracted to the State large-minded men from every section of the Union; from England and France; from Ireland and Germany; from Scotland and Italy; from Switzerland and Spain; while the Orient contributes the Asiatic Race, as hewers of wood and drawers of water, for the convenience, comfort, and prosperity of the inhabitants. Inasmuch as unto you, Californians, much has been given, from you much shall be required.

In peril and disaster a distracted Country appealed to you for succor, and nobly you responded with your men and treasure. Again she invokes your filial affection to bind up her gaping wounds, and invigorate her shattered energies—nor shall she appeal to you in vain.

With Vital Nationality animating the Golden-Hued Daughter of the Pacific, and diffusing a Spirit of Unity, Peace, and Concord among her Elder Sisters of the Atlantic, the American Republic, in the luminous Future, shall become the Focal Center of Liberty, Enlightenment, and Empire.

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Hepworth, George Hughes 1

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITY COUNCIL AND CITIZENS

OF BOSTON,

JULY 4, 1867,

BY

REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, CITY PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET.
1867.

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1867. Aug. 6
Gift of
the Auctor.
of Boston.

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CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 8, 1867.

ORDERED: That the thanks of the City Council be presented to the Reverend George H. Hepworth for the eloquent and patriotic oration delivered by him before the City Government and the citizens of Boston on the ninety-first anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence; and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Passed — sent down for concurrence.

CHAS. W. SLACK, *Chairman.*

In Common Council, July 11, 1867.

Concurred.

WESTON LEWIS, *President.*

Approved.

OTIS NORCROSS, *Mayor.*

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ORATION.

Mr. Mayor, Gentlemen of the City Council, Friends and Fellow-Citizens:

The progress towards an ideal society and an ideal government which marks each new page of history gives the largest encouragement to the reformers of every age. We are moving so rapidly that the wildest dreams of the fanatic of to-day will become the commonplace realities of to-morrow, while the conservatism of to-day embodies all the ideas which the most hopeful theorist uttered yesterday. Each generation, bearing the world in its giant arms, toils bravely up the mountain side until it is worn and weary, then lifts its precious burden to the shoulders of the young and fresh generation that succeeds, and lies down to sleep. With every age the burden grows heavier and more precious, as mankind are freighted with larger responsibilities, with new philanthropies, and with higher duties, and with every age the strength to

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bear it grows greater as men become more wise, more manly and more Christian. So, by slow degrees, we are ascending from successive slaveries to successive freedoms.

As the geographer, standing on the hither side of the Rocky Mountains, where the stream comes gurgling from the hidden reservoir, can watch that slender thread of limpid light as it finds its way through forest and plain, broadened and deepened ever and anon by kindred streams, until at last made omnipotent by the grand Missouri and the grander Ohio, it pours itself a resistless flood through the centre of a continent, — so, I take it, the historian standing on the hither side of the rocky summits of barbarism, and seeing the crude thought that is to shape itself into law, and control society, can watch that slender thread as it finds its way from age to age, increased here by the victories of war and there by the higher victories of peace, until at last, deepened and broadened into omnipotence by the Missouri of Revolution and the Ohio of Revelation, it pours itself through our century, bearing on its bosom the world's hopes after the higher law, and the thousand educational movements by which that law is to be reached.

And, gentlemen, it is at once cheering and

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instructive to note the various stages of this great progressive movement. It increases our faith in man, and adds inspiration to every new reformatory movement, to watch the nations of the earth struggling through the darkness of barbarism, feudalism and every kind of oppression, led by the divine instinct which searches for the light of a larger liberty. It gives us a new strength for to-day's drudgery and toil to watch the gradual refinement of society, the constant sloughing off of old and useless customs, and the constant putting on of new usages which better fit the growing people.

The French were only children playing with the toys of national childhood, until Charlemagne taught them to put off the garments of barbarism, and to put on the robes and manners of civilized man. They did not grow to conscious national maturity until they were baptized in the blood of the Revolution of '93, and they will not achieve their manifest destiny until in another revolution they shall cast off the imperial burden that is held up by the points of half a million bayonets and learn to govern themselves. The English were little better than slaves until they won their freedom on the plain of Runnymede, and they did not grow to manhood until they had beheaded Charles I., and

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proclaimed that no Stuart and no tyrant should ever make laws for a free people. That grand impulse which has driven them thus far will not let them rest until they strip the lawn from the Bishops in the House of Lords, and the parti-colored riband from the so-called nobility, and proclaim aloud that he alone is peasant who has a peasant's heart, and he alone is noble who has a princely soul.

America began its great work of reform in the seventeenth century. The dreams of the seers of ages began to crystallize themselves into realities when the keel of the Mayflower grated on the bar of Plymouth Harbor. The Colonists entered the high school of the new politics when the tocsin of war called them to the support of a government of men by men, and they graduated into the true manhood of the race when they planted their victorious banner on the top of Lookout Mountain, and proclaimed Liberty throughout all the land.

We have come to believe that this whole country is consecrated to the republican experiment. The magnificent valley between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies is the crucible in which history will test the political possibilities of the race. Untrammelled by any of the traditions or usages of the old world, with no time-honored and

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time-hardened social prejudices to overcome, with no longing after the pageantry of royalty, we feel ourselves to be a people wholly free, and standing on the very threshold of a work too large to measure, and almost too appalling to contemplate.

The blood in the veins of every European nationality runs sluggishly and timidly. Thrones have no stability; tyrants no power. The people have well-nigh outgrown their worm-eaten tradition that kings are ordained of God, and he who wields the sceptre with the arrogance of earlier times does it at the peril of his life. The continent that once held the person of royalty sacred now simply endures a king who knows that he not only governs but is in his turn governed. The blood in the veins of America, on the other hand, leaps through the ruddy channel of life with all the force and promise of youth. We believe that we have a special mission; that the whole country is ours from the warm gulf to the frigid zone, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and that here, fired with simple faith in educated men, we shall be able, without the aid of royal favor, to make our own laws, watch over our own interests, and write our own history. If the Old World interferes, either by that strange neutrality which refuses help to the loyal while it supplies arms to the

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disloyal, or by sending a wretched debauchee to turn our flank in Mexico, we have but one word of warning, — Hands off; America is neither forgetful of her friends nor afraid of her foes.

By slow degrees our geographical limits are widening. Within a few years we have put our seal upon the golden mountains of California and the rich plains of Texas. Lately the magnificent territory of the extreme northwest has been bought. It cannot be many years before that people who have resisted tyranny with wonderful bravery, who have at last hedged in within a wall of sharp bayonets the usurper and the adventurer, will knock loud for entrance into the Home of the Free. It cannot be long before we shall have that narrow belt of land that lies on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the shore of the lakes. For two generations it has been the asylum of the heroic black man who refused to bear the stripes of the overseer, and the black woman who denied her body to the lust of her master; and now, by the wonderful progress of events, it offers itself a hospital to the sick at heart, those arrogant heroes whose "dreams have faded all at length," and who find the air of free America too bracing for the slender life that remains after the fruitless struggle. Then, with the whole continent our own, we can march through the

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ages, keeping step to the music of Justice, Morality, and Political Righteousness. Gentlemen, few nations have such heavy, glorious responsibilities as we. Republicanism is but just begun. It is a temple whose arching roof will sometime in the future offer its shelter and protection to the people of every clime. To-day, the poor of Europe may live content within the thatched cottage in political oblivion, while the favored and the wealthy sit beneath the gilded roof of power and shape laws to suit their tastes or caprices; but the hour shall yet come, how far off in the distance it may be none can tell, when the great heart and strong arm of the people of every nationality shall decree that there shall be no king to live in a palace, and no citizen so lowly that he can have no voice in making the laws that govern him, but when all the people shall come together beneath the same roof to be ruled each by the whole and the whole by each.

Standing, then, as we do, at the beginning of a new era, looking forward with large hope to a peaceful and glorious future, it is well for us to come together on this mighty anniversary to measure our strength and confess our weakness. We acknowledge with due gratitude the constant and especial presence of that Providence which has led us along the weary road, guiding us in the day-

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time by the pillar of cloud that rose from the battle-field, and in the night season by the pillar of flame that formed the bivouac-fires of the army of the Republic. We should be unworthy citizens if we failed to recognize the hidden Hand that has guarded us, or forgot to speak of it in the midst of our universal festivities.

The particular elements of our nationality to which I desire to call your special attention are, first, the Southern Element, its nature, and its probable influence on the future.

The South has never been a help to the cause of Republicanism. The one incendiary element in our government, the element of caste, it has stood in bold contrast to that levelling and democratic influence which has been the boast and pride of the North. With a territory almost unparalleled for richness of soil; with long mountain ranges containing in large abundance every mineral which adds to the wealth or strength of society; with a climate favorable to the finest specimens of physical and moral manhood; with broad rivers that run through every valley of the region; with noble forests to supply every domestic and commercial need; with agricultural possibilities that would rouse the ambition of almost any people, — with all this

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in its favor, we are compelled to admit that the whole region is to-day practically unknown and undeveloped. The granite hills and sterile soil of New England, where niggardly nature gives only what she must, developed by the strong arm and active brain of freedom, have done more for the cause of civilization, more for the commercial welfare of the world, than all that vast territory that might have shaped the destinies, and controlled the government of the country. When, in the course of a few years, the political storm shall have subsided, and we come to explore and count the value of this region, we shall find a new argument against slavery, and a new cause for gratitude that we possess so rich a domain. The wealth that lies hidden in the rocky caverns of the Alleghanies and in the fastnesses of the Cumberland range, calling on the thrift and enterprise of the new generation of young men, is beyond all calculation. Carry to the South, and awaken in the South, the same foresight, energy, genius and inventive power that have subdued the soil of the North, and before those who are now in middle life shall have gone to their rest, we shall find that one of the richest and best parts of America lies between the Ohio and the Gulf.

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But to-day we have more interest in the political aspect of that region. Everywhere is chaos, social anarchy, while our ears are every moment greeted with the roar of some brigand mob, or the cry of some half-murdered man or outraged woman. How much of this is the inevitable consequence of a great war I cannot say; how much might be avoided if the victors had only a fixed and determined policy, and an executive that dared to stand on the true republican idea and speak with the consciousness of having twenty millions of freemen behind him, I am unable to determine. This, however, I know; that mobs and murders are the ragged, blood-bedraggled fringes of the crimson garment of war. It is scarcely to be hoped that the tempest-tossed ocean will calm in a moment, or that the frenzy of the crushed and defeated will in a single hour calm itself into the propriety of the good citizen. If the North will only be true, there is nothing to fear. If we will not rush at once with only the greed for gain, into the selfishness of accumulation, forgetful and careless of the high political concerns of the country, the work of reconstruction, now so perplexing, will be as easy as the work of the sculptor who shapes the plastic clay. Too long already have we delayed. We

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have lost headway by the "backing and filling" of our mere politicians. We have scarcely known what to do, or, if we have caught a glimpse of duty now and then, we have not had the moral courage to perform it.

If I know anything about the Southern people I know that all that is needed to insure perfect success in the great work before us is that we shall first know what to do and then proceed to do it. We have harmed our cause and stayed our progress more than can be told, by the exceeding unsteadiness of our political policy. To lift the flag for a while with loud huzzas, as though we intended to be exceedingly severe, and then to drop it out of regard to the feelings of the foe, is only to exhibit a weakness which costs us our self-respect, while it adds a battalion to the corps of the enemy. Nail the flag of your policy to the mast-head, and reconstruction will be easy.

There is in the South, to-day, a large party that will gladly co-operate with us. It is composed of that middle class that never had any heart in the war, that has reaped from it only financial ruin. These people hate the large land-owners as the small trader always hates the monopolist. For years they have seen that the cause

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of secession was not their cause; that they had no other interest in it than that sad interest which the serf has in the victory of his lord; that the fight could only end in a continuance of servitude for themselves and their families. These are the men who congregate in the great centres to listen so eagerly to the words of orators from the North. A new life is opening to them. The gyves have dropped from their wrists, and they are for the first time catching a glimpse of republican America. They will form the grand Southern political party of the future. They are in the vanguard of the great army of reconstruction, and have bivouacked on their little farms, waiting to receive orders from headquarters where to march.

The politicians and the so-called aristocrats of the South, — those who were foremost in the councils of secession, — who were willing to risk their all for the re-establishment of slavery, deserve no pity from us. They risked and lost; let them suffer the full consequences of their guilt. With the poor, rebellion was a delusion; and a magnanimous victor can afford to forgive the deluded, if their delusion has been dispelled. With the educated and wealthy, secession was a crime, and we are not magnanimous, but weak and pusillanimous, if we

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disregard it. By connecting no punishment with open disloyalty, we put a premium on political ambition for the future. Fifty years hence, when another dissension shall shake this country to its centre, when the reverberations of another civil war shall rouse the people to arms, bad men will look back to this hour when they reckon the probable cost of their venture. If they see that the people have attached the highest penalty to any assault upon the Government, they will hesitate long before they commit themselves to the uncertainties of a rebellion. But if, on looking back, they hear no word of warning from such times as these; if on reading the annals of America from '60 to '67, they find no record of any punishment whatever that stamps the adventurer with infamy; if they see that confiscated estates are all returned with a half apology on the part of the Government for having taken them at all; that a pardon is obtained for the asking; that the heroes of the rebellion are fêted by the people; that the very leader, when brought into Court, is set at liberty on a petty bail, and that even that is supplied by a chief of the party that conducted the war, and that there can be no surer or safer or nearer road to preferment than that which leads through a

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rebellion, think you they will hesitate long before committing themselves to a cause which, if it fails utterly, leads to no disastrous consequences, and which, regarded only as a speculation, offers a thousand inducements to the daring? I tell you nay.

I cannot help feeling that one of the prominent weaknesses of a Republic is its forgetfulness of great offences and of great offenders. The ministers of justice track the criminal who has lifted his hand against a single life until his hiding-place is reached. They chain him to the dungeon floor; they summon the witnesses of the awful deed; they pronounce in solemn voice the sentence of death, and do not lose sight of him until the turf falls on his dead body. All this is right, because the welfare of society demands it. But, alas! when a monster criminal, urged only by personal ambition, aims at the political life of the whole community; when he seeks to turn the spirit of the age from freedom back to slavery; when he would raze to the ground the temple of our national prosperity, whose corner-stones were laid in the blood of the earlier Revolution, and every granite block in whose walls is a memento of some desolated home, Justice uses no harsher phrase than

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when she calls him "the most colossal character of the times," and Punishment performs no severer duty than when she bids him retire to the banks of the St. Lawrence to spend the gold which his foresight has supplied.

Ah! gentlemen, I am not cruel. I do not like to look even upon the merited punishment of a bad man. But this I say: There is one man too many in America. Yonder, in every State south of the Ohio, slumber the brave defenders of the flag. The plough of the husbandman grates in the soil above their beds; there is no headstone to tell where they sleep; they are remembered only in the sighs of aching hearts throughout the North; their only requiem is the perpetual moaning of the wind through the cypress boughs. America, ever busy and eager, filled with the hope of the morrow more than with the memory of any past, holds the great offender, the man who stood at the head of the organized rebellion and cheered his soldiers to their bloody work, within her fortress walls. The people cry out for justice with thunder tones that echo from the Pacific shore to the Atlantic slope. But policy or cowardice, I know not which, finds excuse for delay, and by slow degrees the people's cry grows fainter and fainter, until at last

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when the prisoner is released, scarcely a ripple of surprise or interest ruffles the surface of the nation's daily life. Posterity shall read this terrible sentence, written on the bloody page of our time: A Republic attaches no penalty to a great crime. Only petty guilt is punished; while colossal crime finds an apologist, if not an eulogist, and holds its court in Canada. God grant it may not be the seed-corn of another rebellion.

But, in looking at the population of the Southern States, and trying to fix their place and value in the future of America, we cannot afford to be unmindful of the four millions of men and women whose history is full of romance, moral courage and faith. Claiming our admiration for their unwavering loyalty to the flag during the darkest days of the war, when their very ignorance seemed illumined by the strange light of the dim hope of liberty, as their masters' culture was darkened by the gloomy frenzy of Slavery, and claiming also our respect for the heroic way in which they received the divine right to be free, we may safely prophesy that they will do us no dishonor in any of the trying days to come. The men, whatever their color, who could meet together at midnight, after a hard day's labor, in the middle of the swamp, with

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the lash and the bloodhound as the probable penalty, and pray for the victorious oncoming of an army concerning which they knew nothing except through the lying lips of their owners and the revealing instincts of their own hearts, are as worthy of our confidence, and will become as trusty elements of the Republic, as any class or clique in the South that has outlived the rebellion. The natural allies of Liberty are always those who have chafed in their chains. Prejudice aside, I would rather trust with the solemn responsibility of a vote the rank and file of those heroes who charged at Port Hudson, conscious that they were marching into the Valley of Death, but doing it with the courage of Thermopylæ, and with the hope to stem the tide of Southern falsehood and Northern prejudice, than the most cultured politicians of Richmond, who, having the power, have degraded it to personal ambition, even though it involve Gettysburg and Andersonville. Ignorance and principle are weightier than refinement and disloyalty.

No country presents so sublime a spectacle as ours. A whole race is uplifting its hands, and asking for the knowledge how to live. Catching a glimpse of the glory of the great Republic of which they have suddenly become a part, conscious of all the obstacles

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which impede their progress towards that education which is to mould them into reliable citizens, with a past behind them of romantic devotion and unswerving loyalty, they only ask that we will protect them by our laws in their rights as workmen, as traders, as merchants, as fathers and as husbands, promising in return to stand by our side in all the great political and social struggles of the future. It is little enough to ask; it is a small boon to be granted by a noble people.

And the contrast between them and others to whom we grant every political privilege is not so striking as we think. The great West is full of loyal men who have no other education save that they have got on the prairies and among their herds. Europe pours her tens of thousands every year into the territories beyond the Mississippi. Many of them are men who are as innocent of the use of the pen and the spelling-book as the humblest black man; but they learn enough from the atmosphere of the country, and from the thousand acres which they till, to join the political army of the Republic, and denounce by their votes the recreant senator and the disloyal president. They know liberty from slavery, not by the distinctions which are made in the dictionary, but by the practical differences evident in society. You may not call it scholarship, but it is wisdom; it is knowledge acquired by actual experiment;

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and such a man can be trusted more safely than the most elegant wire-puller of the land. So with the black man who knows not how to spell the word slavery, but who has felt its chains and submitted to its lash. He knows the Confederate from the Union army to-day as well as he did in '63. Listen! in Atlanta the slave owner is speaking. It is a strange sight to see him pleading with the men whom he would have driven like sheep a few years ago. But to-day he is no more man than they; and, if you measure manhood as you ought, not so much. How insinuating is his eloquence! He has boasted that only the man who has lived with the blacks can talk to them with any effect; that they will have more confidence in their former masters than in any gentleman from the North; that they will inevitably, from the force of habit and the real love they bear them, vote for the old overseers. Such a picture of patriarchal life is painted, such tender ties of affection between the whipper and the whipped are said to exist, that we should expect the whole assemblage to vote with unanimous force for the dear old master, who smiles on his former slaves so benignantly, and so politely asks for their influence in the name of the sweet memories of auld lang syne. But poor, ignorant, degraded as they are, they are too cunning to be cheated by promises, and too clever to be eloquently cajoled out

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of their rights. As the chilling snow-flakes fall, so fall his specious words. The audience is unmoved: The speaker sees that he is speaking to a whirlwind, and is not heeded. He puts his smile from off his lips, fills his face with the old look of the master and his mouth with insolence and obscenity, and Richard is himself again. I tell you, gentlemen, the colored people of the South are better citizens of the Republic than the wily orator who addresses them thus.

Let America do them justice, and a great reward will be hers. Give them, under proper restrictions, the same restrictions which apply to their white neighbors, the right to vote, thus rewarding the black soldier for his loyalty to the flag, and clothing the humblest with a responsibility which will rouse his ambition and stir within him a longing after education, and you will reap the fruit of your justice in a phalanx that will constitute itself the wall of your defence in any coming struggle. Confiscate enough of the disloyal territory to ensure each loyal man his forty acres for a homestead; give him land of his own under his feet, and the flag of America over his head, and you have nothing to fear. If any voice comes from the great sacrifices of six bloody years, it says, Secure the safety of the Government beyond a peradven-

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ture, and reward those who have been true, from the treasury of those who have been false. The sentiment of mankind will defend such a policy of severity, and the next generation of black men will repay our justice by a million votes for Liberty. If we are reckless enough to be unjust, we deserve to fall; if we have the courage to be just, we shall live forever.

I turn now to the brief consideration of the second element of our nationality, — the Western. No Eastern man can appreciate the vastness and the importance of the Great West unless he has travelled over its boundless prairies, and looked upon the rushing, seething torrent of its commercial life. One is appalled at the contemplation of its immense territory. Single States cover an area larger than the whole of New England. Huge lines of railroad stretch westward from Chicago for more than a thousand miles; the mines of Lake Superior, exhaustless, hold in their earthen embrace mineral wealth that startles the world; coal beds underlie the rich soil everywhere, a great reservoir of power waiting to be applied to the work of civilization; broad acres, whose agricultural possibilities defy our power of reckoning, stretch far beyond your straining vision; and above

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all a population restless, ambitious, and in the full vigor of early manhood, demand our enthusiastic admiration. These characteristics point to a future whose magnitude will accord with the miracles already achieved. Not always obeying the scriptural injunction, not to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think; believing with a friendly kind of sincerity, a sincerity that looks pityingly on all the inhabitants of the earth who do not live in the West, that if there is a pivot on which the whole world swings it is somewhere within a few hours' ride of Chicago or St. Louis; they yet do exhibit a vigor, a commercial heroism, a willingness to undertake new and great projects which no other part of this country presents.

In the war they discovered their political policy, to save the whole country, and to make and keep the whole a free country. Their brave boys are under the sod of every battle-field; their brave women, true Spartans, tilled the soil, drove the herds, reaped the harvests, sold the produce, invested the capital, and made us proud to believe that in America, when the great emergency comes, our women claim the right to do our work, sometimes with hearts aching towards the field of strife,

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while we are dressing into line, or fighting for the grand future.

The political importance of the West cannot be overstated. It already wields a large part of the republican power of the country, and it will not be many years before we shall look to the millions near the Mississippi to crystallize into laws the hopes and aspirations which freighted the Mayflower. The South has as yet shown no political characteristics. There is no party there whose principles can be reckoned as forces for the future. The ideas of the people are chaotic. We believe that by the introduction of Northern educational institutions they will sometime grow into that radical love of liberty which is to be the bulwark of the nation; but to-day we are not sure of their future. The States that lie between the James River, the Hudson River and the great Illinois prairies are full of political theories unsound and unsafe. Too timid to confirm by law whatever is right in morals, too much bound by commercial interests to be radical in their thinking and voting, loaded down with the debris of that kind of democracy which thought twice before it struck a blow for the tottering government, it will for a long while stand neutral in the great political contests that are

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coming. But the Far West, with its large farms and its large-hearted men and women, its immense number of Germans and Scandinavians, who bring with them to their homes the fresh, beautiful love of liberty which compelled them to leave the old world, if we can only plant in its midst the school-houses and churches, the lyceums and the presses which have been the moulding influences of the East, can always be relied upon to stand firm for that justice between man and man, and for those rights and privileges which enable the poorest born to reach and hold the highest office within the people's gift. Nothing is more evident than this, that New England and the West will write the next page of American history.

I believe this, because the West is growing more rapidly than any other part of the country. The tens of thousands who emigrate from the poverty of the old to the hopes of the new world, anxious to build a home at once, naturally gravitate to that vast territory which belongs to any one who can level the forest and till the soil. They are a hardy class of men and women. Full of health and vigor and ambition, they somehow get into the spirit of the age at once, and so, by means of the ploughs, rakes, reaping and threshing machines,

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conceived by the genius and made by the skill of Eastern men, they are marching along the highway of industry to social position, patriotism and wealth. What a transformation from their surroundings in Europe! There they were only serfs, crushed into sloth or indifference by the leaden weight of a public opinion that frowned upon all attempts to rise. They walked along the narrow path which had been trodden by their fathers, and their children had no higher hope than they. The mere drudges of society, they chafed against the chains that held them, and at last found liberty and hope for themselves and their little ones in the midst of the great prairies of the West.

So in a few years the log huts on the river's bank have disappeared and the thrifty, busy town builds its school-houses and its churches to attest its earnest and its hopeful work. The little village on the edge of the lake through which a quarter of a century ago a loaded team could scarcely find a safe passage, has become a huge and commanding city, claiming the admiration of the world, and built, not like St. Petersburg, by the command of an imperious and obstinate king, but by the royal will and generosity of a free and ambitious people.

If with this immense commercial vigor which

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attracts the young men of the whole country there shall be interwoven the true spirit of republican society and government; if a true radicalism in politics, the radicalism which knows no local issues, which recognizes no geographical lines, but loves the whole country from ocean to ocean and from Gulf to Lakes, shall keep pace with this magnificent and rapid progress; and if, above all, a spirit of justice, morality and pure religion shall crown the increasing power of the glorious West; if she will only hew the corner-stones of her temples of religion, art and commerce out of our own Plymouth Rock, we will not envy her her greatness, but give her, and the tens of thousands of our New-England boys who are her sinew and her strength, our hearty God-speed, proud to believe that when a dozen generations shall have passed away, and her ten millions have become an hundred, the dear old flag, hallowed by the sacred memories of two great struggles, will stand for the same liberty and the same republican justice between all classes of which it is the type to-day. Brethren of the West, we strike palms with you. New England greets you on this anniversary. We see the glory that awaits you. We believe that the tide of humanity, that has already swept five

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hundred miles beyond the Father of Waters, will keep its onward course until it grazes its herds on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. We can already hear the wind vibrating the Eolian wire that flashes our smiles and tears, our hopes and fears, to the Pacific shore; and we can almost hear the rattling of the train that starts from a Boston depot, that winds through eastern farms, and that strings all the great cities of the North upon the same line of light and love, waking the echoes in the city by the Golden Gate. Let us always stand together, and in our greatness let us never forget that that government alone is lasting that knows the right and has the moral courage to brand all traitors with infamy, and defend all manhood in every class and of every color.

And now, gentlemen, what shall I say — what can I say — of the New-England element of our American nationality? It is always with pride that we contemplate the character of that influence which comes from our educational institutions and our political principles, and which is doing so much to temper and give tone to the public opinion of the whole country. Surely, it is not merely in a boastful mood that we look on the long and glorious vista behind us, and feel every nerve tingle in glad

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thanksgiving that we are the sons of noble sires. The grandeur of New England lies in the fact, that in every political and military struggle, the end has been the advocacy of some higher political principle, or the demand for a larger charity and a wider freedom. New England, in the history of the nineteenth century, with her common schools in every street, in every village and hamlet — with her thousand presses that scatter the daily news over every hill and valley; with her white spires rising from every spot where an hundred sturdy farmers build their huts — stands as the type of the foremost thought and hope of human progress. She began her career when the Mayflower cast anchor, freighted with that precious heroism which the Old World could ill spare, but which laid the corner-stone of the New World in ecclesiastical freedom. She was true to her birth-right when she dared to spill a brother's blood on the field of Lexington, crying out with Roman courage: Not that I love England less, but that I love freedom more. She was not unworthy of her ancestry when in the last struggle she lifted up her voice before the smoke of the first battle had rolled away, demanding, in the name of the national sacrifice about to be placed upon the bloody altar

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of war, universal liberty and the civil rights of all classes. And to-day, as in no other part of the country, radical thought, that seeks to destroy our prejudices, social and political, that advocates the plain rights of man or woman, finds in our midst a welcome and a hearing. It is our boast and pride that we fear nothing except ignorance and caste. We have built our power out of a knowledge how to read and think ; we believe in nothing so much as in the school-book ; we have no hope for the future except that which comes from the school-house ; we place the most implicit trust in an educated public opinion, and we believe that a man's title to nobility should be sought for in his brain and heart, and not in the color of his skin.

That public opinion is our bulwark and our strength. It is not swayed by passion; it is not carried too far by a popular favorite. It looked with unmixed admiration upon Sherman as he swept like a tornado from the mountains to the sea, tearing up secession by the roots; but when the hero, for a moment only, doffed his purple and put on the cap and bells, it stood still in mute astonishment and regret, and not a single shout was heard for one who could have the whole of our love while he was just, but who was met by the

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people's frown the very moment he stepped beyond the general into the politician.

A Parisian crowd follows its leader anywhere. It has no aim, no policy, no goal. Admiring only the brilliancy of heroic deeds, it is often led by this will-o'-the-wisp into anarchy and chaos. The New England people admire and applaud only the man who represents them, who is doing brave work for them and for their children, and whose heroism results in larger rights. And so we have idealized the man who was our President, not because he was a president, but because he was an honest man. As the ancient Greeks lifted their mighty heroes into demi-gods, and soon forgot that they had ever been human, with sharp idiosyncrasies and unpleasant peculiarities, so have the American people lifted up their martyr-chief, Abraham Lincoln, so high that we shall never again see his awkwardness, his coarseness, but only his truthfulness, his moral courage, his calm sagacity, and his fidelity to the great purpose of the blood-stained hour. And, in like fashion, we turn away in sadness, if not in indignation, from that man, whether he be President, Secretary of State, or Attorney-General, who tampers with the plain rights of the loyal, and

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coquets with what is disloyal. We respect no one except the man who is in the right, and who shows it by throwing his political influence into the same scale that holds the memory of half a million dead or maimed soldiers. Your education, your history, culminates at that point. It is your divine right, it is a duty you owe to the past, to the present and to the great future, to turn aside from him, from them, from all, whatever badge of office they wear, who are recreant to the people's will.

And so, to-day, looking on the struggle between the Executive on the one hand, honest or dishonest, who has forgiven the arch-traitor, who will hang his meanest subordinate when the disgusting details have all been told, who vetoed the Military Bill because it gave unlimited and despotic power into the hands of subordinate officials, and who now removes those officials on the ground that they have no power whatever except to disperse mobs and quell disturbances, who does not, and who does not intend to accord with the will of the glorious dead, or the will of the living who gave their all for Liberty; and on the other hand, a simple Major-General who does not know how to pull the wires of political preferment, who knows only his plain and simple duty, to remove all rebels from office,

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and to put in their places loyal and trustworthy men, and who does that duty with a singleness of purpose and a moral courage that stamps him a true hero in every fibre, I say, in that great struggle, the people care absolutely nothing for the prestige of the sceptre which the one man wields, and do not regard the weakness of the other; but, looking only at the righteousness of the cause, cry out with one voice, and that a voice of thunder, Mr. President, you are wrong, and you must yield, and General Sheridan, hero of a hundred fights, you are right, and we will sustain you.

New England has always held her place in the van of the great array of progress. While rebellion was being organized, and all through its short, convulsive life, it bestowed its heartiest anathemas upon us; but now that rebellion is dead, the people of the South are beginning to feel that the most permanent reconstruction demands the adoption of the self-same radical thoughts and principles which grew and flourished only on New-England soil. That love of liberty which has been cherished among our hills for two generations, which the South has vainly combated both on the floors of Congress by word and bludgeon, and on the battle-field by sword and starvation, has at last become the corner-stone of the new edifice, and not only the

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common people but even the generals of the disbanded army are uniting their efforts to lift it into place. It cannot be many months before the lines of caste, and the prejudice of color will give way to the oncoming civilization, and South Carolina and Massachusetts, united in the beginning in defence of a common cause, separated for three generations by the most implacable differences of policy and administration, shall strike palms again to carry on the same cause which gave us the heroism of the last century. And gentlemen, we can to-day remember with becoming pride that from the first hour when the old bell in Independence Hall sent its ominous but glorious echoes along our granite hills to this very moment, the course of New England has been single and consistent. Liberty and justice was the cry which then woke the patriotism of our fathers; liberty and justice called their sons to arms in 1860, and the love of liberty and justice constitute the grandeur of New-England manhood and womanhood to-day. Our course has been straight on. Other States, moved by a different policy, made a long and sad detour from the highway of true republicanism, trusting to the fallacies of State rights, slavery and caste, and after wandering for ninety years, insisting all the while that their path was the only road to

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national strength and glory, growing weaker every day, and every day more insolent and reckless, answering all questions with the knife or the pistol, they have at last laid the whole pile of slavery's chains aside, and come back to our path to confess that there can be no permanent greatness and no enduring strength except under the principles which have always been the crown and glory of New England. Ah, gentlemen, it is no common victory which we have won! It is nothing less than the triumph of free speech, free thought throughout the continent, the adoption everywhere in America of those truths that have always been so dear to us. Hereafter the flag shall mean more than ever. The stain has been washed out in tears and blood; a new era has begun; the gray streaks of another and a better political day are breaking through the clouds; slavery is dead, freedom has been crystallized into law; justice has become a possibility, and the ark of our national covenant, held up in the arms of the largest-hearted heroism and patriotism the world has yet seen, has been carried safely through the sea of blood, and placed in security upon the eternal rock of a triumphant republicanism.

Fellow-citizens, I congratulate you upon the

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achievements of the past, and the transcendent hopes of the future. Let us look forward to the hour, not distant, when all the people of this country shall be bound more closely than ever before by a common interest and purpose. Our brethren of the South, redeemed from the fatal error of three generations, shall till the rich soil with free hands, and confess that labor urged by the whip can never compete with that earnest and ambitious toil which always marks the freeman. Our brethren of the West, hardy, sturdy, brave and true, shall educate the millions who find a home in the great prairies, and develop the marvellous resources of a region richer than our thought or hope, and New England, God grant it, shall keep her place at the head of every progressive and reformatory movement. Then we shall be one people from the shores washed by the Atlantic, to the western slope where the mild Pacific sings its lullaby to the setting sun; and from the lakes of the North to the warm gulf of the South, while over us shall wave the flag that means Liberty and Justice for all.

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J. Farmer.
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Boston Daily Advertiser. Wednesday, July 8
With Compliments of
P. G. Washington

Oration,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE ASSOCIATION

OF THE

OLDEST INHABITANTS

OF THE

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

IN WASHINGTON, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1867,

BY

The Hon. Peter G. Washington,

One of its Vice-Presidents.

WASHINGTON:
JOHN T. BURCH, STATIONER.
1867.

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1867, circ. 9.

WASHINGTON, July 4, 1867.

DEAR SIR—In pursuance of the subjoined resolution, we respectfully request a copy of your Fourth of July Oration, which elicited the admiration of all who had the good fortune to hear it.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association are tendered to the Hon. PETER G. WASHINGTON for his able, eloquent, and instructive address just delivered before this Society, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication by the Committee of Arrangements.

We have the honor to be, your obd't servants,

JOHN B. BLAKE,
A. McDONALD DAVIS,
JOHN CARROLL BRENT,
Committee.

Hon. PETER G. WASHINGTON,
Present.

WASHINGTON, July 8, 1867.

GENTLEMEN—Herewith I have the pleasure to place in your hands a copy of the address you have done me the favor to request.

And may I ask the favor of you to communicate to the Association my best acknowledgments for the distinguished compliment they have paid me in their resolution, and to accept the same for yourselves for the very polite and flattering terms in which it and your request have been imparted.

I am, gentlemen, with great consideration and regard,

P. G. WASHINGTON.

Messrs. JNO. B. BLAKE,
A. McDONALD DAVIS,
JNO. CARROLL BRENT,
Committee, &c.

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ADDRESS.

LIBERTY, for nearly a century, has been our portion. It has shed its blessings on thirteen generations of men. Although its onward march has not been free from impediment and danger, these have not been greater, in number or degree, than were to be expected in the efforts required to achieve and defend it, to accommodate our institutions to its necessities and to extend its area.

It has quickened our intellect, sharpened our sword, lent vigor to enterprise, and has increased our population tenfold, since the time when the soul of the nation "sealed it for her own."

It is ninety-one years since occurred that event, which has consecrated this day in the hearts of our people. Every succeeding anniversary of it, marking as it has done, an increase of our national prosperity, glory and power, has been celebrated by patriotic rejoicings. It is for us to manifest our felicitations that this has not proved an exception to the auspicious days that have preceded it, and reverently acknowledging in whose hands have been "our lines," to offer up a devout gratitude to Him "who has made, preserved, and blessed us as a nation."

When on that occasion a declaration of our independence was made and published to the world, a war, in resistance of the assaults upon our inherent rights, had lasted fifteen months. It had not, so far, proved favorable, and the prospect for the future of it was far from being encouraging. By that solemn act the representatives of the colonies in congress committed themselves distinctly, in the event of failure, to the crime of treason. But public as well as private virtue

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then abounded, and displayed itself, throughout the war, in the individual sacrifices it yielded to the common cause. The habits of the country were almost entirely rural. A rich and virgin soil repaid the labors of agriculture. Men were content with the quiet enjoyments, and to perform the retired offices, of life—the education of their children, the practice of hospitality, and other neighborly duties and amenities—without an aspiration beyond. General WASHINGTON, in his retirement at Mount Vernon, after the close of the French war, who was by nature and sentiment an agriculturist, was a specimen of the country gentleman of his day. He relinquished the habits of life which were congenial to his tastes, and yielded himself, at the call of his country, to years of exile, toil, and risk, with no other motive than to serve and defend it.

The Declaration of Independence, which has just been read so impressively by our friend Dr. Blake, is a summary of political wisdom, as it was an act of devoted patriotism. It enumerates, as you have seen, the wrongs which impelled the colonies to that measure, pronounces their connection with the crown of Great Britian "severed," and assumes that "as free and independent States they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all such other acts and things which independent States may of right do."

If it shall be found upon examination that the American people, possessing as they do, a territory which is fraught with every sort of industrial capability, have wisely and beneficially exercised the enumerated powers thus assumed for the nascent State, and have, under the unenumerated, done all those things which were necessary for the general welfare, the progress of civilization, and the happiness and elevation of man; in other words, have fully acted out the correlative obligations of these assumptions, then there will appear proportional ground for the just pride we feel in our country, our race, and our institutions.

Of this broad land, framed in the prodigality of nature, with the loftiest mountains, the largest rivers, the richest valleys, a climate so healthful, and a soil and sub-soil so

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various and productive, what shall be said? That it presents to its favored owners every bounty of sea and land, the soil and the mine. Is there any one thing which is necessary to the subsistence or comfort of man, that it does not offer to his industry and enterprise? Ask the coasts of the oceans and sea that lave it, the Atlantic, the Gulf and the Pacific, and they reply, we are your barriers against the tyrannies, the misery, of Europe. Dotted with islets and indented with bays of every size and form, we furnish harbors for your shipping, and nurseries for its seamen. Our native denizens garnish the tables of rich and poor, and our annual visitants spread themselves up your rivers, as the quails fell amidst the tents of the Israelites. Ask the rivers and they reply, we run from North to South, cutting more than twenty degrees of latitude, and pass, in counter-exchange, your sub-arctic and sub-tropical products. Ask the lakes—Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, and Ontario—that vast chain of inland seas, falling consecutively the one into another, not to omit Champlain and George, and they reply, before you had roads or wagons, when the mountains were brought forth, we were here—destined to your earliest uses. Our aboriginal canoe has grown to the tall craft or the capacious steamer. On our bosoms unfettered commerce unfolds its native beauties, growing with your growth and strengthening with your strength, and exchanging the diverse climactic products, and mingling in intercourse, harmony and love the sons of America, of either side. Ask the soil and it points to king cotton, to its rice, sugar, tobacco, wheat, and to the cattle on a thousand prairies, which browsing on their rich grasses, interspersed with the medicinal rosin weed, reflect the rays of the sun from their glossy sides. Ask the mines and they reply, behold "a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." Out of which you may also dig gold and silver, copper and lead. Yes, and diamonds—the black diamond—of abundance inexhaustible—of price "richer than rubies." In these are laid up for your use, the heats of ages of suns. It is the Promethean fire of national vitality. Dig these and be prosperous—be power-

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ful, and in proportion as we make you powerful, be peaceful. Abuse not the power we give to oppress less favored peoples. Heap not our coals upon their heads, even for real or imaginary wrongs, but use them, rather, to light up on your hill-tops, beacons of liberty and fraternity to which the oppressed of the nations may resort.

The war commenced in mere resistance, became aggressive for independence. Two other foreign wars have followed. The war of the Revolution lasted from 1775 to 1783. The second war with Great Britain from 1812 to 1815, and the war with Mexico from 1846 to 1848.

There need be but a bare allusion, without detail, to our quasi war with Revolutionary France in 1798, a mere war of reprisals, resulting in a few captures at sea; and to the war with Tripoli in 1802, impinging, as it did, on the regencies of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, which stopped the depredations of those powers on our commerce, and rescued our citizens held by them in bondage. These wars were fought by our navy, yet in its infancy. In both, the promise of its germ in the revolution was maintained with a prestige of discipline, skill and daring, which has grown with its adolescence and established the eminence of its manhood.

Returning to the three principal wars mentioned, who can look on the first, even at this late day, without a shudder at the inequality of the forces opposed? On the one hand, a nation of nearly twenty millions of people, of strong government, formidable on land, the mistress on the seas, rich in commerce and manufactures, abounding in all the elements of war, and practised in it. In fine, whose conquests had then covered the world? On the other, a people of about three millions, scattered thinly along a coast of more than a thousand miles, from Maine to Georgia, unused to war, poor, without manufactures, but little commerce, and subsisting chiefly by husbandry. These people had been held, perhaps designedly, under a number of distinct colonial governments. The colonies differed from one another in character, climate and habits. Under the regal government, they had their mutual jealousies. These jealousies continued after

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they threw that government off, and they were unwilling to adopt, perhaps from a memory of its oppressions, any other, or at least any that should possess equal authority, in its stead. These jealousies, whether of the colonies or individuals, can hardly be much censured, as they had their source in an intense love of liberty; but it is certain that they bore throughout the war, the bitter fruits of weak and divided counsels, and lead to questions of command and of concert of action in the field. It was not until the war had lasted five years, that articles of confederation were agreed to between the colonies, now States, and neither under these articles did congress possess, any more than it had assumed to exercise before, the authority to bind the States, far less the people of the States. Its only authority seems to have been to apportion amongst the several States the troops and supplies required, and to call upon them from time to time for their respective quotas—requisitions which it had no power to enforce, and which were complied with, with varying delays and deficiencies, accordingly as the respective States were more or less exposed, and perhaps as they were more or less zealously affected towards the war. We had advanced somewhat in political wisdom in 1789, and have advanced further since, and can now clearly see that the essence of government was not in the Congress of that day. The astonishment is how affairs could have been carried on under the polity adopted, with the consequent conviction that the impotency of government, or rather the utter absence of any real government over the whole, was the greatest impediment to the successful prosecution of the war. Perhaps the nearest approach to government was the authority of the commander-in-chief, so far as he deemed it right for him to exercise it, but this authority had little other sanction than his weight of character, his known devotion to the cause, and the force and frequency of his arguments and expostulations addressed to congress and to the governors of the States, and of his appeals to the people, for coöperation and support. There was no conscription to compel; there was no high bounty in money or land to allure. "*Sa réputation lui fit une armeé.*"

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Paucity in numbers, poverty in supplies, Providence in mercy made this a defensive war. Upon this Fabian principle were fought the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Brandywine, and others. It is not necessary nor pleasant to describe them, for blood and carnage are not agreeable retrospects to sexagenarians, and besides it is not necessary to claim for our troops, chiefly militia, in that war, superior bravery to their enemy, nor to deny what is probably true, that all peoples are brave in a right cause, properly directed, supplied and drilled. But the preliminaries of battles and their results are inductive of the genius and tone of peoples. In the antecedents and sequels of these of ours, we *se complairent* to find genius in the *lead*, endurance in the *led*, and that humanity in both which could see, even in an enemy when fallen, the universal brotherhood of man, the common work of God, the common purchase of Christ.

It was WASHINGTON'S distinction in the *lead*, to maintain for eight years an inferior army in front of a superior, to attack it from time to time, often with success, but never to the risk of the entire destruction of his little force. We admire his generalship in withdrawing his defeated army without loss, from Long Island, and afterwards from New York, and his boldness in confronting the enemy on the Bronx and giving him battle at White Plains; but the heart beats—all our sympathies are awakened by the perils of his retreat across the Jerseys, anxiously expecting that English LEE, who never intended to join him, taking strong positions and yielding his ground, step by step. He escapes across the Delaware, his army reduced to 3,000 men. We breathe! WASHINGTON has interposed a broad river between his little force and his powerful foe; but what is there left? The cause seems lost! There is a God of battles, who does not always give victory to the strong. WASHINGTON, in a few days recrosses the Delaware, captures Trenton and returns with a thousand prisoners. Crosses again and captures Princeton. Confidence is restored; the holy cause is saved. To recapitulate further instances of WASHINGTON'S generalship would be but to reiterate the eulogies of history, the suffrages of all military adepts.

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The hardihood of the troops was a fit accompaniment to the genius of their commander—campaigning in winter, ill clad and ill fed, marching in the snow without shoes, and tracking it with their blood! Did ever men "stand between their loved homes and war's desolation," and endure, and as uncomplainingly, so much? Whence came this Decian-like devotion in common men—in militia? Their bodies were hardened by virtuous agricultural toil. They were resolved to be free, and they were Americans. "*Ils avaient, en naissant, cet air du nouveau monde, si jeune, si vivace, si pétillant.*"

On the score of humanity, the contrast between the parties was quite as great as in any other of their respective peculiarities and conditions. The arming of the savage against our frontier, the massacre of Wyoming, the burning of defenceless villages, the butchery of Baylor's men, the brutalities of the Hessians, the murder of Hayne, the horrors of the Jersey Prison Ship and Sugar House, were provocations for doing our part towards brutalizing the war, which it was hard to resist. General WASHINGTON, indeed, remonstrated sharply with the British on many of these enormities, and threatened retaliation, but he was opposed to this terrible and doubtful remedy, except under the direst necessity, and deeply felt the monstrosity of taking the life of one man, although an enemy, for a crime committed by another. It was under the influence of these sentiments that he caused Asgill, justly held in confinement under the *lex talionis* to be released; and the young, handsome, and gallant captain, instead of being hung, was restored to the arms of his doting mother—and probably some others.

But these atrocities are long since gone by, and with them their exasperations, and their unmerciful or mistaken authors, who unhappily thought no measures too harsh which might bring rebels to submission, and who, moreover, fought for national existence if they shared the opinion, as they doubtless did, of Lord GEORGE GORDON, who told GEORGE THE III he looked upon the independence of America and the destruction of the British monarchy, as synonimous.

Yorktown closed the war. The gratitude justly due to

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France, for her aid in its capture, has ever been part and parcel of the American character. Its crowning glory, doubtless, was WASHINGTON'S surrender of his sword to congress, and his retirement to the walks of private life.

In any account of the Revolutionary war this illustrious man must needs stand in the foreground. In closing this, two remarks are due to him. First, his immoveable calmness under unprovoked hostility—unfounded detraction. The intrigues, the cabals, the *spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas* in Congress, of LEE, GATES, CONWAY, even of some of his trusted friends, never diverted him from his patriotic toil, nor ruffled his manly brow. Second, his clairvoyance—his wonderful industry and success in gaining information which enabled him to penetrate the designs of the enemy throughout the war, whilst masking his own, and thus to play with that enemy successfully, that great national game of chess, upon which empires depended, capturing his two knights at Saratoga and Yorktown with many pawns, and finally check-mating his king.

The war of 1812 has been called our second war of independence. It was so, in a certain sense, for it was indispensable to the maintenance of it. Although that war redressed the wrongs which had led to it, it left no security that they would not some day be repeated, and hence it is evident that our real independence as a nation was not unequivocally established and acknowledged for years after it. This war was forced upon us by a series of wrongs, which no people assuming to be independent could endure. For years after the treaty of 1783, by which Great Britain acknowledged our independence, she had refused, in violation of its provisions, to deliver up the military posts she held on our frontier —she refused to interchange a diplomatic mission, and scorned, as it was said, to make a commercial treaty with us. Upon the breaking out of her war with revolutionary France, she began to impress our seamen, forcibly divert our trade in provisions, and in the sequel, by orders in council, to capture and seize our ships with whatsoever laden.

In this war, we had one material advantage over the form-

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er. We had a government invested with constitutional power to call on the States and people, and thus able to combine the strength of the whole nation (which it did with but few exceptions) in its prosecution.

Our population had increased to about eight millions. Our commerce, although limited, had been gainful. Agriculture had extended and some manufactures had sprung up. On the other hand, our revolutionary debt was yet unpaid. There was but little capital in the country. Relying upon our insular position relatively to Europe and its distance, we had neglected to fortify our coasts. We had no ships above frigates, and an army only about in proportion. CANNING sneered, in the House of Commons, at the military pretentions of a nation that had but half a dozen regiments for an army, and about as many frigates, with bits of striped bunting flying at their masts, for a navy. Both which statements were nearly true. But CANNING did not reflect that with a free and self-reliant people, the sense of wrong is ever an over-match for nice calculations of strength. He did not know that our country boys take their squirrel guns along with their primers to school, becoming marksmen on the way—abecedarians there. The proficients in the two are America's marked men, some of whom made their marks in this war.

Having been cultivating the arts of peace for so many years, our reliance for the conduct of this war was upon the veterans of the former. Fatal delusion! They had stood still and rusted, whilst the age had every way advanced. The reverses in 1812 and some in 1813 requited the national error. The next year, 1814, showed in the hard fought fields of Bridgewater, Lundy's Lane, and others—that republican vim had then got into its right place.

This, our city, whose peace, order and prosperity, it is one of the proud objects of this association to promote, was entered by the enemy on the eve of the 24th of August of that year. I see many around me who witnessed that sad event. No wonder the wounded pride—the mortification of the nation at the loss of its capital, has sought relief in the

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indiscriminate censure of all who tried to defend it, but failed. Our gallant member, Col. JNO. S. WILLIAMS, who held a staff appointment in our army; all of us who were present—men and boys—know that the loss of Bladensburg was not the fault of the soldiery. He knows with what reluctance and in what perfect order, Peter, Stull, Davidson and others, left the field; how they gnashed their teeth when they found the head of the column, instead of halting at, had passed through the toll-gate, and how they chafed almost to mutiny, when it passed down by the capitol and thus gave it up. He knows that then and there, on that hill, whilst the army was thus moving down, a committee was organized to demand of the President the dismissal of the Secretary of War, to whom all attributed the disaster, and that the President did it.

We remember the sorrow of that night, when the sky was lighted up all around by the blaze of our burning buildings, and of many a night after it. But joy came on that morning when the general gladness witnessed that New Orleans was safe, and the veterans of Wellington driven back by the heroic Jackson and his militia ignominously to their ships!

It were superfluous to recount to you our many triumphs at sea—the capture of the Guerriere by HULL, of the Macedonian by DECATUR, and others, including entire fleets on Erie and Champlain by PERRY and MACDONOUGH; but what tongue will not re-utter, what eye will not moisten again, in reading the words of poor LAWRENCE—"Don't give up the ship," with which he breathed out his patriotic, his unselfish soul! And you, peerless BLAKELY, with your little ship of 18 guns, when, where, and how was your martyred fate? The national renown has reaped your legacy of the capture of two ships of greater size than your own, and records your drawn battle, at night, with a frigate twice your size. Was it the effect of her fire? Was it the jealousy of Neptune of so bold a champion for his highest honors? Did a mast fall—a plank give way? What dark cause was it, that envelopes your loss in such painful, such sublime mystery?

This war taught us the lesson, "in peace prepare for war." When that with Mexico began, we had fortified our coasts

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and had increased somewhat both our army and navy. West Point had stocked the former with military talent; our revolutionary and other debts had been paid. The country had increased in population and grown rich. But Mexico was not an enemy to be despised. SANTA ANNA, the emperor of eight millions of people, possessed talent, activity, and address, and knew well how to draw out and combine the military resources of his country, as well as how to inflame the prejudices, national and religious, of its people, against *los Americanos del Norte*. He opened the ball by attacking our army on the Texan side of the Rio Grande, which he well knew we were resolved to defend. TAYLOR defeated him at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and driving him across that river, paused on its banks for preparation to follow in pursuit. Two lines of advance were organized—one from TAYLOR'S position on the Rio Grande—the other, when Vera Cruz and its tutelary castle of San Juan de Ulloa should fall from that point. TAYLOR advanced and took Monterey and won Buena Vista. SCOTT beat the enemy at Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, stormed the giddy heights of Chepultepec (Virginia and Pennsylvania hand to hand—SELDEN and BIDDLE first to mount the works,) and took them, and with them, what they had protected—(Quitman, by the gareta Belen—Worth, by the gareta San Antonia)—the Capital of Mexico—the halls of the Montezumas!

Unhappy Mexico! how little have you profited by the light of republican civilization so near you—by the examples it has set you, both when we were weak and when we were strong, of moderation and humanity! Your foremost man has put to death, in cold blood, one hundred and forty prisoners, and whilst their bodies were yet warm, filled his house with revelry, dancing, and music! Would that the agonies of these poor victims, of their widows, their mothers, and orphans, could, like Banquo's ghost, have been personified in that unhallowed assembly, and with one general cry of *shame*, have drowned the music of its indecent orgies!

When the cruel ABDALLAH had dethroned the last of the Ommiade Califs, and placed on the throne of Damascus the first

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of the Abassides, he made proclamation that he would pardon the sons of the late calif who should surrender themselves. When all had appeared except one, to the number of some fifty, he caused them to be surrounded by his soldiers and butchered, their bodies placed in a row, and covered with planks and cloths, and upon that horrible table served a sumptuous feast to his officers. The closeness of the parallel will carry ESCOBEDO and ABDALLAH, together, down to posterity —perhaps lower!!!

It is very agreeable to us of Anglo-Saxon blood and hereditary distrust of standing armies—that our victorious Mexican army was composed in so large a degree of civilians—knowing nothing of war—but who, at the "stamp of the foot" of their country, sprang to its aid from the plough, the loom, the anvil. We claim the distinction amongst all the nations of the earth, that in peace every one is peaceful, in war every one a soldier. Give us an army sufficient to defend the frontier, and keep alive "the disciplines of the wars;" let West Point continue to furnish our STEUBENS and VAUBANS; let the squirrel gun and the primer supply our citizen soldiery, and we have the elements of success in every just cause.

Diplomacy records our statesmanship, moderation and justice. It is painful to speak of our first commercial treaty with Great Brtiain, negotiated by Mr. Jay, in 1794. By this treaty we were prohibited from sending our cotton or tobacco in our own ships to Europe. We were permitted to trade to the West Indies in vessels only of less than seventy tons. The treaty did not restrain England from searching our ships and impressing our seamen. The motives of England in forcing this shameful treaty on our infant government, and of General WASHINGTON in lending the sanction of his great name to its ratification by the Senate, are historic mysteries, of which the light of the blessed suns which have since risen over us, furnish the full solution. England had still re-subjugation, or at least commercial domination and monopoly on the brain. General WASHINGTON knew by painful experience the horrors of war, its uncertainties, its destruction

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of property and waste of capital, the widows, the agonized hearts it left, and we may conclude, that although with some foreign aid he got well through the former struggle, he doubted whether the infant Hercules he was nursing had yet acquired the brawn to wield his club, single handed, effectively against his old enemy. Always for his country—never for himself—he shouldered the odium of this disgraceful treaty, and posterity has, in its just judgment, recognized the wisdom and patriotism of his conduct. The outrages of England continued, even to an attack upon an American frigate, the Chesapeake, and the forcible seizure, from under her guns and the stars and stripes, of three, perhaps four, native American seamen! We had to fight—of course we had! When we did, England bethought herself, and concluding to let go our property, but not our seamen, proposed to repeal her orders in council with a view to peace. Mr. MADISON insisted on renunciation of impressment, which England declined. When I remind you that upon this single and naked issue between christian and enlightened nations, was shed so much blood in the latter part of this war, you can hardly credit the responses of your memories, the testimony of your ears.

Mr. SPARKS, who spoke of these things some twenty years afterwards, thought the questions of neutral rights and impressment would never be settled as long as England remained the mistress of the seas: which means, that as long as England remained a giant, and we a dwarf, she claimed the *right* to kidnap our citizens, whenever she had occasion for them! And thus we see how ingeniously nations, as well as individuals, can accommodate their ethics to their practice or their necessities. The questions so in reserve after the war of 1812, according to Mr. SPARKS, were most probably settled by our achievements in Mexico, or if they were not, they certainly were by Admiral Foote, who demonstrated at Fort Henry the superiority of iron-clad to merely wooden ships.

An English patriotic ballad runs:

> "Oh, long may the *oak* be the arm of the brave,
> And the might of old England still walk on the wave."

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Foote changed this complaisant pretension, thus :

> The *oak* is no longer, the arm of the brave,
> Since the *iron* of freedom is launched on the wave,
> And the might of old England, thus palsied, may weep,
> Whilst the sons of Columbia walk first on the deep.

The purchase of Louisiana, as it was the most important, so it was, doubtless, the most adroitly managed of all our treaties. Upon the occasion of the general peace in 1801 this territory passed from Spain to France. The consequences of the re-establishment of that great and ambitious power on this continent, and in juxtaposition with us, under the prestige of Bonaparte, then in the zenith of his career, justly alarmed Mr. JEFFERSON. He frankly stated to Bonaparte that this establishment, if carried into effect, must necessarily change the whole foreign policy of the United States, and force them into the arms of Great Britian, as an indispensable counterpoise to his power. This argument could not fail of its weight with the determinate rival and enemy of Great Britian, and wanting the $15,000,000, which Mr. JEFFERSON offered, he signed the treaty.

Other motives have been assigned, by rumor, to Mr. JEFFERSON, for his eagerness to get possession of Louisana, growing out of the state of feeling amongst the people on the upper waters, and his apprehension that some irregular movement on their part to get command, by force, of the Mississippi might embroil us with both France and Spain.

This purchase of Louisiana brought us to the sea on one side. The acquisition of Florida, that "cape of land" which stretches far into the gulf, and holds out its wedding finger, caressingly, towards the diamond cluster of the Antilles, brought us to it on another. That of California brought us to the Pacific and the Gulf of California, and the Messilla Valley gave us, in 1853, a southern line of route to the latter, as we had before had a northern to the former. In 1845 the virgin of Texas, flying from her would be ravisher, became the bride of Uncle Sam; England and France standing by to forbid the bans, without reflecting how many wives or concubines they both had, less honestly obtained. Uncle Sam, with true American gallantry, defended her with his blood, and

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"she has eat of his bread, and drunk of his cup, and lain in his bosom, and been unto him as a daughter." Oregon was always ours, since the Louisiana treaty, even to 54 40, and Russian America is too recent an acquisition to have developed results. Perry, with a little of that wooing with which the lion is said to woo his brides, unlocked Japan, so long hermetically closed against christians. Our missionaries are already at work, disseminating amongst its people the sublime truths of our faith. It appears that the Japanese frankly admit the superiority of the religion of Christ to their code of Confucius, but are shocked that our practice of the former is so much below theirs of the latter! As this allegation cannot well be denied, it would seem but equitable for them to send missionaries to us, in order that whilst we impart a better faith to them, they may impart a better practice to us.

Our diplomacy has obtained from England, France, and other nations, indemnity for injuries suffered by our citizens. It will doubtless obtain from the former indemnity for the captures made by privateers fitted out in her ports, but this indemnity, claimed or paid, will not be a tythe of the profit which has accrued to her by her thereby getting the most of our carrying trade. Its final triumph may be to make the great highway of nations sacred to them all, where the unarmed ship of any, its peaceable voyagers and unmilitary cargo, shall be as free from molestation as is, upon our common roads, the unoffending traveller. England, France and America united, the three great naval powers, might accomplish this desideratum, and do many other good things, conducive to the progress of civilization and the brotherhood of man. And why should they not so unite? They have had with each other, their several feuds and wars, bickerings and recriminations, but they are now at peace, and are friends, thorough and unreserved.

"The brave man knows no malice, but at once,
In peace, forgets the injuries of war."

La Vendeé, so long in stubborn revolt, is now a loyal province of France. The immemorial antipathies of the English and French are in the deep bosom of the channel

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buried. The French and Spaniards who patriotically fought, reviled and assassinated each other, fraternize as the Latin race. The English and Scotch, whose very names were terms of reproach with each other, are "mingled into bliss." Are we behind these examples of moderation and magnanimity? Has the latter portion of the 19th century retrograded in civilization? Each of these nations has its virtues. Each may have its vices. We do not like NAPOLEON'S experiment to supersede us, Anglo-Saxons, on this our continent, and spread over it his Latin race. But the French helped us in our national parturition, and we admire their genius, chivalry and good breeding. On the other hand, France does not like our brusque treatment of the unhappy MAXIMILIAN. We do not like England's oppression of Ireland, although it serves to give us, in the first or second generation, so many good American citizens; but we admire her sturdy honesty, and that, on a recent occasion, she refused to join her Gallic neighbor, "to gouge us when we were down." We do not like to see the poor Highlander driven out of his hereditary fastnesses to make way for the deer park, the sheep walk and the cattle range; but England may equally exclaim against us for the melting away of our aborigines, whom frontier rapacity will not suffer the national humanity to reclaim and preserve; in fine, we do not like England's rapacity in India, in Africa—everywhere, whilst we yet feel in ourselves, the same instincts, which come down from the Sea-Kings, the Vi-Kings, the Normans, through her, honestly to us, her American offspring. Let us be charitable, and allow for the necessities—perhaps the uses of national peculiarities. Savage tribes preserve and transmit their petty feuds, and fight *ad internecionem*. The mild dispensation which gives tone to the civilization of these great nations, commands them to forgive—to forget—to love.

You may have observed that amongst the enumerated powers assumed for the government, commerce is the only industrial interest named, thus indicating a more general favor toward that interest than any other. This predilection of the nation for the primogenita of civilized man, the handmaid of agriculture and the arts, continued during a great

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portion of our history and prompted many provisions for her benefit and protection. To her ships are the monopoly of the coasting trade, a navy to protect them there and abroad, expeditions to explore new channels of enterprise, subsidized fisheries to raise them seamen, hospitals to receive these when sick, life-saving stations to rescue them and passengers from shipwreck, harbors, piers, sea-walls and breakwaters, the triangulation of the coast, that stupendous work of which the lamented BACHE was the genius, together with the lights that blaze all along its line to warn ships of danger whether from Scylla or Charibdis. But with all these aids to navigation, candor requires the admission that these are not the halcyon days of commerce. She has an envious younger sister. Under the compound pressure of the tariff, internal taxes and the currency, the building of her ships and a large portion of her carrying trade are passing into foreign hands. Let us trust that these inauspicious days will ere long pass away, and commerce, beautiful in her snowy garments, be restored, untrammelled, to her heavenly appointed mission of doing the peaceful exchanges of the world, and of carrying the lessons of civilization and the story of the Messiah to the benighted regions of the globe, from pole to pole.

The postal, patent and land departments (not amongst the enumerate powers of government) are happy illustrations of our policy, energy and progress. During and at the close of the revolution there were some twenty post offices in the country. Behold in 1860, 28,000. In no other country could such an increase have taken place, for in none other could there have been occasion for it. The emigration of our people to the virgin regions of the South-west and West, has been without distinction of persons or classes. The successive waves carry the laborer, the mechanic, the lawyer, the physician, the divine, the man of letters, of taste, and even wealth, who require in their new abodes, the church, the school house and the post-office, as much as they did in their former homes nearer the great centres. Nothing but the reality would make so rapid and amazing an increase credible. The growth of our postal system is that of the

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mustard seed, which planted in this congenial democratic soil, has waxed a great tree, covering the land with its multitudinous branches and yielding its daily fruit—appropriate to every taste.

One of the earliest acts of the government of 1789 was one to promote the "progress of the useful arts," by securing to inventors the profits of their discoveries for a limited period. The beginnings of these inventions may have been, and probably were, small; but what they were or how they progressively increased up to the year 1836, we can only conjecture, for in that year all the records and all the models were destroyed by fire. We know both the number and the ratio of annual increase from that year. In the next, 1837, the number of patents issued for inventions was 425. In 1866, the number was 9,450. In the period from 1837 to 1866, thirty years, the aggregate was 65,682. Can you conceive, can you form any satisfactory idea in your minds of the vast compass of American intellect, contrivance, care, experiment—involved in this astounding product? Or can you imagine the multifarious uses and diversified applications of these many inventions? How many new uses they have drawn for man from the elements of nature? How much they have aided that industry which "beautifies, adorns, embellishes, and renders life delightful?"

The first thought of discovery, and the first but one of patriotism—is FRANKLIN—for he brought down lightning from the heavens, and helped, next to WASHINGTON, to bring us up from the house of bondage. This double distinction of the philosopher and the statesman, has been fixed, transmitted and handed down to us, by the classical exergue, in very pretty Latinity, of a medal, struck of him, in Paris:

"Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

FITCH made steam a motor; PARKER invented the turbine wheel, which, but for a Frenchman, who made fame and fortune by his plagiarism, his countrymen would never have acknowledged. The acknowledgment came too late, and alas, he as well as FITCH (amongst the greatest of inventors) died poor. Ah, CADWALADER, how generously did you strive to save this "poor and broken-hearted bankrupt" from his

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fate! MORSE has had the luck to make his telegraph famous, and himself and some others that assisted him, wealthy. WHITNEY'S cotton gin revolutionized the industries of the world. Who shall sing the virtues of the unpoetic sewing machine, which has doubled the profits of LYNN, and equally abridged the toil of the over-wrought housewife, or the wonders of BULLOCK'S printing press. GOODYEAR turned to infinite uses the almost worthless caoutchouc. BLANCHARD turned irregular forms—gun stocks, ship blocks, &c., and then, the most irregular of all, men's heads, WEBSTERS, CALHOUNS, and others. Generous man, your own never was! Liberal as a prince, simple in your tastes, unostentatious in your gait, your example outvalues to your countrymen, the marvels of your genius—if they would only profit by it!

Our public lands have been one of the happiest ministrations, as they have been one of the most productive interests of the nation, having yielded so far, to the public treasury, one hundred and fifty-three millions of money. Starting with an accurate, mathematical and comprehensive system of survey, and beginning with a principal meridional line, followed by other meridional lines as extension required; the whole of the public lands have been laid off in parallelograms, varying in size from 40 acres, the sixteenth part of a section, to 23,040 acres, a township—comprising thirty-six sections. The sections in every township bear the like uniform numbers, from one to thirty-six, and in every township sections Nos. 16 and 36, being 1,280 acres, are set apart for the support of common schools. It was a township of 23,040 acres which Congress granted some years since, with $200,000 in money, to General LAFAYETTE in grateful remembrance, when the nation was rich and he was poor, of the services he had rendered when he was rich and it was poor; and in danger too.

The recognized area of the colonies when they achieved their independence, was 341,000 square miles. The treaty of peace and independence gave them the country back, and increased the area of the United States to 820,000 square miles. Our present area including Russian America, (the area of which is estimated at 500,000 square miles) is 3,750,000 square miles.

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Of the unoccupied portion of this vast domain, we have granted for the promotion of education, in addition to two sections or one eighteenth part for common schools in every township, surveyed or to be surveyed.....70,874,000 acres.

To reward our soldiers..... .....59,000,000 "

To promote internal improvements.....15,700,000 "

To aid railroads..... .....160,000,000 "

Swamp lands given up to the States.....15,700,000 "

Taken up, so far, in homesteads.....5,000,000 "

Allowing for the private claims and rights in the acquired territories more than two millions of square miles, after making all these sales and grants—the unoccupied, the unsettled region of the nation—remain undisposed of, a surface equal to nearly two thirds of that of all Europe.

The policy of granting a quarter section of land, 160 acres, as a homestead, without payment of money, and upon condition merely of settlement and cultivation, encounters, now that it has gone into operation, no diversity of opinion. All approve it. It is a just pride to this association that it was broached by one of its honorary members, the Hon. R. J. WALKER having proposed it in the Senate, as far back as the year 1836, when he represented in part in that body, the State of Mississippi.

What tho' the poor and broken down subject of the old world participate with our native citizens in the benefits of this law? Is there not enough for both and to spare? Have we the prerogative to monopolize more of these bounties of God than we can use, and to exclude others who need them and who are equally His children as we? This proposition involves the religious view of the subject, which may or may not have swayed the inner thought of the statesmen who determined the policy. The avowed argument is, that the foreigner, with "his young barbarians, all at play, and their Dacian mother" will yield more to the public treasury, in their consumption of dutiable articles than the stated price of the land, besides adding to the aggregate annual product of the country for consumption or exchange.

And how beautiful are these fields, ready for the plough as they came from the hand of nature, where these home-

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steads are being taken by all who have hard hands and primeval tastes! How fertile of corn, comfort and content. If you had seen, as your orator has, the wife and the son of twelve years of age gathering in the luxuriant harvest, whilst the husband and father was away with his musket in his hand, you might readily imagine, as he did, that more than one of these "young barbarians," or their playmates of native blood, might be the future presidents of this great nation, for it was from the like rural scenes in which they are being reared, that the manly virtues issued and displayed themselves in our revolution, and in which they since find their favorite abode.

The mechanic arts in activity and progress, the iron horse, labor saving machinery in all the departments of industry and economy, 35,000 miles of railroad in operation, 52,000 of telegraph, ocean steamers to Europe, the West Indies, Brazil, Japan, China; our commerce on the lakes and in every sea; in the fine arts, the gorgeous beauty of the capitol, its dome, statuary, tiling and frescoes, the classic chastity of the Interior, the modest simplicity of the Post-Office, the Treasury of granite, its monolythic pilasters and its Ionic columns, fluted and waved, its buttress caps 18 feet square and of 70 tons, the unparalleled beauty of its southern and western façades; our statuary, painting, music and engraving, not largely exotic, but mostly indigenous; our churches, so grand and imposing in the cities, so spontaneous in their growth on the frontier; our costly missions to christianize the heathen; our oratory of the pulpit, the bar, the legislature and the stump; our literature, 2000 volumes published annually on history and fiction, poetry and ethics; our press—2500 newspapers, daily, tri-weekly, semi-weekly, weekly or monthly; our cities—New York, with its Fifth Avenue miles of palaces; its East river miles of masts; its Croton, Park, Street Cars and suburban Steamers. Washington, our own—the capital of 35,000,000 of freemen, unparalleled in plan, ventilation and water; its streets, north and south 80 to 100 feet wide, its avenues 120 to 160 feet, crossing them diagonally and forming at all those crossings nice little plats of various sizes and angles, which, with nu-

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merous larger reservations—the Capitol, the President's, the Smithsonian, Lafayette and others, all verdant with grass, shrubbery and trees, refresh the eye and give out their vivifying oxygen. These developments mark some of the achievements in the line of progress and civilization, which serve to vindicate the right we assumed to an independent existence—to be a nation. These are some amongst the jewels which adorn the fair daughter of Columbia; these amongst the flowers of varied grace and beauty, which bedeck the national parterre.

Of the sectional disaster which has lately visited us, the events are too recent that you should be reminded of them—too deplorable for subjects of contemplation on a day of jubilee. The conflict is over and we are in peace. And as no Roman Imperator ever triumphed in a civil war, so let our choice leaders, who have carried us through this terrible strife be content with the proud sense of a high duty accomplished. Let them glory that the Union is safe—weep the afflictions which that safety has involved; let them, let us all now lend our patriotic aid to repair the breaches in our common temple of constitutional liberty! Let us be one—the greatest nation upon the earth, in sentiment, devotion and nationality!

And has women borne no part in the wonderful efforts, the astonishing successes and progress of our people? The mother of WASHINGTON trained him up to the great achievements which he accomplished. And who shall deny to woman her full share of credit, not only for training up the sons of America, to these of ours, but for stimulating, countenancing and supporting them in their toils and sufferings. Man's helpmate in toil, comfort in prosperity, solace in woe. In youth, the sparkling eye, the delicate hand, the taper foot, stimulate us to every honorable effort. As wives, they are our best counsellors. Who does not know, how next to the bliss of heaven is his, whom a true American woman "has blessed with her love and made the father of her children."

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Castle, H. A.

THE

PROBLEM OF AMERICAN DESTINY.

AN ORATION.

DELIVERED AT A

CELEBRATION OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE STATE OF MINNESOTA, AT OWATONNA,

JULY 4TH, 1868.

BY

CAPT. HENRY A. CASTLE,

OF ST. PAUL.

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GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Department of Minnesota.

ROSTER.

GRAND COMMANDER—H. G. HICKS,.....Minneapolis.
SENIOR V. G. C.—WM. T. COLLINS,.....St. Cloud.
JUNIOR V. G. C.—A. B. WEBBER,.....Owatonna.
ASS'T ADJ'T GEN.—O. L. DUDLEY,.....Minneapolis.
ASS'T Q. M. GEN.—J. C. HAMILTON,.....Owatonna.
SURGEON—J. B. McGAUGHEY,.....Winona.
CHAPLAIN—F. A. CONWELL, ...Minneapolis.

COUNCIL OF ADMINISTRATION:

FRANK E. DAGGETT, ...Wabasha.
G. W. SHUMAN, ...Minneapolis.
FRANK J. MEAD,.....Farmington.
J. A. McDOUGALL,.....Wabasha.
WM. LOCHREN, ...St. Anthony.

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THE PROBLEM OF AMERICAN DESTINY.

ON this proud and happy day, when from one verge to the other of our re-united Republic the old flag is waving over throngs of joyous people, celebrating its return with processions and cannon firing and holiday festivities, we, too, are met to mingle our loyal benedictions with theirs, and swell, with them, our choral songs of gratitude. We are assembled at the railroad centre of this vigorous young commonwealth, canopied by the steel-blue skies, and enveloped by the electric air of Minnesota,—fringed 'round with her waving grain fields, mirrored in her crystal lakes, and lulled by her singing cascades. We are assembled at the call of an organization representing the Soldiers of Minnesota. This organization, designed to perpetuate the friendships and memories of the camp, and to care for the enfeebled and unfortunate, the widow and the fatherless, has invited the citizens of the State to join with them to-day, that their sympathies may be enlarged and their hopes strengthened by intercourse and mutual congratulations. It is well that it has been ordered thus. It is well that we who fought, and you who sustained us, should, now that the victory is won, meet for celebration upon terms of equality as citizens, and upon a platform of no conditions, except supreme devotion to our country.

It is a time for glowing enthusiasm, but also for serious meditation. It is a day on which our boastings concerning the past achievements and present position of our country should be tempered with an anxious regard for that future which is all in our hands. And since the enforced limits of the occasion forbid extended discussion, let us, leaving our luminous past to the high station in which history has embalmed it,—leaving our splendid present, visible and audible all around us, to speak for itself, turn our eyes, with a keen and impartial scrutiny, upon our uncertain future. Let us, in other words, closely examine the circumstances and conditions which have combined to shape that luminous past and this splendid present, to discover, if possible, whether those circumstances and conditions are still in operation, and whether their combinations will still continue to work out similar results. And in this examination is involved the solution, so far as our feeble power can solve it, of the great PROBLEM OF AMERICAN DESTINY.

This is a problem in which every citizen of our favored land, as well as the sorrowing millions of oppressed all over the world, have a vital concern. But to you, comrades of the Grand Army! who suffered much, and periled all, for your country's safety, yet counted those perils and sufferings nothing if by them could be secured the blessings of freedom to yourselves and your remotest posterity,—to you, perhaps, is given a

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more potent realization of the deep importance of the question whether the American Nation is destined to be permanent, or whether we may expect gradual degeneracy and ultimate extinction.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN RACE.

Since the fate of empires depends mainly upon the character of the people, and since all the aspects of our own nation are peculiarly interwoven and identified with the new Anglo-American race which has founded it, we shall first trace out the origin and predominant characteristics of that race.

We shall not find it difficult to trace back our ancestry, through the great families of man, to the earliest ages of which we have any authentic record, and we will ever find, that like the titular estates and honors of monarchical lands, we have descended, as it were, through the elder brother of each succeeding generation. We possess the best of old Noah's blood, many times refined. The Anglo-American race is derived, as all are aware, from the Anglo-Saxon. The Anglo-Saxon took its origin from the Celts. The Celts were descended from the Scythians, who were the children of Gomer, the first born of the sons of Japhet.

Japhet, the third of Noah's sons, settled in Europe, and his family, in every age, has shown its superiority to the other two. It is said that "the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men, and all time is the millennium of their story." If so the world is doubly ours, and the ages to come are to ring with the praises of our family name. Have the Athenians and Romans, the Italians and Spaniards, the French and Germans and English, successively amazed each other and the remainder of the world by their immortal works of genius, and by their enterprise which has given them successively undisputed sway over the entire family of man? We are the inheritors of their blood. We are the sons and daughters of Japhet. The great names in history are those of our own kindred. Is there anything of grandeur to be found in the triumphs of Philosophy, from Thales and Pythagoras to him of our own land who wove his garland of fame from the storm-cloud's rich but fearful rosary? is there anything of devotion to be found in those heroic sacrifices to truth which have reddened the fields of the old world with martyr blood? This grandeur, this devotion, pertains to us. Have the harp of poesy and the lyre of song, as they have been handed down, from Homer to Virgil, from Virgil to Dante, from Dante to Shakspeare and Schiller and Milton, held the world in mute attention by their seraphic sweetness and their power to charm? That harp, that lyre belongs to us. Do we look back with wonder on the deeds of Alexander, on the daring military feats of Cæsar, on the surprising genius of Napoleon and the immortal patriotism and valor of our own Washington? All,—all is ours. Japhet has ever held the supremacy of the world, and we are his sons and daughters.

It would be interesting to trace down, link by link, our descent through these successive nationalities, but a due regard for the proprieties of this joyful occasion admonishes us to be very brief. It would, however, be found that each was heir of the very best blood of the preceding, and held the ascendancy in its day, over all the world, including the other branches of its own paternal household. Even down to the period when the Anglo-American race was cleft from the Anglo-Saxon by the emigra-

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tion of the Puritans from Great Britain, we find the causes which led to the separation such as to rally the true nobility of the land. Our Pilgrim Fathers were the heroes of that age,—the heroes of principle, of energy and of enterprise. From this heroic hundred, stepping out from England's millions, have descended the men who have moulded the destinies of our nation.

Every incident of our subsequent history has contributed to intensify the best type of these inherited characteristics. The terrible ordeal of the civil war, so lately closed, has been beneficial in mobilizing the powers of the nation and disciplining its individual defenders, and by stimulating our patriotism and our reliance on higher principles and a higher Power, has generated a new and nobler humanity. While this fighting generation lasts, at least, no foreign foe nor domestic traitor will ever dare to defy the flag we have sworn to cherish.

Thus, from the earliest ages, our extraction has been from the best races of earth. The genius and the vigor of each generation, strengthened by the infusion of the best blood of all its contemporaries, and purged by the expulsion of the weaker elements of its own, has bequeathed to its successor all the wealth of its accumulated powers. Asia, Europe and America are the three grand stages of humanity in its march through the ages. Asia is the cradle, where man passed his infancy under the authority of law, and where he learned veneration for a Divine Maker. Europe is the school where his youth was trained, where he increased in knowledge and strength, grew to manhood and learned his own power. America is, and is to be the theatre of his manly activity, where he brings into use all the forces he has acquired, and where he is destined to develope fully and finally all the glorious possibilities of the race.

Such is a condensed history of our descent "through a long line of illustrious ancestry." Its effect upon our present condition and future prospects can be properly estimated only in connection with other circumstances operating to the same end, which we will now proceed to consider.

THE PHYSICAL CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY.

"The Western Continent," says Professor Guyott, "is founded upon a plan widely different from the Eastern. It is characterized by simplicity and unity, and by its vast extent, its fruitful plains, its numberless rivers, the prodigious facility of communication, nowhere impeded by serious obstacles, and its oceanic position, is eminently fitted to be a most magnificent theatre for the consummation of human history." Combining a soil of incomparable fertility, with a climate most delightful and salubrious,—free alike from the profitless luxuriance, the poisonous exhalations and the venomous animals of the tropics, and the dreary, eternal winter of the frozen zone, Providence would seem to have reserved it for the heritage of its chosen people. Descending to the minutiæ of physical phenomena, we will find that winds and tides, oceanic currents and atmospheric changes, her geological structure and geographical features, her lakes, rivers and cataracts, her mountain passes and her prairie ridges, her metals and minerals, her animals and vegetables, her forest

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wastes and fertile vales, all unite to render our own America an enlarged and beautiful Eden, where man is destined to end his earthly career as he began it, surrounded by all the circumstances necessary to secure the highest type of human perfection.

This land is the home of our race, has been reserved for it in virgin freshness and purity, since the foundation of the world. We have gone in and possessed it by virtue of our superiority over its original inhabitants, and it is too late now to question the validity of our title. The whole continent is the homestead of our race, which, as we shall show, is, in spite of the infusion of many foreign elements, becoming yearly more homogeneous and indivisible. It was no dream of blind imagination, but a burst of inspired prophecy, which breathed the thrilling utterance—

"I see the living tide roll on,
It crowns with fairy bowers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's land of flowers.
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the Northern showers,
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The *Continent* is ours."

THE PHYSICAL CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

The Anglo-American race, since its occupation of the Western continent, has been much improved by intermixture with the best races of men. Marriage within certain limits of consanguinity was strictly prohibited in the Divine law, and nature, by the innumerable physical woes inflicted upon its transgressors, shows her approval of it. With us there has been every incentive and every opportunity for wide choice in the formation of matrimonial connections. America has been the goal of the adventurous and the daring, the patriotic and the noble, from all other lands. These have mingled and intermingled so intimately with our own people, that there is scarcely a domestic circle which does not represent several of the "great powers" of modern times. And this infusion of fresh vigor, combining with the healthful character of the pursuits of a large majority of our people, and their freedom from fashionable restraints and fashionable vices, will continue to neutralize the baneful effects of vice and folly so alarmingly prevalent in our centres of wealth and population. Luxury will slough off annually its thousands of useless devotees, but industry will raise up annually its tens of thousands of sturdy men and women, to swell the advancing throng.

THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

The foregoing considerations prepare us to expect a full measure of intellectual strength and activity in this new race. It would be as absurd to suppose that a great mind could dwell in the effete organism of a Chinese Mandarin, as that even an ordinary one could remain undeveloped amid the raging animal spirits of an old Pict or Scot. What a basis there has been laid for the highest development of American intellectuality! The rarest, choicest minds the world has known have appeared in the family of Japhet, and its history shows that intellectual development is progressive. The glory of Egypt was eclipsed by the Periclean age of Greece. Greece was surpassed by the Augustan period of Rome. Rome

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was surpassed by the Italians under Leo X. The Italians were thrown into the shade by the Columbian era of Spain. Spain was excelled by France in the days of Louis XIV. Then France went down, and from Klopstock to Goethe, Germany had her day in the world of mind. England, which succeeded to the supremacy, cannot hold it long, for young America stands ready to seize whatever becomes the property of the Anglo-Saxon name.

While the master minds will thus push farther and higher the intellectual triumphs of the past, the common mind is being lifted, and mental development is becoming universal. Learning's halls are open to all. Our swiftly revolving presses groan with the issue of their teeming volumes, and our capacious mails are burdened with newspapers and periodicals.

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

As a nation we have always been one of the most moral and religious on the globe. The sentiments of a pure morality, founded upon the doctrine of the golden rule, are highly respected among us. Our Sabbaths are better observed, and all crimes are less frequent and more justly punished than elsewhere. Reverence for and faith in an over-ruling Providence has ever been a national characteristic. We all believe that God has presided over the colonization and progress of this country. Such a sentiment is a tremendous power. It is a source at once of high resolve, vigorous will, heroic effort. And we believe, as Christians, that God, who delights in acts of goodness to his faithful children, will perceive and acknowledge this deep national feeling of gratitude and faith.

The principle of religious freedom and tolerance, wisely adopted by the founders of our government, is one of the greatest elements of strength. Under its benign influence systems of good flourish while systems of error, which have been cemented by ages of persecution abroad are melting and falling away. Even the isolated Israelite is losing his identity. Do any fear from the influence of gigantic organizations of religious superstitions, as, for example, they hold the Roman Catholic church to be, they see that church losing its power over the children of its fold of the second or third generation born in America, and unable to secure a native-born priesthood; and thus being obliged to shape its hoary tactics to the demands of a new and liberalized era, while its power for good is immeasurably increased, it is utterly shorn of its power for harm.

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL INTSITUTIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

The grand problems of social elevation which are being so successfully worked out in this Western world, are mighty motive powers in the wheel of progress. Nearly all prominent men in letters, science, statesmanship and the church are striving in some way to help the unfortunate. Great national charities are organized, and to assist them authors write, statesmen plan, good men pray, and all true men labor. New moral elements are daily added, and all the great social reforms not only give the poor more to eat, more comfortable dwellings, more recreation and more books to read, but they make them purer and better. The best men of our age are seeking out the cause of disease, indigence and depravity, that they may devise means for their cure or prevention. They are achieving

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great results, and their success is encouraging others to enter the same field, so that the force is constantly increasing.

The rapid recognition of the real position and rights of American women is a marked and important indication of advancement. New legal rights are being guaranteed to them. Measures are taken for their systematic education in those branches which shall fit them to fulfill their high mission as the mothers of a noble race. Political rights they may have for the asking, and political power they now control, in a pure and proper sense, more thoroughly than they ever did before.

Our theories of government are now being established on broad, liberal and permanent bases. The terrible nightmare of human slavery, from which we have just awakened, sectionalized our patriotism and made our boasted freedom a hideous inconsistency. That has been swept away in the fiery whirlwind of revolution; but instead of sweeping with it, as we feared it might, the whole fabric with which it had been so cunningly interwoven, it left that fabric stronger and better than before. The interlacing cords of common blood, interest and destiny, to the exclusion of any system of recognized aristocracy, unite the hearts of the whole brotherhood, and bind them more closely together than any shackles of iron or steel that could be forged by the arm of the most cruel despotism.

The social and political questions involved in the relations of the freed people are being harmoniously and philanthropically decided. Universal education is opening up to them higher spheres of profitable employment. Impartial suffrage is welding them into the body politic, rewarding their loyal attachment to us during our hours of peril, and guaranteeing a continuance of it amid all future contingencies. The proud Anglo-Saxons, whose traditions of prowess and heritage of supremacy we have traced, fear no danger from the elevation of their benighted bondsmen, but regard it rather as a part of their sublime mission for the general enlightment of the world. Do some of the complaining ones fear that the negro, in revenge for his own past wrongs, may attempt to enslave his former owner? They may read in the constitution of the United States the grand injunction, "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist within all these borders." Do some even of the less timorous fear that in States where negroes are in the majority they will at least disfranchise the whites? They may read in the constitutions of all the States where this could be attempted the declaration, "No man shall be disfranchised on account of race or color." The wise ordinances proclaimed for the protection of the one race are equally applicable to the other; and both, under them, may march on, without fear or jealousy, in harmonious concert of labor and usefulness.

THE PRACTICAL ELEMENT OF THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

The disposition to spend no time in vain or useless theorizing, but the desire to reduce every new theory to practical, beneficial operation, gives great impetus to the genius of American Progress. The wisdom and experience of all past ages, the vast powers of the remarkable inventive faculties of the Anglo-American race, its industry and energy, all turned to a practical account, bearing directly upon our advancement, are producing, and will continue to produce astonishing results. Our mountains are bowing their imperial heads, and our valleys are rising to their sum-

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mits. Iron coach-ways are spanning the continent and interlacing with each other in a net-work of channels of communication. Broad areas are annually conquered from the wilderness and added to the domain of civilization. The map of our country, received fresh and accurate from the publisher at the beginning of one year, must be rolled up, old and useless, before the end of the next. Ranging through all the fields of science, master spirits are plucking here and there a flower, not that they may weave them into garlands to adorn the brow of beauty, but that they may transplant them into congenial soil, where the flower will develope into a fruitage of substantial benefit to man.

The chimeras of the olden Philosophy are abandoned for the practical possibilities of the new dispensation. The old alchemists sought a method of turning baser metals into gold. They failed, as it was in the order of Providence that they should fail, since their success would have diminished instead of increasing the wealth of the world. For if gold were made so abundant it would no longer answer the purposes of money, and for actual use it is less valuable than iron. Modern science does not expend its efforts in these directions. It adds to the wealth of the world by increasing man's capacity of production, and adds to the length of life by multiplying the means of happiness.

We, to whom the incredible marvels of the past are accomplished and familiar facts, are liable to doubts as to the continued triumphs of human intelligence. We say with the youthful Alexander, "The universality of our fathers' conquests leave little for us to achieve." Indeed! When did the Almighty Power that formed the mind set limits to its expansion? The victories of Philip of Macedon, extensive as they were, were more than eclipsed by those of the once despairing Alexander. The apparent impossibilities of yesterday are the probabilities of to-day, the realities of to-morrow. And although it would seem that the limits of progress had been reached in some directions, yet bold and ardent minds are fond of pushing their investigations onward and onward into the shadowy realms of the infinite, tearing away the misty vail that impedes human vision, and exploring among the unfathomable mysteries beyond. They follow the reflection of a star, trembling upon the bosom of a lake, and melting away in its depths, until they find it, a flashing diamond among the pebbles on its bed. They see yet higher, brighter triumphs in the career of electricity, photography, and the thousand other new discoveries. And through the glimmering mist of futurity they see faint, undefined, but swelling embryos of other yet undreamed-of wonders, rapidly unfolding and destined in the fullness of time to burst forth upon the world, to invigorate, elevate and illumine with their full-orbed splendor.

THE GENERAL PROSPERITY OF THE MASSES.

With us, labor has been the parent of prosperity. With us, God's soil and sunshine have been converted into charming homes, flourishing farms and productive capital. The laws of nature have not been violated, nor the purity of society outraged in the acquisition of our wealth. All classes have grown rich together; but the ratio of comparative benefit has been largely in favor of the poorer. Steady employment, high wages, rapid increase in the value of landed property, and remunerative prices for the products of agriculture and skilled labor, together with the abun-

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dance of raw material, have richly remunerated the toil of the working people of all avocations. Hence the tendency of American prosperity is, on the whole, to the increase of substantial comforts to the poorer, rather than of baneful luxuries to the richer classes. A prosperity so universal and beneficial, so well merited and well appreciated, must inevitably tend to the general advancement of the race.

One of the results of this abundant prosperity is the universal dissemination of educational advantages to all the people. The rapid progress and mighty results of our noble free-school system are too often referred to, and too constantly present before us, to demand extended consideration. To them is to be attributed, in a constantly increasing measure, not only the moral and mental but also the material prosperity of the people.

There is darkness and desolation in one fair section of our land to-day, brought upon the people by their own unutterable wickedness and stupendous folly. But that wickedness is atoned for, that folly has been terribly punished. Let us unite with them now to build up the waste places, that the orange and the magnolia again may bloom, and the cypress again may wave 'round the walls of happy homes. Over redan and bastion and lunette, over ditch and parapet and rifle-pit, worn down or filled up by the elements, and smoothed over by time, a carpet of green will be woven, and roses will sweetly unfold. So let time smooth over the roughness of our righteous resentment, and so soon as we can, safely, though not a moment sooner, let us restore the erring ones to their forfeited heritages, that all may work together as brothers, nearer than before, for the common prosperity of all.

Thus we have briefly sketched a few of the innumerable phases and aspects in our present condition bearing on our future prospects. It is a fruitful theme, and one upon which we love to linger. But these are all we can present now. They all combine, we think, to produce an answer to the question with which we started,—"Is our nation permanent in its character, and destined ultimately to become the greatest on the earth?" —and that answer is fully and triumphantly in the *affirmative*. Let us now allude to some of the means by which this consummation is to be reached.

MEANS OF ADVANCEMENT.

The Gospel of Christ is to be the great reforming agent. All the agitations in politics and morals, all the tumults and convulsions since His advent, have been but "the moving of the spirit of God on the face of the waters," previous to the issuing of the mandate, "*Let there be Light!*" The followers of Christ are being rapidly assimilated, heathen nations are being gathered in, and the blood-crimsoned banner of the Cross is waving over the ruins alike of false religions and pagan idolatries. Thus united they have a wonderful power, reaching every corner of the globe. From the days of the Apostles until now, every region which has received their evangel has speedily risen to the highest civilization.

Meanwhile, subservient to this, all other elements will be at work.

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The science of government will be perfected, so that men will live harmoniously, and thus wars and strifes will cease.

The mysteries of nature will be revealed, and men will learn to avail themselves of her great fundamental laws, and apply them to their own necessities, so that suffering and poverty will be unknown.

By the progress of inventions labor will be lightened, so that all will find time for mental and moral cultivation.

With the removal of poverty temptations to crime will be diminished, and by moral improvement the propensity to commit crime will be destroyed.

As wealth and education become universal they will cease to be distinctions. No kind of honest labor will be degrading, for when all *men* are equal no *trade* can claim superiority.

As man learns his physical structure he will be able to avoid all deleterious practices, thus preserving his health and increasing his longevity.

He will find the much-dreaded excess of population impossible, for as mental development goes on a diminution of fertility will, by a well established law of nature, be the result.

Here, then, is reached a state of virtue, peace, intelligence, health, ease and happiness. This is the millennium, brought about by no convulsions or upheavings, but in the fullness of Divine wisdom and power, by the harmonious co-ordination of a thousand incongruous events, originating in the establishment of the world, identified with all the phases of its history, and laboring steadily, throughout the lapse of ages, for the accomplishment of the one great end.

CONCLUSION.

This is the solution of the great "Problem of American Destiny," and it points to a glory-crowned period in the future of favored America.

And we may disclaim all selfish pride in this contemplation, for the world is to grow better with us. America is to be but the centre, from which are radiated those heaven-born beams which will make the whole earth bud and blossom as the rose, and make man worthy to again inhabit that beauteous home which angel hands prepared for him in the sweet fields of Eden.

This is our manifest destiny. But we must not lie down languidly to await its fulfillment. If we allow love of ease and luxury, or a blind reliance on the decrees of fate to possess us, we will but add another to the long array of nations on whose fallen domes and crumbling pillars Time has set the seal of "departed greatness." But let us gird ourselves up for the fight and strike giant blows at the enemies before us. The agents of Satan are always laboring to mar the plans of the Beneficent. So cowardly conservatism and cruel treason, always have and always will array themselves against the progress of holy Truth. We must watch and fight them still, for on our own eternal vigilance, will our lease of Liberty depend. Let us unite to-day in a solemn vow, "As firm as the mountains, as deep as the sea, and as pure as the heavens above us," that we will

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work on and fight on until the end, and bequeath the battle to our rising posterity. Then

> "Weep not for the past, for a dawn is awaking
> More pregnant with truth than the marble of old,
> Kings tremble at Liberty's cry, and now shaking,
> Thrones vanish from sight like a gossamer scroll.
> Upon the bright forehead of earth there are burning
> Great words. They are words which the nations shall know;
> They speak in the thunder, while empires are urning
> The ashes of tyrants who ruled long ago."

You may call these predictions the wild dreams of an enthusiast, but if they be dreams, God grant that I may never awake to see them dispelled. Let me dream on! Let me still retain the vision of a bright and glorious future for my beloved country. Let me dream that the black clouds which so lately obscured the golden sun of liberty will soon all be swept away, and that the anthems of deliverance from the millions just freed from slavery's chains may mount up, with our own enraptured chorus of gratitude and joy,—uninterrupted to the great Throne of the Eternal King. Let me dream that the dark clouds are to be swept away, the thick gloom dispelled, and that we, walking in the illumination of that bright orb, brightened and purified, may march on, with shouts and songs of triumph, to the accomplishment of our high-written destiny.

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10

ORATION

BY

HON. WM. SUMNER DODGE

DELIVERED AT

SITKA, ALASKA,

SATURDAY, JULY 4th, 1868.

"Liberty: Her Struggles, Perils and Triumphs."

SAN FRANCISCO:
ALTA CALIFORNIA PRINTING HOUSE, 529 CALIFORNIA STREET.
1868.

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1868, Oct. 1.

Visit of

Hon. Chas. Sumner.

(H. C. 1830.)

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CORRESPONDENCE.

SITKA, A. T., July 6th, 1868.

Hon. William Sumner Dodge,

SIR: In behalf of the citizens of Sitka, I would respectfully request a copy of the Oration delivered by you on the 4th of July last, with a view to its publication. An early reply will greatly oblige

Your very obedient servant,

J. H. KINKEAD,
Chairman Com. of Arrangements.

SITKA, A. T., July 17th, 1868.

J. H. Kinkead, Chairman Com. of Arrangements,

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of July 6th, made in behalf of the citizens of Sitka, requesting "a copy of the Oration delivered by me on the 4th of July last, with a view to its publication."

I have the honor to state that if the citizens of Sitka think this Address, written in the hurry of business and manifold duties, is worthy of publication and will benefit the country by any detail of information, I cheerfully comply with the request, and herewith furnish the copy desired, thanking you and the citizens for their kind appreciation of the humble effort now submitted.

I am, sir, faithfully yours,

WM. SUMNER DODGE.

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THE CELEBRATION

OF THE

Fourth of July, 1868, in Sitka.

The American citizens of Sitka, prompted as well by their own patriotic feelings as deeming it eminently proper that a suitable celebration of the Anniversary of our Country's Freedom, should show to the Russian subjects resident amongst us that distance from the land of their births cannot obliterate in American hearts the memories of that day, and desirous of signalizing the first 4th of July in Alaska, assembled in mass meeting, and chose a committee to make such arrangements as were in their power, whereby all nationalities here might participate in the commemoration of our national holiday.

The committee unanimously made choice of Hon. W. S. Dodge, the Collector of the Port and Mayor of the City of Sitka, as the Orator of the occasion; and W. H. Wood, Esq., was appointed Reader of the Declaration of Independence.

Every assistance possible was cheerfully rendered by Maj.-Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, commanding the Department of Alaska; and the citizens, with a rare unanimity.

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joined heartily in the plans of the committee, so that, although brief time was allowed and scant means attainable, yet the festivities of the day were such as would not shame many an older, richer, and more accessible community.

The programme adopted and carried out was as follows: At 10 o'clock A. M. there was a canoe race in the harbor, open to all canoes, the distance to be run being about a mile. Due notice had been given to the Indians, and long before the appointed hour the water was alive with boats, whose occupants were either bedizined in their best blankets and paint or stripped for the race. The wharf and surroundings were crowded with spectators, who cheered lustily as the winning boat passed the stand and approached to receive the prizes of blankets and other Indian finery.

At 2 o'clock P. M. a procession was formed to proceed to the mouth of Indian River, where, in a beautiful grove, the Committee had prepared a stand for the Orator and other distinguished guests, as well as tables for the collation.

Escorted by music, first came Battery "H," 2d U. S. Artillery, commanded by Capt. S. H. Kinney; next Co. "F," 9th U. S. Infantry, commanded by Lieut. M. C. Foot; then the Fire Engine, elegantly decorated with flowers and flags, having in a bower a young Russian Miss, representing the Goddess of Liberty, who well sustained a part to her so novel. The engine was manned by soldiers from both companies, and was the most striking feature of the procession. Then followed the Major-General Commanding and Staff, the Orator and Reader, the Chaplain and City Government, and citizens generally, all under the supervision of Bt-Major

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C. O. Wood, 9th Infantry, Marshal of the Day. Along the route of the procession many houses and stores were fancifully decorated, and flags waved from many a house-top—Russian as well as American—fraternization and good feeling being throughout the order of the day.

Arrived on the ground, the Reader and Orator having performed their duties, a few remarks were made by General Davis, and then commenced an onslaught upon the tables, stayed only by the rain. which unfortunately commenced falling shortly before the Orator had concluded. Notwithstanding this, the guns of the battery, at the conclusion of the speeches, fired the customary National salute, and every one returned home gratified at the proceedings of the day.

Ladies and children mingled in the festivities; good order and good feeling prevailed to an eminent degree. The Russian appreciated for the time being, as well as the American. "the blessings of free institutions;" and the Indians, even, went away satisfied that the children of their Great Father in Washington were no niggards.

In the evening there was a display of fireworks; and so passed the first 4th of July ever celebrated in what, but a short time since, we knew only as Russian America.

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Oration

Delivered July 4th, 1868,

AT

SITKA, ALASKA.

MY FELLOW-CITIZENS:

Appointed by you to serve as Orator on this occasion, I accept the honor, and will endeavor to address you as becomes an American citizen speaking in commemoration of the great and glorious services rendered by our patriot sires in the cause of country, humanity and God. And while I do this, I cannot forget that there are others here whose names are linked with political life heretofore, and whose career, marked by a rare combination of ability and eloquence, might more fitly render this interesting service. But you have willed it otherwise. Well, it is an honor which any person may well covet on ordinary occasions and under ordinary circumstances. How much greater the honor to be the first to vindicate the cause of our fathers and the principles of Democratic Government on a soil which, until a few months ago, was under the jurisdiction of one of the mightiest Autocrats of the Old World—a man whose word was law, and a law from which there was no appeal except through revolution and the flowing of blood!

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This day is sacred to liberty; this is our Fourth of July—a National Holiday! Other days have their significance and their peculiar consecration. Thanksgiving is dear to us, for then there is a general re-union of the family circle, around the old family hearth; Christmas is dear to us, as it touches the religious chords in our nature, and inspires us with renewed hope and faith in the severance of the soul from its tenement of clay, when summoned from earth, and its endless immortality in the world to come; New Year's is a day of hilarity and good-will, sportive pleasures and innocent joys, and while mayhap we shed a silent tear as the old year passes away, we freshen in our strength, and resolve manfully to run the next link in the chain of life; but of all the holidays in the American calendar, the Fourth of July is the "gladdest, merriest, maddest day in the year!"

To-day the nation sings a jubilant song, and its burden is liberty; to-day, from millions of house-tops, ship, masts and liberty poles, the "Star Spangled Banner," the emblem of our nationality, our faith, and our hope, floats to the breeze, filled with the air of freedom; to-day the pealing of bells, the rattle of musketry, the flash of cannon—"grim visaged dogs of war"—the firing of crackers and toy torpedoes, the joyous shout and wild acclaim, all proclaim freedom, all assert liberty as our birthright and heritage. Yes, fellow-citizens, to-day is peculiarily American. To-day we congratulate ourselves on being citizens of America; to-day we put on our Sunday clothes, look our best, bow to ourselves profoundly, and feel proud that we are such a mighty people; to-day, as some other orator has said, "the Great American Eagle screams his shrillest notes from his loftiest mountain aerie, and Young America flaps his wings and lustily crows his Yankee-doodle-doo."

Fellow-citizens, we are far away from those general scenes of jubilation—the waves of ocean roll between us and our *alma mater;* but let us none the less join in

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the exultation—offer our reverence to the principles of the fathers, and contribute our strength towards maintaining in the political heavens that flaming constellation of liberty around which all others revolve, and gain glory only from its borrowed light.

Let the lesson of to-dav, then, be "LIBERTY: HER STRUGGLES, PERILS AND TRIUMPHS." I do not purpose tiring your patience by any dissertation, "long-winded and astute," concerning the rise of liberty in the earlier ages of the world—how she appeared first like an altar fire in Greece, and then transplanted to Rome, linked herself to the banners of Cæsar's conquering legions awakening new theories and new ideas in the "British Isles of the Sea." No, this is history—a record of the long ago—recorded and accessible to the studious everywhere. It is only of liberty in America that we need contemplate. On this continent has been her great field of action—here have been witnessed her saddest reverses and her most glorious successes.

From the sad farewells of our Pilgrim Fathers at Deft Haven; from the embarkation upon the *Mayflower*, to cross the "Atlantic's wintry and stormy surge;" from the landing at Plymouth Rock; from the foundation of Massachusetts Colony, to the 18th of October, 1867, when the American Flag was raised, of right, over the soil of Russian America, is a mighty contrast, covering whole spaces of history, and such a history! Unroll the great scroll of recorded time from its beginning, and where can be found a greater panoramic display of events, a grander procession of results—bold, startling or dreadful in their conception, more astonishing, tragical or fearful in their consummation—than the last two hundred and fifty years reveal! This struggle for liberty, we may say, began in England, and originated in a quarrel in the Church. The Church of England then, as now, was national; but not then, as now, were the people allowed to worship God "according to the dictates of their own consciences." Every one was compelled to square their faith with the tenets

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of the Established Church. There were many who conscientiously could not do this, and they resisted the magisterial authority which sought to compel them into obedience to certain prescribed rules of worship and Christian life. Some still remained in the Church, and sought to "right the wrong" within its pale; others boldly disavowed all connection with it, and openly denounced its arbitrary power. The laws of conformity they pronounced "pestiferous, cruel, unjust, and unchristian." At the outset religious toleration was the object to be attained. But this struggle being prolonged and constantly growing more bitter and rancorous, the Church and State united, constantly imposing new burdens upon the non-conformists, amounting to persecution, and the political troubles soon afterwards arising under James I, great masses of the people thus doubly oppressed, joined in a common cause for religious and political emancipation. What was the effect? No description in Macauley is more beautiful, statlier, or more intensely interesting than that which, in historic diction, pictures the progress of this popular organization which, first under the name of Brownists, then as Separatists, and finally as Independents, with Oliver Cromwell as Leader, and John Milton, the great Poet, as Secretary, revolutionized England and triumphed everywhere—in Parliament, in Church, and in State. From this revolution sprang the heritage of liberty in our land. How humble the seed! how glorious the result! How noble the lesson it teaches us! It is the voice of Faith, more potent than armies and navies, prefiguring final triumph to all the devotees of right.

> "Naught shall prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings."

Leave now the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock. Bear in mind, however, the trials and sufferings they endured while upbuilding and pioneering a higher civilization and broader political views; while clearing almost

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impenetrable forests, and founding cities and towns; while instilling the generous ideas of independent labor and intellectual emancipation. For one hundred and fifty years the struggle for life and liberty continued, marked with varied successes, more or less important and significant. Then came another change—so sudden, so startling, that the thrones of Europe tottered to their very foundations. That change was the American Revolution—a change not merely in the form of government, but in the principles of government. For the first time in the history of the world was then enunciated a practical philosophy of the principles of Democratic Government. The ideas of despotism, autocracy and monarchy, whether absolute or limited, were all discarded, and the great political axioms—the very forefront and basis of the Declaration of Independence which you have heard read here to-day—were declared to be the foundation principles of all true government. Said the Fathers in that sacred instrument: "We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

This, fellow-citizens, is popular government; this is democracy; this is the creed of the American people. The leaders of that revolution were great men—great in intellect, in philosophy and eloquence, and in common sense. They knew what they were doing when they declared allegiance with Great Britain absolved; and when the elder Adams wrote, and the fiery Otis and Henry spoke, they meant what they said. They were men given to reflection; most of them were profound scholars. They were familiar with history; familiar with the thoughts of the great minds of the past, and they realized that which England's statesmen had always failed to admit, that the life of a nation is not in the

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national pocket, but in the conscience of the people. And the earnestness of their purpose is fully evinced when after the great Magna Charter of American liberty was signed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, just ninety-three years ago, John Adams calmly, yet forcibly, said: "From this day we must hang together, or we will hang separately." We all know they did hang together, and though few in numbers, they felt that truth, justice, and God was on their side, and clothed in that triple armor, they felt invincible and sure of success. The American people rallied around them; "war, stern arbiter of dispute," came close upon the heels of the Declaration. The Governors of the Colonies, representatives of King George, were proud, aristocratic, arbitrary, and unjust, looking only to the greatness of the throne, and never casting a thought, other than of contempt, upon the people. Already, at Lexington and Bunker Hill, had the red-coated soldiery and the citizens come into conflict, and the issue was no longer doubtful. King George having forgot to put justice into his Colonial Governments, they were doomed to fall like the house which the Scripture saith was built upon the sand. The entire population of the Colonies was small—only three millions of people—and yet it resolved to wage war in defense of its rights against the mightiest power in all Europe. Our patriot fathers kissed their wives and children, seized their muskets, and rushed forth to battle, to long, weary marches, to sufferings almost indescribable, to death itself. After seven years of war, of varying fortune, on land and sea, they triumphed! They had fought for liberty, and liberty, through them, was now sovereign, now supreme.

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

The next step in the progress of liberty in our land was the formation of the Constitution of the United States. This instrument is the embodiment of the

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practical philosophy of the fathers as expressed in the Declaration. Its cardinal principle is popular sovereignty, or the rule of the people. The thirteen original Colonies all joined in the support of this Constitution, framed by delegates elected for that purpose by the people themselves. By this system the Colonies became States, and all the country outlying was called eminent public domain, belonging to the General Government, for the future use and occupation of all the people of the Union. Each of these States had its own separate local government, for the regulation of its own internal concerns, subject only to such controlling power as the people had themselves imposed upon the local governments by vesting supreme authority in the National Constitution. Hence comes the beautiful, yet complex system of our Government. To-day we have thirty-six separate powerful Republics; each like the original thirteen, independent in its own sphere of action, and yet each and all blending and harmonizing into one greater, grander Republic, which embraces all and controls all

Eighty-one years have elapsed since this Government was framed. What progress has been made? From thirteen we have grown to thirty-six States! In the infant Territories, younger sisters of the now sister States, is a larger population than in all the Colonies when the revolutionary struggle was waged and won. From three millions we have grown to forty millions of people. From poverty, contempt, and disgrace, we have become wealthy, esteemed and honored by all the nations of the earth. Our commerce, our manufactures, our agriculture, our progress in science, in art, in literature is immense, astonishing the senses of the Europeans, dumbfounding the savants of the schools—at once a matter of pride and congratulation to ourselves. And all this is the natural outflowing from that generous principle of self-government, of liberty, regulated by self-imposed law.

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And this principle is everywhere prevailing. We see its silent yet effective working in the Parliament of England. Ireland, oppressed for ages, feels the inspiring breath of freedom as it is wafted across the Atlantic from our shores, and spasmodically strikes for liberty. Napoleon of France trembles lest the hour of retribution is near, when he shall ignobly perish for usurping the powers of the people, and, divesting himself of the simple robes of the citizen President, donning the royal purple of the Emperor. Classic, moribund Italy is constantly gaining life and hope, and the day is not far distant when she, too, will throw off completely the tyranny of Church and State, which so long has oppressed her, and take her place among the independent nations. Mazzini, Garabaldi, and a few other flaming apostles of liberty are there, and the leaven is at work. Russia has felt the ennobling power, and the present Emperor, by an edict which shall forever enshrine his memory among the great and good of earth, has forever emancipated from the thrall of serfdom millions of his subjects. Everywhere history justifies the assertion that free government is the true government for all races of men, and that the revolution which began in America with asserting the rights of man to self-government, will never cease until the wrongs of men are redressed.

"Mankind are by nature free and equal;
'Tis their consent alone gives just dominion."

But while freedom and self-government have prospered so well in America and have done so much for the world, it must not be forgotten that recently this system received a mighty shock, and for some time wise and grave men doubted if it would survive the struggle. I refer to the Great Rebellion of 1860–61. It is not necessary for me here to dilate upon the causes of that contest; they are stamped indelibly upon the hearts of our people and upon the page of history. Its origin, briefly stated, was the system of slavery

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which had been fastened upon us by the mother country anterior to the American Revolution. Its chief cause was the antagonistic idea which that system generated, that slavery under the Constitution was co-extensive in its rights, privileges and purposes, and that if interest dictated, slavery, not freedom, should become the paramount idea—the underlying principle of the Republic. It was an attempt on the one side to pervert the Constitution in its most unequivocal, unambiguous parts, discarding the Declaration of Independence as "sound, not sense," as a "glittering generality" and a revolutionary manifesto—an attempt to assume that capital, not labor, property, not liberty, is the great interest of the people, and that the rich, of right, are entitled to own body and soul their poorer neighbors, no matter what the color, intellectual standing or condition in life—an attempt to nationalize slavery and sectionalize freedom; an attempt to destroy free government and restore the old rule of monarchy or despotism. Many of freedom's defenders, on the other hand, without any just regard to the wishes of the masses, without any thought of what sound policy might dictate, or what the Constitution did guarantee concerning the system of slavery, resolved to carry the war into Africa. They, in their turn, asserted ideas just as impracticable, just as erroneous, just as outrageous to every sense of justice, propriety and right, as the advocates of slavery. Thus the contest commenced; not more than one-third of the people in the entire land interested themselves in the conflict. The other two-thirds quietly looked on, mere spectators. There was the fatal mistake; while they were considering the conflict as mere declamation, as buncombe, as child's play, angry passions were stirred, devilish purposes were formed, and all at once the thunder of revolution pealed in long and continuous rolls from the clear political sky; the heavens were suddenly covered, like a pall, with the dark and threatening clouds of secession, and the red

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hand of blood appeared in the midst of all, carrying consternation and terror all over the land.

The tocsin of war was sounded; great armies were marshaled on either side, and the terrible conflict began. The question at issue was Union and Liberty, or Disunion and Slavery. Four years passed away. Now victory perched on Union, anon on Rebel banner. Hundreds of thousands were slain; every household in the land was more or less stricken with grief, and millions of money expended, and billions more of debt contracted. And all for what? The annihilation of wrong, the destruction of evil tendencies, and with it the great wrong of slavery—the cause of all, the maintenance of the Union, and the perpetuity of the Constitution. And all l sad experience, because the sage counsel of Washington, the Father of our Country, concerning geographical lines and sectional parties, was discarded.

Fellow-citizens, the Union still stands; the Government still continues; the struggle in the field has ended, thank God! but the question of Reconstruction now agitates the nation from circumference to center. It belongs now to the peaceful agency of the ballot-box to consummate the rest. God grant it may be done! It cannot be expected that a Government purely popular shall always work harmoniously and smoothly, unruffled by exhibitions of human passions. This is human nature, and it will be displayed; to think otherwise would be to disregard the divine appointment.

Now that the Union has stood the shock of this great civil, internecine war; now that it is gradually settling the great question of Reconstruction; now that radicalisms and ultraisms are rapidly finding their proper level; now that the people, educated by sad experience, are comprehending the true path of National duty, and are striving to follow in it; now that calm reason resumes her sway—it is clear that all is safe, that the national unity will remain for years undisturbed, and that hereafter, more than ever before, we shall become the central figure in all govermental

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organizations, and that if we continue to have faith in freedom, in the cardinal principles of our Declaration, and in the just controlling powers of our National Constitution, we shall endure for centuries yet, and our political system become as fixed, as immutable, as eternal as the sun in yonder heavens.

The Federal Government, by a treaty with Russia, now has possession of this vast country, extending from the British domain on the east, to Behring Straits on the west, and from the Pacific on the south, to the Polar Ocean on the north. With the soil are transferred all the resources of the country, and all the Russian people who see proper to remain, at once, by operation of that treaty, become entitled to all the rights and privileges as well as subject to all the duties of natural born American citizens. Many among those now before me have changed their allegiance and filed their declarations with the proper military authorities; many more at other points along the coast will do so when opportunity offers. You all remember the ceremonies of transfer on the 18th of October, 1867. They were brief and diplomatic, yet interesting and impressive. Then Americans and Russians were placed side by side, in daily contact; opportunity was offered for each to observe the manners, habits, and customs of the other. The American soldiery commingled with the Russian soldiery; American citizens mixed with Russian citizens; and citizens and soldiers associated together. This union proved pleasant, and has been productive of good. Never did a foreign people extend a heartier welcome to Americans than was universally witnessed here; and I trust, indeed I feel assured, that this kindly feeling has been and is continually being reciprocated. We met as friends; we shall continue friends. We each differ in our habits and ways in many respects; we each can learn from the other. Constant contact has rubbed away the sharp edges of dissimilarity, and fraternal feeling is ever increasing. Fortunately for

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the American citizens, for the Russian citizens and residents, and for the government, the distinguished General, Jefferson C. Davis, whom I have the honor to see before me, and whom during the war I met frequently on the field of patriotic duty, was appointed to take charge of this now infant Territory of the United States. He has watched our welfare with fatherly care, and has ever been ready to lend a helping hand in all our needs. Although a soldier, accustomed to exercise discipline over men, he has not forgotten that he is a *man*; although a soldier, he remembers that he has been a citizen, and that citizens have rights which all are bound to respect; although a soldier, he knows and feels that it is no less honorable to be a good citizen, and that to be an American citizen is greater than to be a king. Thus endowed with that happy faculty of appreciating what is the soldier's and what is the citizen's due; and with that other happier and better faculty—plain common sense, he sees the line of demarkation between the civil and military power, and neither desires to arrogate to himself the functions of the former, nor does he prove lax in the exercise of the powers of the latter.

Upon assuming command, it was found that there was a considerable body of citizens already here, many Americans—the ready pioneers of new enterprises and industries; some foreigners from British Columbia, and many more Russian subjects and residents, constituting in all a population of some twenty-five hundred souls. Like all towns with which the Yankee element becomes engrafted, affairs speedily assumed a business shape. Stores were erected, markets were opened, private depots for the fur trade were established, saw mills were put in motion, and the commerce of the place at once became considerable. These things all showed the necessity of some organization among the people, that the just and equitable rights of all might be secured. The military stood ready to protect all to the extent of its power. But there were other mat-

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ters constantly arising which it seemed difficult to solve, and which were beyond and outside of the strict military administration. Thus embarrassed, and feeling that these needs would increase continually, the citizens, as by intuition, met together, and at a series of primary meetings resolved to organize a local municipal government, to secure and forward their interests so far as such a government, necessarily limited in its powers, could do. Unwilling to take these steps without first informing the Commanding General of their intention and ascertaining his views in the matter, a committee was appointed, who addressed him a letter on the subject, to which he promptly and generously responded that "if the citizens of Sitka think that the time has come for such an organization, and their necessities require them to exercise their privileges as American citizens, and they are willing to assume the responsibility and incur the expense of a city government, the undersigned has no desire to interpose any objection, and will give the citizens every assistance in his power compatible with his military duties here."

Grateful for this hearty co-operation in their plan for a local government, another meeting was held and a committee of three was appointed to frame a municipal charter. It does not become me to eulogize that instrument, but I will say, that two at least of the members (Gen. N. J. T. Dana and Dr. A. H. Hoff), are men of large experience, sound learning and well fitted for the part they performed. And I will say further, that this organic act was drawn under great disadvantages. The committee had not the privilege of examining a single city charter elsewhere—not even the means to refer to a single state constitution or territorial enactment—and yet their labor produced a charter under which we have lived contentedly, and the administration of affairs under it goes smoothly and well. It defines what shall be the city limits and its name; it establishes executive, legislative, and judicial powers; provides for revenue from taxation, im-

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provements and the maintenance of the poor; it vests the judicial power in a court which has cognizance of all cases, civil and criminal, save in suits when the title to public land is involved. It offers ample protection to all interests, and every encouragement to honest industry and enterprise; and more than all, and above all, it provides for the establishment of a Free Public School—America's boast and blessing—and from its very nature instills into the minds and hearts of our people the foundation principles of free institutions and American civilization. And this is enough: it is a proud beginning, and none of us hereafter need feel ashamed for our anxiety at this time to plant on this soil with the raising of the American flag, the concomitants which constitute its greatness.

And yet, fellow-citizens, there are those among us, a few however, God be praised!—some claiming to be citizens, and some wearing the livery of honorable officers in the army and navy, who affect to despise this local government; who are always talking to others sneeringly of it, who boast what they will or will not do, and who seem to ache to bring about some conflict by which they can test its strength. With an ignorance which is woeful, with a purpose which is devilish, with an effrontery which would shame Satan himself, they proclaim that the people of Sitka have no right to form this government; that their acts are illegal, without warrant in the national constitution or in common law, and that the day is not far distant when its usurpations of power will be crushed and its pretended authority overturned. Profound thinkers! astute jurists! learned men! The nations—the states—to which you belong, lost the finest jewels from their caskets of fame, when you left their borders to waste your mighty powers away in this northern country, amongst a few pitiable Americans, Russians and Indians.

Go back! for I feel sure that you have mistaken your calling, and your own dear people will welcome

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you as their leaders—their Moses—in teaching them the philosophy of your new theories of government.

My fellow-citizens, I am happy to say that these grumblers—these contemners of our efforts at the maintenance of a local government—are mostly of foreign extraction, and if they did not "leave their country for their country's good," at least they are now deriving their livelihood by the aid of those whose acts they affect to despise. To those among you who are Americans, I will say that you are unfit to have the title; for you, by your actions, ignore the Declaration of Independence, discard the teachings of the fathers, and trample under foot the Constitution. You ignore the plainest principles of the law of nature, the facts of history, and the declared practice of Americans all over our land, and particularly on the Pacific coast. Who does not know that hundreds of town organizations existed in California and Oregon independent of any territorial or congressional enactment previous to their admission as states? Did Congress declare the organizations illegal? Did it reprimand the people for presuming to govern themselves? No; on the contrary, it legalized all their acts, save such as had interfered in the disposition of the public domain. Knowing this to be contrary to the National Constitution and the statute law, we have not meddled with the lands, any further than to declare that the man who shall bona fide occupy a town lot, shall be protected in his rights, until such time as the proper authorities shall settle titles.

And our acts, like those of other communities, will be sanctioned. No sooner had we organized the municipal government than the City Council, in an ably written address, petitioning Congress for the organization of a Territorial Government, enclosed to that honorable body a copy of the city charter, together with the signatures of the citizens who had signed it, and who, in so doing, pledged themselves to maintain

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and obey it. If we had been guilty of gross usurpations of power, if our acts were illegal, would we not have been notified of it long ago? Would not the General commanding the Department have been instructed to break up our organization? The whole argument of these men is farcical, a bug-a-boo, and is only fit to rank with Tom Brown's exploded theories that toads have stones in their heads and ostriches digest iron. With these remarks I dismiss the subject.

Fellow-citizens: the great need of this country is the organization of a civil government; not because we are illy used under military rule, but because such a government is needed to induce emigration, to develop the resources of the country, and to give it character at home. Americans love civil rule, and they will have it. The true interests of the people require it; capital is needed, labor is needed; each is the handmaid of the other. With a Territorial Government, both of these requisites will be attained in a greater or less degree. If some members of Congress had not been so foolish as to injure their own reputations by their nonsensical talk and their disgraceful attempt to openly violate the plighted faith of the nation with Russia—the warmest and most steadfast friend of our country among all the powers of the Old World—in the payment for this territory, purchased more than a year ago, but, like high-minded men, had promptly voted the appropriation and passed a Territorial Organic Act for Alaska, a different state of things would be ours to-day. These enemies to the purchase of this territory are constantly publishing in the papers the most outlandish reports in regard to this country and its people. Now, we hear that Sitka is surrounded with icy mountains, and that it is so cold that we are absolutely freezing for want of sufficient clothing. Anon, we learn that the Bay of Sitka is frozen over away out to the headlands of the ocean, and that vessels cannot enter to relieve the starving garrison. Again, we hear that it rains every day in the

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year, and the sun never shines. Soon afterwards, that the country will not produce anything, and that subsistence is impossible. All here can testify to the falsity of these reports. It has been the common remark of all Americans, excepts its enemies—a few gangrened naval officers—that last winter was as mild and pleasant a season as they ever saw. The lowest the thermometer ever ranged was at nine degrees below zero, and that only three times during the whole winter. Very few among us wore over-coats. As to the freezing of the harbor, the statement just made proves its untruth. The gardens now under cultivation around us in the care of our own people, show that nearly every kind of vegetable will grow, and of fine flavor and quality. Next season the garden culture will be much more extensive; and the experiment will be tried as to wheat, corn, and other cereals.

The wealth, however, of this territory is in its immense fisheries; probably no country in the world is its equal. From the whale, which we often see blowing even in yonder bay, to the salmon and herring, which blacken the very waters of our harbor, there is every variety, and inexhaustible quantities. Already a few fisheries have been established along the coast. The establishment of the Russian Commercial Company, organized this Spring at Ozersky, fifteen miles from Sitka, is doing finely, and the fishermen employed, Gloucester or Marblehead men, feel confident that the "catch" this season will be at least four thousand barrels of salmon. Baronovitz, at Cassan, expects with his limited means to put up one thousand barrels. And every one present, familiar with the coast in this vicinity, knows now that an hundred other establishments could do as well, and properly equipped, vastly better. The cod and the halibut, too, are of superior quality, and offer a rich harvest to the fisherman who engages in the work. Other sources of wealth have been discovered. Mining parties this summer have found gold on the Takou and the Stickine, and the most favorable results

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are expected from Walden's party, who pushed up the latter river early this spring, and who will return early in September. Several coal fields have been discovered, and the coal is pronounced equal, if not superior, to that at Navaimo, British Columbia. The specimen brought from Cake, or Kake, by Captain White, of the Revenue Cutter *Wayanda*—a large lump, weighing some twenty-five pounds, and beautiful in its appearance—has already been forwarded to the Secretary of the Treasury, with his report of its situation and its practicability of working. The mines at Ouchnaho are proved a success, and are now being worked by Captain Mitchell, of the navy, for the government use, at the rate of ten to twenty tons per day.

The seal fishery is another great field of enterprise, and in this there is already a lively competition. From this port alone, during the months of April and May, thirteen vessels cleared for St. Paul's and Ounoulaska. One large company—Hutchinson, Kohl & Co.—with headquarters here, have bought out all the interest which the Russian American Company formerly owned, and now have three steamers, besides several sailing vessels, engaged in this pursuit. Three or four other companies, with ample capital, are also zealously at work. And to this subject the speedy attention of Congress should be directed. The seal is a valuable animal, and if proper regulations are established by Congress and enforced, this branch of fishery will alone in a few years repay the government for the money expended in the purchase of the territory. If Congress does not act, competition will, in the indiscriminate slaughter of this animal, drive them from our shores, and this source of gain will be lost forever.

Concerning the protection of the seal fisheries at Saint Paul's, Saint George's, and the other islands of Behring's Sea, I am satisfied, from all I can learn in this regard from the Russian Managers, that the General Government will be compelled to adopt and enforce, for a time at least, the most stringent regulations.

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Three plans for the attainment of this end seem to present themselves:

First—The granting of a royalty to some well established and responsible company—with exclusive privileges for a certain term of years, upon the payment of a certain specific sum—say fifty cents for each seal killed—under well-defined conditions and restrictions, specifying the manner and the maximum of the killing.

There is no doubt in my mind, that the granting of a franchise or royalty would best secure the permanent protection of this species of animal; but it is objectionable to many, because the granting of exclusive privileges is contrary to the general policy of our government, and tends to aid in the establishment of a mighty monopoly.

Second—General competition among all classes of traders and fishermen in this direction, under such regulations as Congress or the proper department may impose. This, however, would compel the establishment of military posts on all the sealing islands, as well as the maintenance of a man-o'-war to cruise in those waters. Hence the expense would be great and much of it needless.

Third—The confinement of the entire seal killing to the natives of the islands, permitting the traders to operate outside, either hiring the natives under contract or purchasing from them. This is the simplest and most efficacious mode of protection. I have conversed with the Russian authorities fully on this matter, and they all express their opinion in favor of this latter plan.

The islanders, taught by the long experience of the Russian Company, cannot be persuaded to kill these animals except in the old way. Hence their continued preservation. Restrict this business, then, to them; forbid mercenary adventurers, (who would ruthlessly wage an indiscriminate slaughter, even at the expense of a complete annihilation of these valuable animals, for the sake of reaping a sudden fortune for them-

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selves), from any participation in it, and the whole question of protection is solved.

And to secure the enforcement of this law will demand no great outlay. The government will always require during the sealing and trading seasons the services of a revenue cutter in these waters. An officer can be detailed on this special duty, and with frequent communication with the cutter, his authority will be as potent as that of a man-o'-war or a company of soldiers. Besides, these simple-minded people will be freed from the contaminating influences, which seem to be unavoidable concomitants of the presence of either force. Thus much for the sealing interests of the territory.

Upon the assumption of Federal authority in this territory came the establishment of customs regulations, and this place was declared a port of entry. Immediately upon the raising of the Stars and Stripes, was unfurled the Revenue Flag, declaring commerce open to all the world, subject to national laws. The first thing was to change the nationality of all the vessels belonging to the country, thereby adding to the American merchant service. This is being done as fast as opportunity offers, and to-day the Port of Sitka alone presents a creditable amount of shipping. There are belonging to us four steamers, one ship, two barks, three brigs, and four schooners, making two thousand two hundred and twenty tons, aggregate measurement. And notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which we labor, the commerce of this port has been considerable. From the Collector's office, I have gathered the following official statement; it covers six months, from January 1st to July 1st, 1868.

During that period the amount of imports admitted and paying duty were valued at $26,661 52; the export trade reached the sum of $277,954 67. Nor has the coastwise trade been at all insignificant. During the same time there was entered at this port stores and trading goods valued at $91,413 97. There was also

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cleared for domestic ports below and along the coast of Alaska, merchandise to the amount of $59,781 81. Nor do these statements include any stores entered for the use of the army and navy, either here or at other points along the coast. The local trade is also of importance. From estimates furnished by the merchants, the trade with the whites, Americans, and Russians, will average $70,000 the present year. The trade with the Indians—the Sitkas, encamped near us—will fully equal if it does not exceed $50,000.

Surely for a town which has only been under American rule for eight months, and without the advantage as yet of any development of the natural resources of the country, we need not be ashamed of our position as a commercial port. How much greater our importance, how much greater the benefit to our commerce, country, and ourselves, when the National Government shall form for us a civil code, which freely, generously, and bountifully administered, will tend to promote the settlement of this vast public domain, and to build upon it towns, cities, and States—nurseries of future greatness and power. There is the certain wealth of the New England States in the fisheries and forests of this territory, and untold riches in minerals beneath its surface. Once establish regular communication with the States, once induce capital to lend its aid in assisting labor, and the day is near at hand when this territory will prove as valuable as British Columbia, and a strong pillar in the support of the mighty arch of the Union itself. With Addison's Cato, we may say:

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success;
> But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

Fellow-citizens: there are many other topics which I might touch upon, but I forbear; they all suggest themselves to thinking, candid men. Charles Sumner, in his speech on "The Cession of Russian America," not only made a valuable contribution to literature, but he gave to the world, and to the American people especially,

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information concerning the illimitable resources, climatology, and population of this country, which we, from our observation and information from other sources, fully justify and maintain. It is literally true; none of it is overdrawn. And although a portion of the people now ridicule the treaty negotiated by Secretary Seward, whereby we have gained possession of this far distant land, the years are not many when the country will bless him for this very act, and pronounce him the ablest and most far-sighted statesman of the age in thus pacifically attaining so important a step towards the final and exclusive dominion of the entire North American Continent.

One word more and I am done. I have, in my humble way, briefly reviewed the great landmarks in the history of liberty on this continent; I have touched upon its struggles, its perils, and its triumphs. Who would not be a citizen of America? Our government, founded on just and equal laws; founded on the principles of human nature; on the golden rules of religion, seems specially favored of God, and its power and extension of empire is now almost fabulous. To-day the flag we love so well waves in triumph over a stretch of country almost uninterrupted from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Now we are on the dividing line between the eastern and western hemispheres—between America and Asia. The bounds of a newer and a higher cultivation are extended; commerce has new fields in which to operate; the honest and hardy miners here have a broad expanse of territory to explore and develop; the General Government obtains a new acquisition of people to serve as its defenders; and all these in turn are kindly protected in their rights by the American Flag and the Ægis of the National Constitution. Hereafter when our country shall need our aid, either to crush rebellion or repel invasion, Russians and Americans will be found joining heart and hand in defense of the national power, even as Cassius and Brutus, on the field of Phillipi, together upheld the liberties of Rome.

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[redacted] Samuel,
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FUNCTIONS OF A CITY.

AN

ORATION

BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1868.

BY SAMUEL ELIOT, LL.D.

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, CITY PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET.
1868.

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CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 6, 1868.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council are due, and they are hereby tendered, to Samuel Eliot, LL. D., for the exceedingly appropriate, interesting and eloquent Oration delivered before the Municipal Authorities of this City on the Fourth of July instant, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

Passed. Sent down for concurrence.

G. W. MESSINGER, *Chairman.*

In Common Council, July 9, 1868.

Concurred.

CHAS. H. ALLEN, *President.*

Approved, July 10, 1868.

NATHL. B. SHURTLEFF, *Mayor.*

A true copy.

Attest:

S. F. McCLEARY, *City Clerk.*

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ORATION.

BOSTON, OLD AND NEW.

THE Boston that hailed the early birthdays of the nation has almost passed away. A few of its historic buildings keep their places, but with changed aspects and generally changed associations. Three or four of its churches remain, but in localities so altered as to alter them, and even to forebode their removal. Its mansions have completely vanished. Their stately fronts, their fair proportions of height and breadth, their wide halls, easy stairs, massive wainscots and graceful alcoves, the trees before them, the vines climbing their porches, the flowers blooming beneath their windows, the terraces and gardens surrounding them, linger only in remembrance. Remembrance itself but faintly recalls the streets like those of present villages, the open spaces then styled greens, the pastures where cattle browsed, the fields unoccupied except in the playtime of children, the shores that met the water with lips it did not shrink from kissing. The very

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hills which gave the place its first name, instead of having proved everlasting, have sunk beneath the spade, their loftiness brought literally to the dust. Even the sea washing our peninsula, no more

"Unchangeable save to its wild waves' play,"

finds its azure brow wrinkled with walls and marked by lines of building where fluttered, years ago, a garland of snowy sails.

Another Boston has arisen on the old foundations and the new. Once a single neighborhood, it is now a group of neighborhoods; once a society of personal acquaintances, now a population of indistinct connections, where men cannot inquire into one another's affairs with the same success as of yore; a scene formerly of limited, latterly of expanded action, of customs shaped according to a broader rule, of enterprises laid out upon a larger scale, of relations more complex, systems more varied, standards more aspiring; no longer a town but a city, with all the present, all the future prospects of which a city is the centre. Imagine a citizen of the Revolution, or of the War of 1812, returning hither to find his birthplace buried beneath a warehouse, his church swallowed up in an abyss of traffic, an avenue where he skated, and a long vista of reef-stone façades where he bathed. Follow him on

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the round of our institutions, especially those where foreign tongues prevail over the native, and pieces of the Old World appear to have fallen on the New. He might find cause to think Boston as unlike its former self as some of its statues to their originals. Then hear him warned, as we are, that the city is declining, and that unless its capitalists provide it with half a dozen new railroads to the interior, and its harbor commissioners give it a new channel to the sea, its doom is sealed. Ah, he might exclaim, it needs the opening of a vein or two to reduce its symptoms of plethora. Signs of decay they cannot be; these sights and sounds, these throngs, these labors, these excitements are not the hectic of decline. Would he not be right? Does not the handwriting upon our walls promise better things than the overthrow of the city, or the transfer of its prosperity to its neighbors?

Not content with her own expansion, Boston has lately taken unto herself her sister Roxbury. Not a marriage exactly, but a joining of hands, an endowing each other with their worldly goods (to say nothing of their debts), it has made of twain one city. Common memories, common associations and common interests prepared the connection; now that it is consummated, they foreshow its happiness. Brought to-day before the national altar, and blending in the national festival

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for the first time, let the union of the sisters and of the sisters' sons be confirmed in these hours of patriotic commemoration.

AGE OF GREAT CITIES.

In becoming a city, Boston shares in a characteristic movement of the period. Our age has been called the Age of Great Cities, and there is as good reason for this name as for any other which it bears. For the cities of the time are not only greater, taken together, than those of former times, but more numerous, more widely spread, and above all, more active in the work which in all ages falls chiefly to them.

This work is civilization, a term that cannot be explained but by going back to its Latin root, where we find the citizen, and with him, the city. Men scatter, in order to discover; they concentrate, in order to civilize. When the city brings them together, mingling their numbers and their interests, it sets them across the dividing line between barbarism and civilization. It carries them farther and farther into the civilized region by augmenting their resources and enabling them to meet the multiplying demands of their new situation. Civilization is a costly process, especially in the modern era. To all the expenses it involved in the

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days of old, to all the operations of government, all the luxuries of society, all the splendors of the arts and sciences, are added in our day the claims of public education, the exhaustless purposes of charity and faith. Every reform of this generation, every hope of soothing the afflicted or recovering the lost, every effort to make sunshine in a shady place, is expensive, often lavishly expensive, though not a dollar be wasted, but dollar upon dollar be saved in the end. No civilizing agency can do much without a fund to draw upon. Philosophy used to shake her head, insisting that nothing was surer to ruin a people than their becoming rich. But she confesses now-a-days that poverty is a greater drawback than wealth upon social advancement. What Burke said of public virtue is equally true of civilization, that "being of a nature magnificent and splendid, instituted for great things and conversant about great concerns, it requires abundant scope and room, and cannot spread and grow under confinement, and in circumstances straitened, narrow and sordid." It was the love, not the use of money which the Apostle pronounced the root of all evil; the use that implies no love for it in itself is the root of much good. If the history of civilized nations teaches any lesson, if travel among the uncivilized brings back any testimony, it is the necessity of wealth to civiliza-

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tion. For this there must be concentration, for this the solitary must be set in families, families in communities, and communities in cities.

The Age of Great Cities therefore, signifies the Age of Great Civilization. It is a title which the cities may be proud to give, and the age to wear, a title not merely of grandeur or power, but of liberality and tenderness, including all sorts and conditions of humanity, its sufferings as well as its triumphs, and its "still, sad music" as well as its loudest hallelujahs.

FUNCTIONS OF A CITY.

If Boston is to be among the great cities of civilization, she must do more than annex her suburbs or fill in her water lots, more than build her blocks or rear her monuments, more, much more, than swell the volume of her taxes; for neither territory nor population, neither architecture nor any other art, not even that of the assessor, establishes the greatness of a city. To this, internal growth is indispensable, the powers increasing with the frame, the mind and the heart expanding with the body, the immaterial elements corresponding with the material. A city is no inorganic mass growing by simple accretion, but an organism of various and mysterious forces developing from within.

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Its functions determine its rank, just as the classification of any living being is determined. They constitute its character, its history. If great, they render it great, and it ascends with as little effort as the dawn to a place among the cities of civilization.

FUNCTIONS NOT OF A CITY.

There are some, indeed, many things which a city cannot do. It has no direct share in the labors of which the country is the natural field. It cultivates no land, produces no food, not even the water which it needs. It has no mines to open, no fabrics, compared with those of the great manufacturing centres, to call its own. It does not act upon nature, except to obliterate it, or upon most of the products of nature until they have been worked up elsewhere. For what it receives from abroad, it offers in return the values produced by its citizens as artisans, merchants, or members of the different professions, using these words in their broadest sense. Neither does nature act upon the city, or upon the people within its borders, for here they are beyond her reach, beyond her skyey or earthy influence, save in their public gardens, and even there, the builders are apt to crowd upon the gardeners.

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Furthermore, there are many things which, though they may be done in a city, may not be done by a city, but by its citizens. Municipal energy has one sphere, individual energy another, and much the wider, embracing affairs of every kind and powers of every degree. So far from substituting the city for its citizens in their undertakings, they should be substituted for it in any of its undertakings which they can safely assume. The newspapers of a few days or weeks ago published a letter from one of the best friends our country has in Europe, saying how much he was impressed by the difference between the town or commune in France which manages its citizens, and the town in the United States which its citizens manage. It is the difference between centralization and self-government, between the system which makes a man a puppet, and that which makes him a free agent, between that which fits him more and more for subjection, and that which fits him more and more for liberty. Paris has been called the Bostonian's paradise, but never the Bostonian's city. Nor would he ever choose it as the scene of his civil existence; for this, he wants opportunities of action which the French capital, with all its magnificence, cannot supply.

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POLITICAL FUNCTIONS.

The functions of a city are, in the first place, political. The earliest city, whether that named Enoch or another, was the earliest political lever to move the world. Throughout the ancient generations, the weapons with which they plucked bright honor were their cities, within whose walls their power centred, and in whose names their fame extended over the earth. As the chief means of defence to their inhabitants, they gradually became the means of such freedom as was then possible, sometimes the mere negation of despotism, sometimes the positive assertion of nascent liberties. All that was freest in the politics of antiquity, all that gave them general animation, sprang directly or indirectly from the city. The times were so unripe for any broader principle, for anything like modern nationality, that every attempt at such appears to have failed the moment it was made. Only a local organization like a municipality could establish itself in a period when democracy was fierce and absolutism yet fiercer, when fire and the sword were the portion of states, and the clouds under which men contended seldom turned forth a silver lining. It was an imperfect liberty,

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not merely in being municipal, without any national admixture, but also in being the monopoly of a ruling class, or in other words, the liberty of the ruler. Its hour soon came, and it fell, but not in lifeless ruin. Out of its crumbled foundations, later ages derived much of the material for their own institutions, and when the time arrived for the city to be restored, the free towns of the Continent and the boroughs of England appeared, not like their forerunners, in the grasp of a dominant order, but open to the middle or burgher classes, plebeian rather than patrician, the cradles of the Commons. English history has no more stirring narrative than that which tells how, when the crown was on an imbecile head, and most of the higher offices were in strangers' hands, when the Charter was habitually violated, and the rights of the nation were incessantly invaded, until the public distresses culminated in civil war, then, close upon the first victory of the national party, their leader, Simon de Montfort, summoned the boroughs to send their representatives to the Parliament of 1265. There municipal freedom and national at last met together, and there, as they clasped hands, began that movement which, more than any other earthly influence, has controlled the

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modern states, and given to some of them the possession, to all of them the hope of liberty.

Of the many subsequent blows struck for freedom by the Commonalty of England, none was more effective than their colonization of these American shores. Here, where every good seed from the Old World was destined to spring up and bear a hundredfold, the city, or as it used to be termed, the town, grew into larger life. No longer the heritage of a single class, upper or lower, it became that of the whole community, around whose private and public resorts it spread in overhanging clusters of freedom. It was at once a refuge and an inspiration to our ancestors. It confirmed their habits of law and order; it strengthened them in their colonial as well as their municipal relations, and prepared them for the day when the tempest lowered from beyond the sea. The town here was always free, enacting its own ordinances, choosing its own magistrates, and administering its own affairs. It felt the heavy hand of the mother country, not as the town, but as a part of the colony, on which alone the immediate oppressions of crown or parliament descended. The foreigner who has best divined our institutions, Alexis de Tocqueville, said, years ago, that the sovereignty

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of the people in the town was "not only an ancient, but a primitive state" in America.

So, when the tempest came, and the air was thick with revolution, the towns of the threatened colonies stood firm. Boston unhesitatingly placed herself at their head. Her Town House, — let us be thankful that its shell, if nothing more, is spared, — was "the first scene," as John Adams declared, "of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain," when James Otis, "a flame of fire," blazed out in burning argument against Writs of Assistance, and "breathed into the nation the breath of life." "Then and there," exclaimed Adams, "the child Independence was born." It was to Boston that British troops were first despatched, a century ago this very year, to crush the infant Liberty. It was here, below the same building in which the birth occurred, that the first baptismal blood was shed in the massacre of March. It was here, in the waters of the Bay, that the tea which symbolized parliamentary taxation was poured out on a December night in one deep draught for freedom. It was here that the Port Bill, following Xerxes' example, would have scourged the very waves for sharing in the rebellion of the people. And here, at the breaking of the day, the morning stars of Lexington and, nearer yet, of Bunker Hill, shone in the horizon, until the sunrise fell on Dor

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chester Heights, where he whom the nation gave to deliver the town, achieved his first great victory. All through these years of trial, all through the years that came after, Boston never faltered:

> "Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
> Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!
> Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
> Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

As Boston followed then, so she did again in the yet more terrible storm, when the telegraph brought from Washington a demand for fifteen hundred men; when the first to respond, three Marblehead companies, marched from the railway to Faneuil Hall in rain and sleet which the welcome-shouting crowds seemed to mistake for sunshine; when Boston troops were arming, Boston men giving, Boston women working, Boston children sympathizing; when the flag streamed from every staff and above almost every door, its sacred hues crowning the city with a halo of undying patriotism; when our heroic Governor had no need to speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward, for forward, of their own accord, they plunged into the red sea of war, so that he could write back to Washington on the self-same day of the call for aid, "I find the amplest proof of a warm devotion to the country's cause on every hand to-day," words that might serve

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for a national watchword as long as the nation lasts; then Boston, in common with Massachusetts, gave full proof of her fidelity, not only to her own liberty, but to the liberty of the Union.

The political functions of a city are never confined to its own limits. It belongs to the nation, and if true to its duties, nay if true to its instincts, it must minister to the national well-being. Montaigne said he was a Frenchman only by virtue of Paris. We are not Americans only by virtue of Boston, and yet the better Bostonians we are, the better Americans we shall be. Charles River does not more surely tend to Massachusetts Bay, or the Bay to the ocean, than the city built by these waters tends to the nation. If, like the child who held the shell to his ear, we have ever listened to the city and its voices, we have heard

> "Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed
> Mysterious union with its native sea,"

that sea, the Indivisible Republic. Our local institutions have often been charged with weakening the central government. But wherever they have not been tampered with, they have written out a record over which they and the Union may well rejoice together.

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EDUCATIONAL FUNCTIONS.

The educational functions of a city are at once a cause and an effect of the political. A cause, since education is necessary to liberty; and an effect, since liberty is necessary to education or to general education. Free communities, above all others, need free schools, where the young can be prepared for the liberties into which they are to enter. On the other hand, free schools need free communities from which they will receive the requisite support almost without the asking. Elsewhere they have an artificial, here a natural life, in keeping with the life around it, set in a kindly soil, fed by the air and moisture of congenial skies. From schools abroad, ours may borrow a theory here, a practice there; from some, thoroughness; from others, refinement; from all, whatever superior traits may distinguish them. But from none, from no educational institutions in the world, have ours anything to borrow with regard to the public spirit which maintains them. In this, ours easily take the lead. Such a connection as exists between them and the homes around them, such a harmony in the purposes of the teacher, the child and the parent, such a unity of educational and social

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interests, is unknown under exclusive institutions. The free country and the free school are like mother and daughter to each other.

Born of the common will and nurtured by the common affection, our schools remain a part of the com munity rather than of the Government. To them, as to any other constituency, the city lends a helping hand, founding them where they are needed, and administering them as their circumstances require. One asks for organization; another already organized, for a new building, or, if preferring bread to stone, for a new course of instruction; whatever their demands, reasonable and at times unreasonable, they are almost sure to be gratified. Two centuries and a half of such care, honorable alike to the city that has given and to the schools that have received it, are nearly past, and it is as unwearied as ever.

This relation between the city and its schools renders their improvement practicable at any time. To reform is not to upheave, but to establish them, provided only that the reformation is wisely executed. Perhaps the great principles of education are not so mutable as they are sometimes regarded; easily shaken, they do not appear to be easily overthrown or even displaced. But with respect to many of their applications, an opinion is generally forming, if not formed, that these should

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be changed. Teacher and pupil alike desire it; vigor of body or of mind, in both, depends upon it; the culture of the school and of the community is to be determined by it; why should it be delayed? Educational reform is not like a certain mountain that refuses to be pierced, despite the profusions of legislatures and the profits of contractors. It is a comparatively gentle slope which our chariot wheels may surmount without much difficulty, if they do not tarry too long. "While you are considering," said Dr. Johnson, "which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learned them both." We may yet be deliberating what improvement to begin with, when others have already effected it, and many another after it. Each obstacle, if not removed, increases; each evil that might be checked, but is not, becomes more and more portentous. The longer our faces are set in a wrong direction, the longer it will take to turn them in the right one. At the coronation of George III., the Lord Steward had trained his horse to back down the hall after the presentation of a cup to the king, but the steed backed up the hall, and brought the steward with his back to his sovereign. It is a pity to train our children to walk backwards, a pity to teach them anything which they will have to unlearn hereafter.

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It seems as if the system which has done so much might do yet more. It lies somewhat too motionless upon the waters; the mast creaks, the sails flap, and the helm appears to be in an uncertain grasp. Bell after bell strikes, and the watch is called. Let it be the beginning of a new effort to set the ship upon her course, and to carry her, with her precious freight of children, to shores as yet unknown in education.

For the majority of our children, their mere presence, persuasive in freshness and promise, the anxieties of parents, the sympathies of friends, are powerful means to bring about all desirable reforms. But for others whose aspect has no charm, whose prospects excite no enthusiasm, whose parents and friends are often their worst enemies, for these, children of the streets rather than of the schools, many a voice must be uplifted, before they are cared for as they should be. Boston never did a better deed than in providing instruction for her newsboys and others like them. She has but to follow up that step, and either to open new, or adapt existing schools to all her children, in order that they may be snatched from the dangers which waylay them. Should any, thus enabled to choose the good, prefer the evil, still let them be treated as childish, not as hardened offenders. You knock truancy on the head by sending the truant to the reformatory; but

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you also run the risk of stunning his better nature forever. No reformatory, however faithfully administered, can put off the likeness of a prison or put on the likeness of a home; yet nothing but a home can enable this spirit, parched by years of desolation, to bear blossoms of childhood. The more of a vagrant he is, the more he needs domestic dews. Offspring of misery or sin, brought by the stream to the foot of our Palatine, the wolf will be his only nurse until the shepherd carries him to the woman's arms. Instead of being shut up with those who have perhaps fallen lower than he has done, he should find the discipline he needs in mingling with others unlike himself and learning the sweet lessons of love.

The principle of attraction, as wonderworking in education as in any other cause, has yet to expand in our schools. Make them more winning, and this makes them more commanding. Give them gentleness and this gives them strength. Whatever increases their power of attracting, increases also their power of teaching and governing their pupils. "I may be drawn by a thread," said a Rhode Island representative in a long-forgotten Congressional skirmish, "but I never can be driven by the club of Hercules." The less of the club and the more of the thread in the management of our schools, the deeper they will be set in the affec-

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tions of their children; the deeper, too, in the affections of all who hold their children dear. Were there no other reason than the beauty introduced by it, the musical instruction now forming a part of our system would deserve to be cherished. But it has other recommendations, as a means of discipline, as a development of human faculties, and as an illustration of Divine harmonies. A city ought to be the home of all the arts. They owed their first great triumphs to the cities of antiquity, their next to the mediæval cities; why should they not owe their latest to the cities of the modern age? And where, if they are taught among us, can the first lessons in some of them be more fittingly given than in our schools? Great artists would not be multiplied; but troops of contented pupils would be. They could not but be thankful for anything to tone down the sharp outlines of their training, to soften the perspective of their studies, and throw a tender glow about the far-off summits. Their intellectual atmosphere would be both lovelier and healthier with a little haze.

Boston has a model of her own to guide her upward steps in education. An institution founded but the other day, yet rising as if its foundations had been laid with the city's, has placed itself at the head of

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our educational institutions, and lifted them at once to a higher level.

> "No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung;
> Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung."

But not, as the poet's next line begins, "Majestic silence." Rather, majestic speech, the speech of ages before the Temple, of times remoter and nearer, of the very time in which we live. "I have sat before that picture," said a monk pointing to a Last Supper in his convent, "year after year, and when I see the changes among us and the unchanged figures there, I think that we, not they, must be the shadows." So in comparison with the speech of books, the tongue of man, however loud, seems silence. They speak with the authority of the past, he with the uncertainty of the present; they speak of things abiding, he of things passing away. Would the city fulfil her office as an educator, would she ascend, and lead her children with her, to a higher culture than has yet been reached, she has but to turn to her Public Library. It stands fresh from the hands of the benefactors who have endowed it and the still greater benefactors who have administered it, yet already the centre of our educational system, the source of light and heat to every school and every scholar

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around it, with no cloud between them and its inspiration.

CHARITABLE FUNCTIONS.

The charitable functions of a city partly mingle with and partly transcend its educational. It ministers in teaching, it ministers also in relieving its dependent classes. Many of the ancient cities were represented on their coins as women with crowns and flowing robes, and many a modern city wears a crown of mercy upon her head, a robe of charity about her form, while at her feet, in place of the captive or the victim, a sufferer waits for bread, if he is hungry; for care, if sick; for shelter, if an outcast. Fairest among the features of the present civilization is its sympathy. Instead of exposing the foundling, it opens an asylum; instead of trampling down the weak in body or mind, it gathers them in hospitals; instead of hurrying the convict to hopeless imprisonment or yet more hopeless death, it watches over his reformation; instead of letting want and despair run their course, it seeks to close their sources and prevent them from overtaking their prey. In all these labors, the city, as the handmaid of civilization, bears her part. Much as she leaves to her citizens, there remains much which no power but hers can accomplish. Sufferers from fault or sufferers from

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misfortune, the suffering classes require a hand to control as well as to succor them. Not the charity alone, but the authority of the city is wanted in dealing with the sinned against and the sinning, the man without manhood, the woman without womanhood, the child without childhood, the long, long files of degradation that straggle through the streets, starting at every sound, fleeing from every shadow, panting for rest though they ask it not, thirsting for compassion though they accept it not, a multitude of which, however shameful, no city doing her best to save them, need be ashamed. Persevere, long-seeking, long-baffled mother, relieve thy children, relieve the stranger within thy gate, and the ear that hears thee shall bless thee, the eye that sees thee shall bear witness to thee in thy work of charity.

RELIGIOUS FUNCTIONS.

The religious functions of a city, above all others, are necessary to its completeness. With no establishment, no observances, no doctrines of its own to maintain as a system, it has a spirit to keep up, a determination to be just to man, a desire to be faithful to God, which is, in the truest sense, a religious spirit. Without it, the existence of a city is a disgrace, and its

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magnitude a calamity. The poet, struck by the corruptions of London, a century ago, asserts,

> "God made the country and man made the town."

He was as wide of the mark as if he had said that God made the country, and man the garden. Men lay out their streets and put up their buildings; they cannot create the site or the material, much less themselves the builders, in whom, rather than in earth or stone, the town consists. If our city means anything by the motto she borrows from King Solomon, it is that the Divine Hand led the fathers and still directs the sons. She confesses, therefore, that she is not her own, but His who has fashioned her from the beginning until now. Plutarch speaks of Sparta as seeming "not to be a policy or commonweal, but rather a certain holy place, and order of religion." What Sparta seemed, let Boston be. As Eve appeared to him for whom she was created, so let this city of ours appear to those for whom she has been created,

> "heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love."

Faith in the unseen can alone fill out the seen. The religious functions of a city can alone perfect its other functions; political, educational or charitable, their

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highest motive, their noblest performance centres in religion, and that religion, Christianity.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

All human institutions derive their strength from a source beyond themselves. Liberty itself avails only so far as it is nourished by truth.

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free."

That is the free state which the truth brings into the world, and guides in infancy and maturity. Like the thrice repeated action which the great master of ancient eloquence declared essential to his art, truth first, truth last, truth always, not thrice but perpetually repeated, is the essence of liberty. It is the soul of the body politic, the life of the city and the nation.

Just at this moment, it seems to be in peril among us. Warlike struggles over, warlike virtues no more in demand, something too much like reaction is setting in. Our statesmanship wavers; our general and local administrations drift shoreward; corruption surges on this side, wickedness on that, and the currents drive in upon the breakers. Party usurps the place of country; irresponsible bodies, like the caucus and the ring, substitute themselves for constituted authorities; combinations treated as overpowering, but which one hour of general

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uprising would rend asunder, crowd hard upon individual independence. Was it for this we gave our treasure, our labor, our blood, for this that our dear heroes died? Are those years of sacrifice already forgotten, that these years of conspiracy and spoil are come so soon? It is no hour for flattery. It is no day for idle exultation. One word, one thought of truth, one declaration in her behalf keeps this anniversary of another declaration better than a thousand careless huzzas.

Neither our war, nor its greatest victory, the act of emancipation, neither reconstruction nor suffrage, neither old institutions nor new, can bear fruit in a half-hearted freedom. No longer partial, but total, independence is to spread like light throughout the nation. Emerging from its old eclipse, the slave restored to freedom, and the freeman to consistent principle, it is to suffer no new eclipse. The republic is to be a reality at last. It is to prove worthy of the toils endured for it, the wounds and deaths encountered, the tears fallen and still falling, the shadows never to be chased away in this world. The least that can be done by those who have not suffered, is to abstain from marring the work of those who have suffered. They ought to do more, infinitely more, and suffer, if need be, in their turn, that not a single pang may have been felt, not a single loss sustained in vain.

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Would that the lines from yonder City Hall to the church towers which call out our defences against conflagration, were paralleled by lines to sound a yet louder alarm against the fires that smoulder beneath our institutions. Peal upon peal, in the full stir of day or the silent watches of night, would ring out an irresistible summons. Call us, call the city, call the nation, to manliness, honor, devotion to pure ends by pure means, call us to the victories of peace, yet more renowned than those of war, and where her white plume leads, there let us follow, to achieve the truth, the stainless and deathless truth of American Liberty.

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The Dangers which threaten the Republic.

ORATION,

DELIVERED SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 4, 1869,

IN

CONCERT HALL, PHILADELPHIA,

BY

DAMON Y. KILGORE,

A MEMBER OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

PHILADELPHIA:
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ORATION.

Ninety-three years ago to-day, amid the throes of revolution, this Republic was born. On the fourth day of July, 1776. at Independence Hall, in this city, was proclaimed the sublime idea of man's capacity for self-government. Then and there began a new era for mankind, which shall forever perpetuate the day and hallow the spot. Up to that hour the human race had struggled through ignorance and blood, to give utterance to this grand idea in vain.

The statesmen of former generations occasionally caught a glimpse of it; sages and poets sometimes felt its inspiration, and for it, heroes had often given up their lives. The boasted republics of Greece and Rome, never learned the lesson it imparts. In Greece, the tens were free, but the thousands were enslaved. The privileged classes ruled the laboring people with unrelenting fierceness, and in the name of Liberty and Democracy, compelled obedience to injustice at the point of the sword. The splendor of Athens and the martial courage and renown of Sparta, supported by slaves, were swept away by the Roman deluge, and the little torch of Grecian liberty went out in darkness.

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The so-called Roman Republic, trampled the rights of the people beneath its feet—its tens and hundreds were free, but its thousands, still slaves.

The Patrician definition of liberty was power to oppress, and in the name of Republic, they consigned the masses to an intolerable and grinding servitude. When the name of king became offensive to Roman ears, they drove away their kings, but in their stead placed two consuls, before whom were borne the rod and axe.

The people, however, loved their country, and forgot their poverty and pain in the dazzling glory of the Roman name. The misery of the individual in this way contributed to the glory of the State. The governing classes cherished patriotism, but forgot justice and the rights of the individual.

The rich and powerful did not regard the interests of the poor and weak. Their Democracy was a Democracy only in name—their Republicanism consisted only in its forms. Luxury and venality crept in and sapped the very foundation of the Roman State. The people gradually became accustomed to oppression, and clamored for "bread and games." They lost their self-respect and the national life went out amid the jeers of the nations subject to Roman sway.

The Republics of the Middle Ages shared a similar fate. Not one of them was based upon the the peoples' sovereignty or recognized the inalienable rights of all men, to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The rich nobles and tyranical priests kept the people

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blinded by prejudice, and divided into factions, so that instead of uniting their strength against a common foe, they became mere tools of party leaders, and liberty withdrew from a people that dishonored her very name. All along the pathway of history may be seen the open graves of nations, once powerful and proud, but which perished meanly on account of sin.

Their crumbling monuments speak to us to-day. They bid this American Republic, "The heir of all the ages and the youngest born of time," to shun the vices that ruined them, and practice the *eternal principles of justice.*

And how can we better improve this sacred hour, than in pointing out to American citizens

The dangers which already threaten this Republic.

It is usual on occasions like this to speak only words of encouragement and hope—to tickle the ear with high-sounding phrases concerning the strength, greatness and perpetuity of our Republican Institutions. Be it mine to hold up before you the truthful realities of our national life to-day, that you may be able to read in the light of history, the destiny to which they tend.

According to the principles of our government, *all men are born free and equal,* and to *freedom,* have a natural and inalienable right. All just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed. The people are the *only* sovereigns, in whom reside all

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political power. The President, Members of Congress, Judges of the Supreme Court, Commanders of our Armies and ships of war, as well as their subordinates, are only hired servants of the people, selected to carry out their will.

The true object of our government is *the general welfare of all the people*, protecting each individual in the fullest enjoyment of *life, liberty and property*, in accordance with general laws operating equally upon all. The honest founders of our government declared Democracy to be "*justice between man and man.*" "*The banishment of falsehood, fraud and violence from the affairs of men,*" and "*the giving to every man his due.*" With such principles as the foundation of a great industrial Commonwealth, honestly carried out in its institutions and government, there could be no failure. Time would be unable to weaken it, for these principles are eternal, and the structure based thereon, and reared in accordance therewith, would continually grow firm in the strength of immortal youth. All other nations might perish, either by old age, by outward violence, or by their own internal vices; but our own, if true to these principles, would endure forever. But to these principles we are not yet true. Already great national vices threaten to usurp the liberty of the people and to crush out the nation's life. These may be grouped in three words: IDOLATRY, ARISTOCRACY, INTEMPERANCE

Long before the alphabet was invented the symbols I. A. O. were used to represent the God of the ancients,

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in his three-fold character, of wisdom, strength and beauty. The letter I. which afterwards was converted in J., represented a pillar, and symbolized the wisdom that stands alone or self-existing. Three of these pillars in the form of a pyramid indicated strength, as expressed in the A., while the O., or circle, without beginning and without end, expressed both beauty and eternity. These three letters formed the unpronounceable word of the Hebrews, and was only communicated to the initiated in the secret societies of the ancients. These three letters, after the invention of the alphabet, became the grand omnific word, and was spelled with three syllables—Ad-on-es, Jah-bel-on and the Je-ho-vah of the Israelites. In all ages, these letters have been the prominent representations of Deity—who has always been a personality, generally in the human form, possessing superhuman powers. Thus great heroes, warriors and kings became Gods, and were worshipped by their subjects. At a later period, the ruler was conceived to be only a man of divine origin and clothed with divine authority. In his life time his power was absolute, and his commands held sacred after his death. All titles of honor were originally the names of the *God-king*, and at a later period, of *God and the King*. In the fourteenth century, the i. was dotted, thus giving the idea of the union of wisdom with eternity, or including eternity in the acts of time. In the early ages it was the custom among all nations, to deify their martyrs and heroes after their death, to erect temples

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for their worship, as Jesus, whose triumph over death and the grave we celebrate to-night, is worshipped now by Christian nations.

To WORSHIP, is to "honor with extravagant regard."

IDOLATRY is the worship of images, or anything else than the true God; and in reality, whatever we love most and worship most, is to us a God, whether it be fashion, or fame, or fortune; and as no one can have any higher idea of God than his own highest capacity or capability of thought, it follows that each one's God is whatever he deems the *chief good*—whether it be the Life Principle of the Universe, or Mammon.

In this country to day, MONEY is looked upon as the CHIEF GOOD. Wealth has always had a larger share in controling the destiny of mankind, than talent, or learning, or virtue. Money is power. It can "ennoble sots, and slaves, and cowards." It is a substitute for brains and culture, and can buy diplomas and degrees at nearly all the educational institutions of the land. It is a substitute for respectability and moral worth, and enables its possessor to go unquestioned into the highest society. Even the churches look with charity upon a rich man's sin. The honest, industrious mechanic is rudely thrust aside, to make way for the rogues and idlers, who inherit alike the wealth and vices of their ancestors. If money cannot buy intelligence, it can command the services of those who have it. If wealth cannot purchase happiness, virtue, friendship or affection, it has the power to secure their coun-

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terfeits. *Genteel society is bankrupt to-day with this spurious coin!* Money can transform a fool into a wise man—a sinner into a saint. It can give distinction to a dunce and secure him a position in the BOARD OF CONTROL. In all our large cities, in what is called fashionable society, money can rejuvenate old age, and render the man of seventy a desirable bridegroom for sweet sixteen.

In politics, it is even more potential; it secures the offices and transforms drunkards, gamblers, bullies and prize-fighters into magistrates and legislators. It controls legislation. It rules party and the politicians—Republican and Democrat. Formerly, politicians in this country wanted money in order to obtain power; now they desire political power to enable them to get rich. When there remained to politicians some slight degree of honorable ambition to become statesmen, and patriotism had not all died out, money was a mean to an end—now it has become the *end* to the *mean*. See what rings are formed to enable politicians to get rich. How the dear people are flattered, cajoled, fooled and *robbed* by the political gamblers who infest American politics, and who will, if left to themselves, ere long, prove the ruin of the State. We are idol worshippers, and the politicians are the priests that minister to our false gods in the very temple of American Liberty. O for an Elijah, to influence the people of all parties, whose interests are one, to politically slay these prophets of Baal, by their votes, "*and not let one of them escape.*"

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When we remember the means resorted to in order to obtain office, no wonder that men despising absolutism and trampling upon the doctrine of the divine right of kings, in consequence of the political corruption of our public men and the instability of our legislation, are anxiously inquiring whether this government of the people is not, after all, a failure. They see how money rules in government—state and national; how combinations are formed to bribe the law-making power, and the facility with which rich corporations buy up whole Legislatures to warp the Constitution and increase their franchises.

They see how the laws are chiefly made to protect *capital* instead of *the laboring hand.*

There *was* a time in the history of our Government, when *men* were considered of more consequence than money, and the governing party of the country declared that the laws should be so made, as to protect the weak against the strong; the ignorant against the machinations of the intelligent; the poor against the encroachments of the rich; and the virtuous against the evil designs of the bad. Now these doctrines are practically ignored. The laws are made to favor capital, and its accumulation and concentration in the hands of the few, against the true interests of the whole people and the permanent welfare of the nation.

Bad men, if they only have money to spend for the party, are able to purchase nominations, and once nominated, are sure of election if the party wins. You

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tickle me, and I'll tickle you, is the motto of the Ring. Send me to the Legislature and you shall be on the ground floor of some corporation, by which you may rob the people of their hard-earned cash. Make me Governor, and you shall go to Congress, where your opportunities to steal will be increased ten-fold.

Thus, statesmanship is forgotten. Patriotism is nothing. The interests of the laboring-classes, who are always poor, but always the most virtuous, are entirely overlooked. Nothing is remembered but the most efficient methods by which the people may be plundered. For this purpose, truth is falsified, justice becomes chimerical; oaths and affirmations are disregarded; principles are ignored; the public treasury is robbed; all branches of honest industry paralyzed; and, their constituents groaning under a grievous and intolerable burden. It is time for the people, like Balaam's Ass, to speak. Saddled, bridled, rode, whipped and spurred by the politicians, they already see the ghost of starvation "with a drawn sword standing in the way." At this present moment, the laboring men and women of this country have to bear, directly and indirectly, nearly all the burdens of the government, including the interest on the National Debt. What is gathered from the wealthy to increase the public revenue, is finally paid by the poor.

If the rich landlord is charged a certain per cent. for his capital invested in tenements, he at once increases the rent. Thus the poor tenant pays the landlord's tax.

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This policy is applied to all the necessaries of life, which every poor man who has a family, must have, and by it the rich are rapidly becoming richer, and the poor poorer. This state of things cannot last. The laboring classes, which constitute the foundation of all the strength and glory of the State, must soon become the mere slaves of power—licking the hands of their oppressors, and asking for *bread and games*, or they must unite their strength against a common enemy.

Against the combined power of wealth, no one man can stand. If he has the courage to speak out—his voice is drowned amid the shouts of the rabble, the paid slaves and tools of power, whose votes, liberty, principles and manhood are all sold. It is high time the laboring and producing classes were aroused. It is time for all honest, patriotic citizens to throw off allegiance to party, when corrupt men are placed in nomination for public office. Allegiance to party then, becomes treason to the country and to the rights and liberties of the citizens. The burdens of the government must be borne honestly, according to the ability of those upon whom they rest. The enormous fortunes that have been gathered during the War—which have been accumulated by the aid of partial legislation, or indirectly stolen from the people, should bear their full proportion of the public burden. The men who have become disgusted with politics should rally to the polls, and all our citizens who desire to put down the secret and combined power of a dishonest clique, unite to save the

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Republic from being offered a sacrifice to Mammon. If allowed to go on, the venality and corruption practiced in both political parties, will eat out the vitals of patriotism, and the giant Republic, not yet a century old, but which has twice drove the British Lion to his lair, and has since scattered the most powerful army in rebellion that ever the nations saw—will perish meanly by its own internal vices. To prevent this, the political gamblers who infest Harrisburg and Washington, must give place to honest men—*too noble to ask for office, and too honorable to be honored by it.* The people must call from their ranks men of intelligence and character, to whose manhood and dignity, no mere position, not even the Presidency could add, but whose integrity and patriotism like that of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, would honor the highest place.

In a Commonwealth based upon liberty, and upheld by the intelligence, industry and virtue of the people, there is no danger that capital or riches, which are the result of honest industry and enterprise, or of ingenuity and skill, will be unprotected or insecure. So long as the poor man enjoys his equal share of all that belongs to him as a *man*—and wealth is not made to weigh against his manhood in the social or political scale, there is no danger the many would ever plunder the few. It is only when wealth has been acquired by dishonest means, when by combinations and partial legislation, it oppresses the poor in order to enhance its own gains; when it seeks to control the forces of

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Nature, which belong as a rich legacy to all, in the exclusive interest of the few; when it concentrates its power to control the markets of the world, so as to benefit the rich at the poor man's expense; when it seeks to govern the price of food and the natural products of the earth wholly in the interest of money and against men, regardless of the winter's cold, and the cry of those starving for bread; when in a Republic like ours, capital becomes concentrated in the hands of a few men, and they use it for political purposes, in torch-light processions, transparencies and shows in order to carry elections by excitement and parades, rather than by appealing to the intelligence and virtue of the people; when money is used to corrupt the source of all political power, and by this means secure the election of bloated sots, and idle, brainless tools, to offices of responsibility and trust; it is when such uses as *these* are made of riches that they become insecure. Where every man owns a house, no one will scatter fire. And where honest industry gives a fair prospect of owning one at some future time, the wealthy few will be protected. But although in this country, wealth has more power and is more respected than in any other country on the globe, yet the time may come when the hoarded millions of the rich will scatter befor an enraged and starving populace, like forest leaves by an autumnal storm.

As the result of THIS UNIVERSAL GREED FOR RICHES —THIS WORSHIP OF WEALTH, power is now rapidly

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becoming centralized, and the people are taught to pay homage to *authority*. Office is looked upon as conferring new dignity upon man, instead of being honored by him. The American people are eager to pay their homage at the feet of power. When a licentious and witless youth, heir to a crown, comes here, we forget our dignity and self-respect as sovereigns, and forthwith prostrate ourselves at the feet of expectant royalty. When a General has not been an actual impediment in the way of the success of his brave soldiers, by whom victories are always won, we idolize him, call him pet names—a Napoleon, or Washiugton, and nominate him for Governor or the Presidency. We are notorious for flunkeyism; converting little men into great ones. We forget that "Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps, while pyramids are pyramids in vales."

This reverence for little folks, provided only they have wealth, prepares the way for an aristocracy—based not on brains or blood, but railroad shares, bank stocks and government bonds.

The millionaires, the banks and large corporations regulate the affairs of this nation much more completely than the nobility of the British Empire rule the British Parliament. Ostensibly, the people still elect their own officers—but little men are chosen, and these the corporations buy.

In New York and Philadelphia, even the ballot has already become a farce. Secret fraud, or open violence, contribute to deprive these cities of an honest express-

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sion of the peoples' will. Republican politicians say they must "fight the devil with fire," and thus justify themselves in "colonizing," in order to offset the "naturalization frauds" of the Democrats. We think the devil understands fire, even better than the politicians, and the best thing the people can do is to leave both the devil and the politicians *out in the cold* The voters would be surprised to know how few men rule Philadelphia. They could be counted on the dial of a clock, one for every minute, and not go more than half way round. How these men marshal their tools is surprising to honorable and high-toned men. Politicians understand it. Last month, in my own precinct, the caucus nominated seven candidates in two minutes and a half from the time the meeting was called, and less than seven voters with a rumseller did the work. The men they nominated represented hundreds of voters. But the men who came three minutes late, found the delegates all selected and the caucus adjourned. This city pays dear for such whistles. Taxes a hundred per cent. higher than they should be—evidences of its indebtedness hawked about the streets with no buyer, except at a heavy shave. Making huge contracts and new loans, with a secret understanding that the private claims of politicians shall be first paid, *and the twelve hundred women, teachers of her Public Schools, whose salaries ought to be doubled and* PAID IN GOLD, *are compelled to wait.* With such an administration of municipal affairs it is not strange that so many business places are plas-

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tered with "*To Rent*," "*Selling off below cost*," and so many substantial citizens are offering their houses "*For Sale*."

How meager our commerce. Not a single steamer connects us with Europe. Our people, when they go abroad, start from New York. Chicago, scarcely thirty years of age, has a population of nearly half a million. It already has twice as many rail roads terminating within the city limits, as Philadelphia, and looks forward only two years for the completion of a dozen more. It is but justice I should say, that for the gross mismanagement of city affairs our present Mayor is not responsible.

Although opposed to his election, his acts so far as they have come to my knowledge, give evidence of a sincere and honest effort on his part to do his duty as a public officer and to protect the interest of all our citizens.

In three things, Philadelphia excels: *in Religion;* witness our three hundred and sixty churches; in the number of *licensed dram shops;* and in *crime*. New York is the only city on the Continent that has any right to dispute our eminence in the third item. In this city we average a hundred murderers every year, and manage to hang or drive to suicide annually, one out of the hundred. Our county prison contains more prisoners according to our population, than any other in the Union and in some parts of Pennsylvania the people are not much behind the reconstructed in Texas and Mississippi, in disobedience to law. "Christianity is

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the common law of Pennsylvania," says our Supreme Court, and to execute our *Christian* legislation we have a governor who is said to have declared, "*hemp was grown to hang men with, and I mean to use it for that purpose. I believe in rope.*" This saying is popular. No wonder the governor is renominated.

Hemp is the staple of Pennsylvania, and when twisted into rope, it becomes the centralized power of this *Christian* commonwealth. This power noosed around the neck of some poor wretch, no matter if he be insane, with the governor pulling at the end, becomes irresistible.

It matters not that it is written "thou shalt not kill;" the Legislature and the Governor say with certain legal formalities, "thou mayest," and nine in every ten of the ministers say amen. I blame the ministers for the reverence paid to arbitrary authority and the centralization of power, more than any other class. They teach the people to beware of *reason*, that it is dangerous to think for themselves. They invoke the aid of the politicians to protect what they call Christianity by penal legislation. Just as though the truth wouldn't stand alone, but must be propped up by statute law.

Another peril to the Republic, growing out of our idolatry and aristocratic proclivities, is the new movement for the establishment of a religion, by the State.

Our National Constitution wisely prohibits Congress from making any "*law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.*" It also

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provides, that "*no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office of public trust under the United States.*" The founder of the Christian religion warned his disciples against becoming entangled in worldly matters, and expressly declared that his kingdom was not of this world. Yet in spite of these wholesome truths, the so-called followers of Jesus are now attempting, to use the words of Judge Strong, "not only to recognize the Sovereignty of Almighty God in the National Constitution, but also to acknowledge that He governs the world through his son, Jesus Christ."

At a public meeting, held in this city on the 10th day of last month, the call of which, was signed by eight Doctors of Divinity, one Ex-Governor, two Judges and a Bishop, presided over by one of the first legal minds of the nation, it was

RESOLVED: "That a national acknowledgment of Almighty "God, of His son, by whom He governs the world, and of the "authority of His law, is clearly a public duty which it is "national peril to disregard."

RESOLVED: "That in view of the diffusion of religious prin- "ciples and institutions throughout our country; in view of the "many express recognitions of Christianity by the several States "and in the administration of the General Government, it is a "striking and solemn fact that the Constitution of the United "States contains no recognition of the authority of God, and lays "the government which it establishes under no obligations to "obey His law."

To me these words are both significant and untrue. They are significant of the centralizing tendency of the

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times, even in religion—of the invocation of the civil power to uphold a lifeless form of so-called Christianity, after the life and soul has left it.

Is there no recognition of God in a Constitution framed by the people to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty?" In what *better* way can a nation acknowledge Almighty God than "to establish justice, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty," and to transmit these blessings unimpaired to posterity? Do these gentlemen expect to please Almighty God by putting *mere words* into the United States Constitution? Besides, do they suppose that the matter would stop with a mere acknowledgement of Almighty God and the sovereignty of His law, a truth no one will deny and to which all rational minds assent? As well put into the Constitution that the whole of anything is greater than a part; that fire will burn, water run down hill, or sin result in sorrow.

The statement that "God governs the world through Jesus Christ, His son," many intelligent and virtuous American citizens deny. With arbitrary and unjust human governments, they believe the principles which Christ taught for the government of each individual human spirit, has as yet very little to do. Do they wish to have the doctrine of three Gods, mysteriously united in one, yet acting in three different ways or personalities, called the Trinity, go into the Constitution by a two-thirds vote? Would placing any dogma in

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the Constitution make it either true or false? Can three-fourths of all the States or nine tenths of all the people, by their votes, change truth into a lie, or falsehood into truth? Besides, what good would be accomplished by legislating in regard to religious creeds? Would they virtually disfranchise all who don't believe in three Gods as contained in the doctrine of the Trinity?

Do they desire to bring back the dark days of religious persecution, and have the battle for the right of private judgment in all matters of religion fought anew?

The next step after the Trinity, will be the acknowledgement of the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, as the regular successor of St. Peter, and the visible head of the church. If Protestants have the right to put the Trinity into the Constitution, shall not the Catholics have a similar right, provided they can secure a sufficient number of votes?

The Roman Catholic church to-day, is the most complete and powerful religious organization in the world. It is a standing peril to all the principles of a Republican Government. Hear the words she speaks; "Protestantism has not and never can have any rights where Catholicity is triumphant." "Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite can be carried into execution, without danger to the Catholic world." "Catholicity will one day rule in America, and then religious liberty is at an end." "The very name of liberty ought to be banished from the very domain of

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religion." Do Protestants desire to encourage sentiments like these? The Catholic church is at this moment rapidly increasing in numerical strength in this country. It is pre-eminently a centralized power. It is based upon authority. It controls the conscience. It is a unit. One head directs its thought. For its noble charity; its cultivation of the æsthetic in human nature; its recognition of the equal rights of all within its pale, whether poor or rich, Irish or Negro; I honor the Catholic church.

But that it may at no distant day, favor a religion of the State, even at the expense of war, and at the sacrifice of liberty—there are, alas! too many just grounds of fear. Let not the wedge against the rock of our salvation be held by Protestant hands, to be driven home at some future time by Roman Catholic blows.

If the American people are to decide by ballot, what deity is most worshipped and most worthy of honorable mention, it is doubtful what changes would be wrought in the Constitution. I fear that instead of electing the one, only and true God, "who guides Arcturus with his sons, loosens the bands of Orion; binds the sweet influences of the Pleiades;" who feeds the ravens, sees the sparrows fall, and sendeth rain alike upon the evil and the good, the ALMIGHTY DOLLAR would poll a majority of the votes. If the proposed amendment is to truly represent the god most worshipped by all classes of the people, be assured it will neither be the God of Nature, nor Jesus of Nazareth, but rather a

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golden calf. Instead of mutilating the Constitution, and establishing a bad precedent, let all the coin whether of gold, silver, or nickel, be stamped with the inscription, IN THIS GOD WE TRUST.

This Government was founded upon religious liberty, by men who had suffered persecution and imprisonment for opinion's sake. They became exiles from their native land, braved the dangers of the trackless ocean, and the more appalling dangers of this Western World, for the sake of *religious liberty*. Shall we, their sons prove recreant to the trust of preserving to every man the right honestly to worship God according to the dictates, not of Constitutions or laws, but of his own conscience? No, gentlemen, touch not the sacred charter of religious liberty to mould it to majorities or sects. Do not, I pray you, attempt to coerce the conscience even of a child. The best method of recognizing Almighty God in the Constitution, is to preserve it true to its broad liberality in all matters of religion, and *incorporate more of the justice and wisdom and love of the Infinite Father into your own constitutions and lives.* The Prophet Habakkuk gave the true idea of acknowledgment of the power and presence of the Infinite, when he declared: "*The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.*" This temple is the human heart, and silence its most potent recognition of the authority and presence of Almighty God.

According to the ancient history of Greece, the small island Delos, was dedicated to the gods and kept at all

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times sacred from war. Let us dedicate our country to the God of all humanity, by keeping it sacred from religious intolerance and persecution, and protecting all His children—whether Protestant, Catholic, Jew, Buddhist, Mormon, the believer in Babism, or the "Poor Indian,

"Whose untutored mind,
"Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind,"

in the honest exercise of their religion, under the broad Ægis of our glorious Constitution.

At the meeting to which I have referred, the orator of the evening declared that "our laws are the standard of right and wrong," and that "a nation is not an aggregate of individuals." These sentiments were applauded. They were in keeping with the object of the meeting, but they shocked and pained me. It is the tyrant's sentiment. Crush out individuals, or, what is worse, their rights, and he exclaims, "*I am the State*," Sir William Jones, puts both the tyrant and the clerical orator, to the blush, when he exclaims:

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlements, or labored mounds,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness, wafts perfume to pride,

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No: MEN, high-minded *men;*
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and KNOWING DARE MAINTAIN,
THESE constitute a State.

"Our laws the standard of right and wrong!"

How the standard varies with each succeeding Legislature. One year, no intoxicating liquor shall be sold on Sunday, says the Republican Legislature. It is wicked to get men drunk on the Christian Sabbath. It desecrates the day, and the governor signs the bill. The Germans must have lager beer on Sunday as much as any other day, and threaten to leave the Republicans and vote with the Democrats. The next year this law is repealed, and the same executive signs the repeal. Republicans voted for it to keep the Germans from leaving the party, and the Democrats voted for it to keep on good terms with the Irish, who must have whiskey, so the "standard of right and wrong" is completely changed in a single year, by the power of whiskey and lager beer.

There is a higher standard of right than our lawmakers can frame. It is the law of God written on every soul, if only read and heeded.

Another peril growing out of our mammon worship, and too great reverence for authority, as well as from the political corruption of the present time, is *too much legislation.* The people are cursed with the ever-changing statutes, enacted to-day, and repealed to-morrow.

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No man of limited means is safe to engage in business, for Congress and the bondholders may make what is profitable employment this year, a total failure next. Thus laws made by selfishness and ignorance—as most of our laws are—to benefit a few capitalists, some corporation or a party, instead of being made to benefit the entire people, and having no foundation in established principles, are only experiments, very costly, and often very dangerous but not permanent.

The mechanic succeeds, provided he works in harmony with physical laws. The fire engineer must understand the nature and effects of heat and steam, and adapt his machinery to their laws, else he fails. Too much fire, too little water, or the safety valve closed, and you have an explosion, machinery and shop destroyed, and the operatives killed.

If the owner had not been given to idolatry, he would have spared an extra ten dollars every month, and have had a competent engineer. His greed of gain was fatal to his fortune, and the lives of the workmen. So it is in government. The men you commission to enact laws should understand *principles*, the foundation of all permanent legislation. It is their business *not to make, but to translate.* The term legislator rightly defines his duties. He is not a law-maker, for God has made all the laws of society, of states and of nations, as well as the laws of the physical universe. The legislator is a law-bearer, a genuine Moses whose business it is to find the laws God has written upon stone,

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and coal and wool, as well as those more complex found only in society, and bring them in the form of statutes, without respect of persons, to contribute to the highest good of all. Many of our laws are in direct conflict with the divine attributes and the methods of nature, which constitute the divine government. What else can we expect but suffering? When our entire criminal code is based upon a lie, which both Christianity and human experience condemn, what should we expect but increase of crime?

The most distinguished prison governor in America, declares in his report for 1869, with a candor that does him credit, that "*no prison system in America is reformatory in fact. It's spirit is wrong. It is vindictive, sceptical, partisan and mercenary.*" The prisons of many of the states belong to a Pagan or Barbaric, rather than a Christian age. The true object of prison discipline should be the prisoner's reclamation. If this be done no one else will be harmed by him. Reclaim all the vicious, and virtue will everywhere be its own protection. Crime is generally the result of disease, the effect of violated physical and mental laws, the roots of which extend back for generations. Hospitals would be more effectual in putting a stop to crime, than jails and penitentiaries.

Right education will prevent this malady. Now we manage to educate young children in all the large cities, to become desperadoes. Newspapers illustrating assaults, batteries, and the higher grades of crime, are posted at

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the street corners, and the boys and girls learn from these object lessons, all the different ways of sin.

Remove temptation from the weak, and teach the people self-government and get them to practice it, and you will need no arbitrary authority to restrain the vile. "THAT GOVERNMENT IS BEST WHICH GOVERNS LEAST." The more you surround the individual with arbitrary legislation, the more you obstruct his virtuous and manly growth. Knowledge of principles is what human beings need. If a man has a disposition to take the property of another without giving an equivalent, let him know that soon or late, the law of compensation will compel him to pay it all back with interest, together with all the costs of his self-condemnation and loss of self-respect thrown in. If a man is selfish, educate his benevolence; if mean, show him how noble he may become. Instead of striving by arbitrary authority to crush out the evil in men, strive to cultivate and strengthen all the good in them. The good will overcome the evil. Selfishness teaches you to govern not yourself, but me. It may be easier to govern others than one's self, but the easier mode is not the best.

It is better to govern one's own spirit than to take a city, and sometimes more difficult. Sebastopol or Richmond were more easily overcome. In this country *we* are *sovereigns*. Will and won't are attributes of sovereignty. They belong to us as individuals. You have no right to impose your sovereignty upon me. You offer, I refuse. It is your right to offer, mine to

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refuse. If you speak or reason to me, I listen, but if you attempt compulsion, every manly attribute defies you. Your reign restricted to yourself, may be absolute, provided you do not trespass upon the sovereignty of another. Be thyself, and govern thyself, but do not attempt to be and govern me. You may advise, persuade, but do not compel me. Respect my sovereignty. Self-government is an absolute right that belongs to every soul, and no power on earth has a right to usurp it. If I am ignorant, teach me; if wicked, give me at least the aid of your good example. Let your light dispel my darkness. Do not, I pray you, try to make me see, by cutting off my eyelids and then exposing my upturned face to the scorching beams of the sun. That would be torture, and would destroy all power of sight.

Another peril to the rights of man in this government, is the contempt almost universally felt for manual labor. Myriads look upon it as degrading, and practice fraud and crime rather than work. The value of every man in society, is what he contributes to the general good. If he brings nothing to community, he becomes a parasite, living upon the labor of others and increasing their burdens. If a man has wealth and leisure, he should work all the more. Society has a right to expect from all its members in proportion to their means and opportunities. The Emperor of China once a year, engages in all kinds of manual labor. President Grant would be all the better if he worked more *and smoked less.* While slavery existed at the

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South, it was possible to have an aristocracy, based upon money, because capital owned labor; the aristocrats were few, and the laborers, by whom they were supported, many. But even there, it resulted in disaster. What must result in a few years in the North, where the would-be aristocrats are *legion*, and as soon as one gets a competency he puts on airs, looks down on his former life of laborious industry, and henceforth becomes an idler, lives high and has the gout. "What will you have, quoth God, pay for it and take it." If a man won't work, neither shall he have a good appetite nor a healthy stomach. Here comes in the law of compensation. If a man is too proud or too lazy to work with his two hands, to furnish his one mouth with food, somebody else has to furnish him, or he starves.

In the animal economy, every organ has its own specific work to do. When the lungs fail to perform their office, the skin and liver are overtaxed. The lungs become disorganized from inaction, while the other excretory organs are diseased in consequence of extra work, forced upon them by the lazy lungs. The whole body suffers, and is eventually destroyed. So in the body politic, each individual man and woman has a special mission—which no one else can perform. If they shirk it, others are overburdened, the whole nation suffers, and they themselves destroyed. Because a man has wealth, is no reason he should be an idler, a spendthrift, a politician, or a sot. It gives him leisure to cultivate his mind, and prepare himself for

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greater use to society—not to make of himself an aristocratic fool, for the toiling millions to support. The bees drive all the drones out of the hive. Let us imitate their wisdom, and honor labor so much that every idler, whether rich or poor, will be compelled to work, by the just pressure of a correct public sentiment.

"God of the mountain, of the storm!
"Of the flowers, and of the worm!
"God of the darkness, of the sun,
"Of the beautiful, God of each one,
"Help us each one to fullfil his true mission,
"And show us *'tis God-like to labor.*"

The last but not least danger to the Republic, arises from the extravagance and INTEMPERANCE OF THE PEOPLE.

So great is the departure from wise economy in the mode and style of living, that a young man hesitates to assume the responsibilities of husband, unless he has abundant wealth—and the result is licentiousness and disregard of the hearts holiest promptings and affections.

Last week was the annual commencement of the highest Institution Philadelphia has provided for the education of her daughters. The appearance of the graduating class, should make all parents hesitate to educate the minds of their children at the expense of physical life and power. Pale, sickly, girted until their waists were about the circumference of a good sized arm, destitute of lungs and diseased from fashion, they promise little as the future wives and mothers of the republic. Costly dresses trimmed with pearls, and the rarest

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ornaments of diamonds and gold, can not equal the modest blush of health on the cheek, or the divine radiance of truth, intellect and beauty in the eye of woman.

In the United States there are fifteen hundred distilleries and three thousand breweries, in which are employed thirty thousand persons. We consume annually five hundred and twenty million gallons of alcoholic drinks, manufactured here, in addition to the twenty million gallons of imported liquors, making more than twelve gallons to each man, woman and child.

When so many persons are suffering for food, we use sixty-two million bushels of grain and fruits, to make this liquid lake of death. We have about two hundred and fifty thousand drunkards—fifteen thousand of whom are women. There are about four million males and two hundred thousand females, who drink alcoholic liquors, which, after deducting the sixteen million children from our entire population, is one half of all the male adults, and one fortieth of all the adult females in the nation. Intoxicating drinks annually kill seventy-five thousand persons in our country, in addition to the untold suffering of women and children—the unutterable agony of broken hearts and disappointed hopes. An able writer on this subject estimates the entire cost of drunkenness in this country, to more than a billion dollars.*

*Charles A. Story, M. D., Author of "Alcohol, its nature and effects," published by the National Temperance Society, New York, 1868. A work which should be in every house. I extract the following:

Deaths from drunkenness, yearly, suicides, 400; delerium tremens, 600; murders from drunkenness, 600; death from insanity, caused by drunkenness, 3000;

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Oh my countrymen! How the heart sickens at the ravages of intemperance! Who can look without trembling for the future liberties of a people already enslaved by strong drink? What patriotic mind can contemplate without horror the myriad forms of mania and delirium; the thousands of slobbering idiots which rum has made; the tens and hundreds of thousands of noble minds diseased and weakened by the demon drink; the long catalogue of accidents, calamities and crimes; and over all the "frowning pall of poverty and want?" All this results from one form of intemperance. Who can calculate the evils that come from intemperance in food and the hellish fumes of tobacco?† For intemperance in all its forms, I hold the women of the country, in part, responsible. Whatever doubts may arise respecting woman's true sphere in politics, all agree that in the sacred precincts of home she reigns supreme. If through her ignorance or neglect, unhealthy food

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from other diseases of the nerve and brain, 5,400; from other diseases caused by drunkenness, 65,000; total number of deaths from drunkenness, 75,000.

Annual cost of drunkenness: Loss of time and industry, $900,000,000; cost of insanity, $36,000,000; cost of idiocy, $43,000,000; cost of crime, $36,000,000; cost of sickness in hospitals, $10,000,000; cost of pauperism, $50,000,000; losses by accidents, $50,000,000; total cost of drunkenness, $1,124,000,000. Number of men engaged in making and selling liquors, 330,000.

The fourth annual report of the National Temperance Society give the enormous sum of $1,483,491,865, as the aggregate sales by retail liquor dealers, who paid into the U. S. Treasury in a single year, $2,966,683,73 for license.

There are said to be thirty-nine *clergymen* in the New York State Asylum for Inebriates!

†Bishop Janes says, "The Methodists alone, of the United States, paid last year $2,000,000 tax on tobacco used by them."

What must be true of the other churches?

Doctor J. C. Jackson says, "No habit of the American people is so destructive to their physical vigor and their moral character, as that of the use of tobacco."

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creates unnatural appetites for tobacco and strong drink, evil results must follow. If, instead of spending so much time in pandering to fashion and folly—bedecking her person with gewgaws and paint—she would acquaint herself with the laws of life, and her own power for good, she would be beautiful from the glow of health, and material would be the changes wrought in the appetites and passions of the nation.

The question of woman's right to the ballot is now engaging the attention of the best minds in Europe and America, and like all other questions, can only be settled on the principles of justice. When one of the corner stones of government is the principle that "all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed," the logical conclusion must result that in order to be held amenable to laws, woman must have a share in making them. Her *consent* is necessary. Without it, she cannot be taxed consistently, for "*taxation without representation, is tyranny*."

If she has shown wisdom in her use of the ballot in the church, why may we not expect the same good result in the state? Her interests are identical with those of men. They cannot be otherwise. Her rights are equal. Of her duties, she alone, is judge. By nature, more intuitive and spiritual than man, she cannot but elevate politics from its slime and filth to a region of comparative purity. That she will degrade herself in doing it, is feared by those who have little respect for woman, and little practical faith in God.

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The hypocrites of old, feared Jesus would be contaminated by doing good to publicans and sinners. Doing good does not injure people. And if woman with the ballot will help to roll back the waves of drunkenness; take the elections away from the low taverns and grog-shops, where the most sacred right of the citizen is sacrificed for drink; and political power out of the hands of the vile; let all the good unite to bring about this reform. No change in politics can make things worse. The experiment will be tried. Let all the women prepare for the responsibilities of the hour.

Americans, "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Great dangers threaten the Republic. Already do we behold the approach of the gathering storm. Selfishness and authority will struggle to overcome patriotism and love of liberty. But both will fail. Reason and conscience will at last succeed. Above the clouds, and beyond the storm, I see our country's banner, the emblem of FREEDOM, of JUSTICE, and PEACE, proudly spanning the American continent.

"No more shall her garments be trailed in the dust,
"Or the heads of her heroes brought low;
"Nor her glorious flag that triumphantly waves,
"Struck down by the hand of a foe."
"In the brains of men lie the fire and steel,
"That will cleave through the sinew and bone;
"Old opinions will bend, be riven and torn,
"Like trees by the wintry wind."

The worn-out monarchies of the old world, already

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trembling at our achievements, will fall before the uprising of their oppressed millions, inspired by our example. They already look to us for help. May we never turn a deaf ear to the cry of struggling humanity, whether it comes from the Eastern shores of the Atlantic, or from *Islands nearer home.*

" Boast not of Freedom till each man is free,
" *Free*, from the vices which have been portrayed;
" *So* free, that each shall in the other see
" A brother, sister, (in their rights protected,
" And dignity upheld,) stand before God,
" The peer of every other in the land.
" When *all* shall recognize *fraternal ties;*
" When sympathy, unstinted, like the rays
" Flowing from Sol, shall flow *alike to all,*
" *Then*, Freedom, not a *high*, but *empty name,*
" But of the *soul*, a *principle* of *life,*
" Shall bless alike, all classes of our race.
" Oh! then awake! *True self-hood* cries *awake,*
" Stand up, the *living* images of God.
" *Do justly* to *yourself*, and *brother man,*
" *Yourself* the *first*, by being JUST TO ALL.
" When all, shall this, by their *example* teach,
" The dome of Freedom o'er the world shall rise,
" And peace and joy within her fane shall dwell."

not but COUNTRY! *God bless thee! we're proud of thee now,*
region of *exalted with joy we shall be,*
herself in *we see thee come forth arrayed in thy robes,*
respect for ROBES OF TRUE LIBERTY."

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Morton, Ellis W. 14

AN

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FIFTH OF JULY, 1869,

IN CELEBRATION OF THE

Ninety-third Anniversary of American Independence,

BY HON. ELLIS W. MORTON.

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, CITY PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET.
1869.

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1869, Nov. 5.
Gift of
Hon. Chas. Sumner,
of Boston.
(H. C. 1830.)

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CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 6, 1869.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be presented to the Hon. Ellis W. Morton for the eloquent Oration delivered by him before the municipal authorities of Boston, on the occasion of the Ninety-third Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

Passed. Sent down for concurrence.

BENJ. JAMES, *Chairman.*

In Common Council, July 8, 1869.

Concurred.

WM. G. HARRIS, *President.*

Approved, July 9, 1869.

NATH'L B. SHURTLEFF, *Mayor.*

A true copy.

Attest:

S. F. McCLEARY, *City Clerk.*

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ORATION.

To God, to the Fathers, to the preservers of our Nation's Independence, are due reverent and grateful acknowledgments in this joyful commemoration of the brightest day in our history. The flame of the new-found liberty which illumined that day is an inextinguishable beacon to souls oppressed who dare dream "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." A journey in discovery of the causes which culminated in our deed of self-manumission, would lead only to an uncertain end. The Declaration of Independence was not a single fruit; it was a harvest. Inscrutable Providence had mysteriously sown the seed. The precious germs were scattered alike by the burning hands of martyrs and the unconscious hands of tyrants. It was the will of Heaven that the falling dew of the Fourth day of July, 1776, should christen our "Free and Independent States."

But we may conceive that had the religion of our fathers been the growth of more genial nurture,

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or had its exercise been unrestricted, had their uncompromising faith been tried in the development of a less rugged home, had George the Third spared his beneficent oppression, then had the problem of self-government been to us unsolved.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

The Omnipotent veils the fulness of His designs. The Puritans, who challenged the perils of the sea to wrest religious liberty from the hardships of an unknown land, knew as little of religious liberty as the men of the First Continental Congress knew of civil liberty.

The religious liberty of the Puritans was a right to worship in their own way — a denial of the right to others. The practice of their austere devotions fixed the limit of the freedom they would have planted. They were unsuspicious of the bounty of the soil upon which they set their altars. They dreamed not that the fire of their fierce convictions would burn into a mellow light, in which all Christian hearts might approach Deity by their own paths. Those uncompromising spirits were elected to a peculiar work, and the fearlessness, the wisdom, the fidelity, which marked their labor, the reverence which hallowed it, have won the favor of God and the praises of man.

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The period including 1774 and 1776, was freighted with blessings so rich, that those noble men, who were alternately demanding and imploring civil rights, recognized them not. They realized not the robust growth of the tree of liberty in their midst, till their witless monarch and his ministers, as a reward for their unswerving fealty, shook its fruit into their laps. This was the period that gathered the first Continental Congress; that Congress, by which "all old religious jealousies were condemned as low-minded infirmities"; that Congress, in which Patrick Henry uttered the "hope that future ages would quote their proceedings with applause"; that Congress, in which the student may clearly trace the title of nearly every chapter of our political history—it was the period in which the summoning rays of the lanterns in the tower of the North Church, signalled the advent of unknown civil and religious liberties; it was the period which called that other Congress to herald your independence, and mine.

I have said that the men of 1774 knew not of civil liberty. To them liberty was an English production. Their hope was of English liberty. Just men, suffering injustice, their eyes opened not to the omnipotence of justice.

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Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, the immortal author of the Declaration, all disclaimed a disposition for independence. But the appeals unheard, the petitions rejected by the King of Britain, were answered by the King of Kings. To that loyalty which acknowledged the sovereignty, while it resisted the oppression, of the mother country, He offered a Republic. Patriotism then became an unconquerable force.

How shall we honor the men and the virtues of those days? Would we render tribute to the most upright, to the most patriotic, to the wisest, to the most temperate, to the most charitable, to the bravest, to the most modest, — all had their representative in Washington. "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment," said Patrick Henry, "Washington is the greatest man of them all." John Adams attested the worth of "the modest and virtuous, the able, generous, and brave general." The chosen of all the Colonies, he was particularly the choice of New England. A Virginian, he belonged to Massachusetts. He it was, who desired to "raise one thousand men, subsist them at his own expense, and march at their head for the relief of Boston." He it was, who gained Boston from the enemy, and to whom the

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selectmen said: "Next to the Divine power we ascribe to your wisdom that this acquisition has been made with so little effusion of blood." His was the sovereign character of the Revolution. To him, then, let us pay the homage due to the men whose sturdy virtue moulded determined courage into the rare deeds which have made us Independent Americans.

It is most fitting that Boston should have set up an enduring figure of this embodiment of the goodness and greatness which distinguished the past, and should pilot the future days of the Republic. Happy has been the genius of the Boston sculptor in fashioning the plastic clay to such happy service. Fortunate have been our artisans who taught the willing metal to daguerrotype his creation. That work shall be our pride, the admiration of all. The treasures of the earth, the conception of the artist, the handicraft of the artificer have gladly contributed to reproduce the form; let society reproduce the qualities of Washington. Said Cato, "The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new."

But we are brought to another period in the recol-

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lection that his devoted services had been well-nigh wasted, but for the unlimited loyalty of the Saviors of the Union: those whose presence in our midst is our honor; those whose headstones are their grateful country's most sacred souvenirs.

In the ground prepared for the institutions which made our declared independence a reality, there was left undisturbed the most baneful poison known to political toxicology.

A revel in the records of the unexampled prosperity of the new nation, whose lavish resources ministered, in every variety of climate, from every quality of soil, out of the native storehouses of noble and baser metals, by grand rivers and outstretched coasts, to wealth and happiness, and whose government was benign, was embittered by the exposure of the rank growth of slavery. The good and the wise viewed the spread of this evil root with dismay and perplexity. In 1860, the injustice of stolen labor received a decided recognition in the triumph of a party pledged to a lawful resistance of its introduction into unpolluted soil. Then was manifested the accursed sway of the "peculiar institution." So subtle had been its noxious influence, nursing sensuality, indolence and ease, that it was regarded as the vital support of the South. Slavery was the balm; free-

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dom the poison. Secession was to be the antidote of freedom; it proved the antidote of slavery. The haughty rebels attempted parricide; they committed suicide. As captives of war the slaves were originally enforced into bondage, and by a retributive justice, as "captives of war" they first gained a deliverance from bondage.

The events which made every day an epoch, from the lowering of the insignia of the Union on Sumter to the raising again of those same colors, are too freshly stored in the memories of all, far too deeply graven in the hearts of many, to invite their recital.

Reviewing in a glance the thrilling drama of those days, we behold again the lurid scenes of treason in gloomy contrast with the spontaneous uprisings of loyalty. We renew the few days of doubt and fear struggling against ever contending, ever dominant hope and confidence.

We see the arms of the Union, now in the halo of victory, and then in the darkness of defeat, always unflinching, until at last, over the dread horrors of war and its unexampled barbarities, rises the sun of triumph and peace.

The integrity of the Republic is solemnly vindicated, the crime of rebellion is terribly rebuked, the wrong of slavery is sadly expiated.

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"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." Of human vengeance none has followed the traitors. It was foreign to the noble man chosen as the assassin's victim; it was unexecuted by the people to whom he was endeared. When from sickening rehearsals of the atrocities of Andersonville, of Libby and of Belle Isle, the student of future days would turn, in hot resentment, to the pages of retaliation, he will find them not. His surprise will associate with the wonder of his discovery that England, whose outcries against the sin of bondage had been as violent as they were hollow, was first to recognize the Slave Confederacy. Indulgence has followed at the heel of victory. The people have worn their joy with forbearance, their grief with charity.

"High treason," said Bacon, "is not written in ice; that when the body relenteth, the impression should go away."

The blot of rebellion has soaked up too much blood, the stains of its cruelties are too deep to be effaced. They are only hidden by the curtain of peace. Woe to them who shall first draw its folds aside. The war has seriously tested, though not measured, the nation's capacities; it has proved the constitution elastic enough to bend and too tough to break; it has been happily ended in the face of

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foreign hostility. Shall we name our most deserving creditors? It were a vain endeavor, for,

> "The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
> Because we see it; but what we do not see
> We tread upon, and never think of it."

The most distinguished generals had a host of counterparts in the ranks; the leader was a leader only by virtue of followers; the courage of the rear waited on the boldness of the front. Every uniform that covered a loyal heart hid a jewel — every jewel was a gem. The people have set one of the most brilliant in the front of the crown of government in representation of the rest.

To all the defenders of the Union, by sea and by land, a perpetual eulogium is due.

When the gallant soldier, returned to his accustomed paths of industry, seeks to participate in the prosperity his service has bought, make room for him. His interregnum of peril should not dam the flow of fortune.

When the battered veteran, with disabled hands, petitions the plethoric purse of trade to comfort his half-drained life, let quick memory recall the days when the Ship of State was in peril of wreck and he saved her. He asks not charity. Pay him his salvage.

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The sleeping dead have venerated graves, and the reward of Heaven. Loving friends and a grateful country keep their mantles green. When the smiling bloom of Spring gladdens the earth, faithful comrades cull her choicest blossoms, and in solemn, sympathetic concourse, carry the sweet tokens of fraternal remembrance to the resting places of those whose glory it was to die for their country. As the tender flower touches the grassy mound of a fallen patriot, perhaps a tear bears it company.

A view of the political world finds the star of the United States bright as the brightest in the shining constellation of great powers. The sensitive balance that weighs governments marks a gain for ours. The jealous monarchies, whose counterfeit smiles gave place to honest frowns behind the smoke of battle, would have us forget their forgetfulness. They reflect that the popular government, which has proved invulnerable from within, may be impregnable from without. The war has strengthened us. It has made dismemberment impossible. The attempted syncretism of freedom and slavery no longer vexes us. The new cement of common equality is impervious to the threatening waves of any sea.

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We harbor no apprehensions for our foreign relations. If the force of our fair demand against England does not press its early discharge, it is a valuable force to possess. There is, however, reason for confidence that the availability of its possession need never be taxed. If England has agreed with the two Johnsons, who wore our authority, while they failed to represent us, to a treaty whose welcome was an unceremonious rejection, it does not argue a denial of justice when justice is exacted. Means are not wanting to obtain it; but an expenditure of threats will not purchase conviction of the stock from which we sprang. Lord Clarendon has lately said, "he hoped what had occurred would promote and not hinder the negotiations." Towards such a disposition we may trust that Motley, succeeding the distinguished Adams, after the brief interlude of our non-representation, may approach with a dignified freedom and courteous firmness which shall secure an acceptable result.

We look from the high watch-tower of our Republic upon foreign powers with tranquil assurance.

We observe England following, not by steps, but by strides, the behests of the people. A monarchy, the government finds its nobility a cumbrance. Necessity is engrafting life peerages upon the tree of

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hereditary aristocracy. Nature has decreed that the cion shall determine the fruit. The nobility of merit is sapping the nobility of birth. The people are dictating, and the government is modifying its polity.

France permits little repose to the *coup d'état*-crowned sentinel of the empire. The rent-service he renders for the tenancy of the throne, is the drudgery of interminable watchfulness. Would he engage in the pleasing employment of "rectifying" the boundaries of his territory — he must watch its uneasy capital. When his august neighbors went out to battle, they could leave their doors open toward France — the emperor was engaged at his post. "Paris is France," and Paris is his avowed enemy. The recent elections increase the burden of his vigilance. He must do more than he has done, more than any man can do for the advancement of France, to dazzle her into blindness to her fetters. In his perpetual vigils, one hand grasps the throat of liberty. The endurance of that grip measures the present rule of France. It cannot last long. The people demand, and there must follow a modification of their government.

Spain is freeing herself from the corruption of long-endured evils. She is casting down the rusty

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bars to progress. She has driven her arbitrary queen into an exile, where she is displaying the wealth amassed from the wretchedness of unhappy subjects. The experiment of Spain's tardy relief, will claim the most judicious heed. Our sympathy and best wishes should stretch out to the bruised people, who have smitten tyranny in the face.

If we were to extend our observations further, we should still follow the ruts of the wheels of political change. We should recognize in every foreign sky, the influence of our free atmosphere.

The present year has witnessed in serenity the retirement of one who occupied the Presidential Chair, and has viewed with profound satisfaction the inauguration of a successor to Lincoln. The Presidency has sought Grant: he received it. He has never solicited rank; he has been rated by his deeds. An indomitable leader, he asks only to follow the will of the people. Honored by those who have singled him out as their representative, his evident integrity of purpose and calm determination in its pursuit should enlist unanimous esteem.

The reviving South will read in his elevation the pledge of an equitable administration, and a certain defence of loyalty.

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The withdrawal from political life of the late Secretary of State, has recently followed a long term of valuable labor. His state and his country have heavily assessed his untiring energy, his abundant information and his sound judgment. His important service as a sagacious, faithful statesman, is entitled to the requital of liberal thanks.

A survey of our domestic condition discovers auspicious omens on every side. The broad stream of prosperity, which has never ceased to flow north of the fields of rebellion, is swelling and enlarging as it courses on.

Fate is obscuring the identity of the former South. Her people no longer take counsel of their false augurs. They no longer gather about the leaders who took them to failure. Their old idols are bereft of honor and denied confidence. The hand of Fortune is remodelling the South for a future, in which free and enlightened industry will win the palm of progress and influence. The weight of her new importance will, ere long, be felt throughout the Union.

The waves of emigration continue to roll steadily upon our shores. The pioneer emigrants, who brought muscle to serve us in grappling for wealth, are followed by those who bring offerings of skill.

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While the current from Ireland is unabated, the tide from Germany and Northern Europe is outstripping it. Emigration from England's intelligent classes is also surging upon our borders. The Old World sends us a town every week. Every recruit to our population has a value. His removal is a loss to the place of his nativity, upon whose means he has grown, and a gain to us. Every day's labor he brings is a contribution to our coffers. Our greatest enterprises take shape through the toil of foreigners. They keep close companionship with the spirit of improvement as it marches over the country leaving iron tracks for traffic to follow. They make bold acquaintance with the virtue of our soil, and impress it into productive exercise. They lend hard hands to the workshop and the warehouse. The ready absorption of the emigrant's capital proves its advantage, and is suggestive of the richness of our undeveloped substance.

In all directions we spy enterprise crowding upon enterprise. "The wave behind impels the wave before." By the iron-edged route to the Golden Gate great railroads are made by-paths. Already our commerce is jeering at the resistance of Darien to the friendly embrace of the Atlantic and the Pacific. The art of surgery is threatening the band

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by which nature has tied the twin Americas like the twins of Siam. The giant undertaking of yesterday is the pigmy of to-day.

In telling the promise of the country's future, extravagance would be tameness,

> "For thy vast bounties are so numberless,
> That them or to conceal or else to tell
> Is equally impossible."

After scanning the broad domain of national sovereignty, we turn to our own Commonwealth with affectionate pride. Though she has freely sent her sons and her money to build up new territory, she continues in the vanguard of States. She has regarded with pleasure the increasing stature of rival sisters, fostered by her capital. It may be, however, that wholesome prudence is now dictating a more rigid application of her means to the irrigation of her own soil.

Her intelligence is undenied; her political influence is conspicuous; the lustre of her credit is untarnished. In prudent charity, she is profuse; in education, unsparing; in legislation, prodigal; in her public models of art, original; and in tunnelling, a learner.

We are a law-enacting, law-abiding people. No instruction of the "Declaration of the Rights of the

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Inhabitants of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," is more faithfully observed than that which declares that, "The Legislature ought frequently to assemble for the redress of grievances, for correcting, strengthening, and confirming the laws, and for making new laws, as the common good may require."

The legislature of the last six months has secured the "common good" for six months to come in the enactment of Five Hundred and Sixty-Nine "Acts and Resolves." Imagine the consternation with which such a record would fill Jonathan Swift, who, a century and a half ago, said: "If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer."

We have perfected political science to such a degree that we make law enough in one day to suffice for that day and one more. While the community exult in the guarantee of safety for half a year, the student takes courage in the opportunity to master the laws before they are abrogated.

The legislature of this year has set the seal of assent to that amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which declares that, "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any

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State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The "Fifteenth Amendment" cuts at a stroke a Gordian Knot which the studied theories of the wisest and most humane have essayed to untie. After statesmen had tasked their lives in the vain attempt to gently undo the knot of slavery by gradual emancipation, it was finally cut by the sword of war. It were better, our legislators have said, to sever this last knot of political inequality by the sword of peace. Those who had misgivings must have done wisely to smother distrust, in the decision to execute complete justice without delay.

In our latest legislation touching commercial interests, we have reason for congratulation. The heavy demands of our great railroads for increased facilities and extended connections indicate present thrift, and a design to propitiate good fortune by generous provisions. The readiness with which these demands have been heard, and the sound liberality which has been their response, demonstrate an expanding appreciation of our business capacities and necessities. Narrow jealousy of Boston, if it has ever been entertained, has not found an asylum in the last legislature. It has been at once conceded that the importance of the capital vitally concerns

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the Commonwealth, and that in amplifying its channels of trade, in magnifying its prominence as a market, and in enlarging its space for growth, the common welfare is promoted.

An absurd effort to transfer a department of the City Government to the guardianship of the State, to satisfy the ill-based prejudices of a few warped minds, has met a swift rebuff, as severe as it was merited.

A threat to make an example of Boston, for an alleged sluggishness in the enforcement of a certain law, was coldly denied the solace of a faint echo. Whenever the eminence of our City Government shall tempt an invidious attack, it should encounter an indignant repulse in the deafening protests of every citizen susceptible of honest pride, or the sentiment of justice. Though a subversion of the police functions of all our municipalities would escape the odium of a blow at one only, the impolicy of such a conquest by the State should condemn it. The democracy which calls upon the individual to contribute only the necessary allotment of his natural liberty to society, upon the town to surrender only essential powers to the State, and upon the States to gauge their contribution of sovereignty by their

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compact, is worth more than a score of chameleon statutes.

The wisdom of charging upon each community the responsibility of preserving peace and order within its limits finds its proof in the voluntary establishment of the police organizations coveted for the State. The owner is the most vigilant guard of his treasure. Each community has the closest interest in its own self-defence. If disease creeps into the body, we invoke Æsculapius. We seek to cure, not to kill. If abuses should steal into municipal administration, the people will engage in stern pursuit of a cure. Not till our town governments are bedridden, should they call for nurses from the state hospitals.

Much time has been consecrated this year to a "Chapter" of the Blue Book, whose chief recommendation to favor is its liability to repeal. In the Declaration of Rights, "temperance" is accounted as one of the principles "absolutely necessary to preserve the advantages of liberty, and to maintain free government." This "Chapter," adopted after most solemn deliberation, in contempt of this principle, has put a seductive intoxicant under the protectorate of the State. By designed omission, an acknowledged intoxicant is legally

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considered non-intoxicating. Temperance repudiates such a senseless fiction of law. It is but the sorry ally of a party. Let the Muses hasten to immortalize our State drink, for laws are transient. Our statute books have long since ceased to wear the title of "The Perpetual Laws of Massachusetts." I think Scythia must have had prohibitory legislation when Anacharsis said that "laws were like cobwebs, where the small flies were caught and the great break through." Extreme legislation touching moral questions has seldom purchased permanency. "Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues." If, perchance, the cider cask should prove weak armor; if the autumn yield of the non-intoxicating intoxicant should fail to float the new statute, it may be well to remember that, "*in medio tutissimus ibis.*"

The disposition of the "Female Suffrage" question for a brief period, recalls our obligation to the legislature, for what has not been done.

The gentle persuasions and sweet threatenings of those restive women, who sigh for entrance into the "higher sphere" of caucuses and conventions, have been received with a gallantry that must have smoothed the refusal of their petitions. Those

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relations of the sexes which nature has ordained, and time approved, will govern us a little longer. But nature is growing old-fashioned; experience loses its value in an age of inventions, and any average tyro in theology can explain away the Bible to order. How soon man may be led to subordinate himself to woman, for such would be the effect of female enfranchisement in Massachusetts, some of us dare not consider.

> "New customs,
> Though they be never so ridiculous,
> Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are followed."

Timid men already feel the skirts of their garments lengthening into petticoats. Women should not vote because God has not given them the power to enforce their will, and law without means to execute it is not law. Woman's strength is in her weakness; her defence is in her defencelessness. But such strength and such defence will not sustain governments. That man is a criminal who neglects to provide the shelter of a roof for his wife, and stand ready to defend it. Government is only the shelter of society. Man must erect it, and defend it. Woman's law is the influence of her virtue, her modesty and her beauty, and that law, read at

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the hearthstone, is transcribed in halls of legislation by hands able to maintain it. Those who claim that our laws would be purer if women voted, should know that they are already better than society is. Man legislates, not according to what he is, but according to what he ought to be. Our laws are as tender of the rights of women as they are favorable to the welfare of men. The bounty of our government is sufficient for all. It has made Massachusetts a citadel in war, a garden in peace. "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

It is a congenial duty to direct a moment's reflection to our sterling city. It would be an attractive diversion to invest fancy with light pinions and float back to the Boston of yore. Imagination would warm with novel interest in hovering over the nursery in which our city grew from tender infancy to chartered majority. It would delight in resigning to the waves their old dominion, usurped by solid buildings; in re-carpeting with green the pleasant fields, invaded by crowded blocks of stone and brick; in coercing granite piles raised up by ambitious trade to surrender their foundations to those broad

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mansions, whose doors opened to the traditional luxury of spaciousness; in replanting those little oases, whose now heavy laden soil once knew only the delicate burden of flowers; in giving back South Boston, and ceding the beautiful Highlands to the ghost of Roxbury. We should revel in an Asmodean flight over the Boston in which a century ago to-day the General Court was contending for the inseparable connection of taxation and representation.

But the Boston which surrounds us, so rapidly extending its outlines of warehouses and dwellings that their recognition is conditional upon active observation, so thoroughly repairing the errors of the past, that narrow streets are suddenly lost in broad avenues, and little courts in crowded thoroughfares, is the Boston which wins our thoughts in this hour.

Of our culture and refinement, of our fidelity to the virtuous principles of early days, let others speak. The city's hospitality — to mention it here were to lessen it. It is told in almost every tongue.

But the citizens of Boston may well felicitate themselves upon the fast spread of roofs, covering prosperous trade, productive toil and happy homes, and upon the notable enterprises which are stimulating activity at every point.

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We are fortunate in a City Government, whose judgment does not serve their doubts.

> "Our doubts are traitors,
> And make us lose the good we oft might win,
> By fearing to attempt."

They have perceived that municipal growth properly appeals for improvements, and that bold improvements draw on bold growth. They have not doubted, but let the wisdom of liberal expenditures justify the rate of taxation. To the city, taxation is galvanism. If it excites the citizen, it is an extra gain. Rust consumes the vitals of a community. Boston must teach well her children, succor generously her unfortunate, defend warily the public health, maintain an efficient police (the State permitting), make damp places dry, hills level, crooked places straight, narrow places wide, adorn and multiply her parks, foster trade, entice commerce, keep her "latch-string out," celebrate National Independence, and have "contingent expenses"; and for this the assessors' battery must be adequately charged. When the battery becomes feeble, citizens may hope for a millennium, but should suspect decline.

No recent event is so pregnant with future advantage as the union of Dorchester with Boston. Im-

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perious necessities, prognosticated in population rapidly augmenting, in the swelling hum of traffic outgrowing its familiar limits, and in the loud-voiced murmurs of industrial employments increasing in extent and variety, have compelled Boston to besiege in amity the territory of her neighbors.

The peaceful capitulation of Dorchester has been no less a victory for her than a triumph for us. She no longer opposes the barrier of her boundaries to our expansion: our magnitude no longer overshadows her, but is hers. Dorchester's lungs will breathe for Boston; Boston's heart will pulsate for Dorchester. Our welcome sister but contributes a beautiful emerald to the diadem she is henceforth to wear

As we embraced Roxbury with warm greetings last year, as we salute Dorchester in loving reception this year, let us hope to extend the courtesies of our hospitality to Brookline next year. Annexation is our true policy, wisely recognized by the Commonwealth. Aggregation of numbers is essential to the fulness of the importance, the authority and the worth which should be destined for Boston. Humanity clusters. Throngs attract individuals. The larger the population, the faster will it gather. But space is an indispensable

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pre-requisite to wholesome aggregation. Give Boston room, make timely provision for healthful increase, perpetuate her good government, and those who come after us may wield an influence whose power shall govern an empire of usefulness, and whose usefulness shall exalt its power. This generation owes the next a munificent heritage.

"A setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies."

The signs of Boston's future eclipse her present, as her present outshines the past. But situated as she is, she can attain her meridian prosperity only by energetic development of every resource. Municipal vigor must constantly attend, and sometimes launch private enterprise. If, however, her riches are but the gradual gain of exertion, she will remember that when Jupiter sends Plutus, he limps, when Pluto sends him, he runs.

Education, the mail of popular government, is wrought out in schools whose excellence is Boston's chief honor. School-houses are esteemed our best arsenals, instructors our best armorers. The jealous advancement of learning will be one of the surest guarantees of the future of our hope.

But wealth is corrupting, learning is hollow, and

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art is impure where the Divinity is unacknowledged. He alone can intrench our present fortune, or assure a splendid future. Let accumulating wealth be directed by intelligence, let intelligence be inspired by religion, and upon a soil to which patriotism is indigenous, the Boston of hereafter, from an imposing grandeur, shall gratefully turn back to us, as we reverently remember those who planted and watered our city in days gone by.

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Ames, E. C.

15

1870-71. CITY DOCUMENT. No. 28.

The Historical Importance of the Day.

AN

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES AND CITIZENS OF PROVIDENCE,

JULY 4TH, 1870,

By EDWARD C. AMES.

PROVIDENCE:
HAMMOND, ANGELL & CO., PRINTERS.
1870.

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1871. Mar. 15,

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THE CITY OF PROVIDENCE.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

RESOLVED, That the thanks of the City Council be and they are hereby tendered to EDWARD C. AMES, ESQ., for the able and eloquent oration delivered by him at the late municipal celebration of American Independence.

RESOLVED, That the Committee of Arrangements for the Fourth of July celebration be and they are hereby authorized to request of Mr. Ames a copy of the oration delivered by him on that day; and to cause the same to be published in such manner as they may deem expedient, for the use of the City Council.

Passed and approved September 14, 1870.

A true copy: witness,

SAMUEL W. BROWN, CITY CLERK.

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ORATION.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

IN this inspired utterance of the poet there is more of true philosophy than the casual reader is wont to observe. It is a deep hidden truth that the philosophers of the present day—looking through nature up to nature's God—have either not discovered, or purposely avoided. History, in a wonderful manner, displays the working of this power in all the great facts it records, and especially in those which have stamped their name on the age in which they were revealed.

Traced from the patriarchal government through the theocracies, the democracies, the monarchies and the representative forms of government, one cannot fail to recognize the upward and onward course of the human race. As surely as history teaches us this, it also teaches us, that past governments, upon which,

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from the light of the present day, we are apt to look as upon the blackest of all darkness, were but necessary steps in the certain progress of political science which finds its consummation in the institution of a government "by the people, for the people"—a national republic.

The great days in the calendar of the world's history are but vehicles of divine communication with man, when the Mighty Mover of all things tells us that He is still watching over us, still guiding and directing our movements. From the cradle to years of discretion, the food and instruction of the individual are measured and portioned to meet the requirements and suit the aptitudes of his age. His nature and constitution demand such an overseeing eye. Nations are no otherwise constituted, and truth, the great ideas that raise new levels for action, the food and education necessary to their progress, is measured out by the divine hand, on great days, through great minds. The vehicles of divine gifts partake of the greatness of their employer, and are fit objects for celebration and respect.

Eighteen centuries and more have passed since the greatest and most effective of political as well as religious truths was proclaimed to the world. The Christian era brought with it the idea of the brotherhood of nations. Mankind received it. The idea common to each nation within the pale of polytheism, that the other was barbarian, disappeared. Inter-

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course, formerly for purpose of war alone, became then the means of friendly exchange. Society took a step in advance, but the mind of the individual still remained in the shackles. One superstition lost influence to give place to another. The mind must be freed else the progress of the race is forever checked. True to the necessity the day came. Luther nailed his thesis to the door of the church at Wittenberg, the fetters of the mind were loosed. France and Germany were overturned, and the world received its second great truth—the reformation became a fact. Already the great hive of Grecian culture had been tapped, and the treasures of Constantinople had begun to pour into the western world. Persecutions for religion were begun in England, the home of the vigorous Saxon race, and those who entertained the highest sentiment of which the human heart is capable—"that compound sentiment made up of the clearest sense of right, and the highest conviction of duty"—which lifts its possessor far beyond the ordinary level of humanity, were driven from their native land. The wheat was separated from the chaff. The enterprise of the sixteenth century had opened a new world, and its rude hospitality was extended to the oppressed. The Pilgrim Fathers landed on the rock at Plymouth, and the first constitution made "by the people for the people," had breathed into it the breath of life.

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The truths that had long been brushed aside and studiously disparaged by the potentates of Europe as troublesome facts that interfered with the easy oppression of their subjects, had now blossomed out a new lesson to the world. Had Bradford or Carver fallen, like the mythical Rip Van Winkle, into a similar sleep, but one of two hundred years, he would have rubbed his eyes to look on a government more perfect indeed in its development, but the same in spirit that they had closed on in the days of early Plymouth.

Here progress seemed for a time checked. The new world must first be rescued from the wilderness; its savage denizens subdued by the influences of civilization, or driven back and overwhelmed by the advance of its unerring tide; for it is the theatre wherein the last great ideas are to act, and where a new lesson is to be given to mankind. The task required for its accomplishment men who had been sifted out from the number of their fellows, and in the sturdy Puritans and their descendants, such were found. The forests fall, churches rise, the war-whoop of the savage grows fainter and fainter as it echoes from the hill-tops farther and farther towards the setting sun; and wild, rough, savage, bleak New England begins to blossom like the rose. Truth and action have embraced; all must succumb. Throughout the broad sweep of its history the world has been full of truth.

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Plato sounded the depths of truth in the groves of the Academy. He went further; he built him, in speculation, a republic, and peopled and governed it to suit his fancy. Moore planned his Eutopia, and Sidney his Arcadia, but there was no action here, and like all dreams they were fruitless of result. Our early settlers were active and practical, as well as men schooled in philosophy. They weighed the trials and rewards that must attend their enterprise, found the balance not in their favor, but in that of posterity, and their hearts were large enough to make the sacrifice. They conceived the government they wished to pay obedience to, but unlike their predecessors they breathed life into the idle parchment, and the government we live under to-day attests the virtue of the spirit of 1620.

No migration was ever fraught with such consequences to the world as that which terminated on Plymouth Rock, December 22d, in the year 1620. Though the Greeks peopled the shores of the Euxine, the coasts of Africa and Italy, and even touched the coasts of France; the Romans, the shores and islands of the Mediterranean, the heart of Gaul and the island of Great Britain; the Spanish, the Dutch and the Portuguese, the West Indies and South America; England both the Indies and parts of Asia and Africa, still no great nation whose example exerts a telling influence to-day, lives to hallow these undertakings. Certainly not. The result of these enterprises could have been

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as easily prognosticated in those days as it is perceived in our own. They all accomplished, to a greater or less extent, the short-lived ends for which they were undertaken. Political motives most exclusively prompted the migrations of the Greek colonists; the Romans followed the wake of their victorious legions, and held the conquered territory in the name of the Empire, while commerce, and hope of meeting with a yet undiscovered El Dorado, prompted the colonization schemes of the English, the Spanish, the Portuguese and the Dutch. For a comparison, profane history has to be declared barren. The Holy Writ furnishes a faint resemblance, in the picture it paints of Moses leading the children of Israel into the wilderness, to worship the God of their fathers. It is the lofty motive, the sound and vigorous morality, the enlightened ideas of those who undertook it, that renders all comparison between this and other enterprises of a seeming like nature, entirely futile.

Fashionable as it may be, to-day, to deride and scoff at the manners of the Puritans, to ridicule their simplicity, and condemn their religious intoleration,—in fine, to utter their names as the synonym of all that is evil and absurd; the right mind discovers sufficient rebuke to the scoffers in the lofty motives of the condemned, and mitigating circumstances for their mistaken religious zeal, in the intolerant spirit of their age.

He reads human nature upside down who judges and measures the conduct of men in past ages by the

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standard of his own day. "Do you suppose that if Elder Brewster could come up from his grave, to-day, he would be contented with the Congregational Church and the five points of Calvin? No, sir; he would add to his creed the Maine Liquor Law; the Underground Railroad, and the thousand Sharpe's Rifles addressed 'Kansas,' and labelled 'Books.' My idea is, if he took his staff in his hand and went off to exchange pulpits, you might hear of him at the Music Hall of Boston, and Plymouth Church at Brooklyn," said the most consummate orator of our day and generation, fifteen years ago, and I think you will agree with him, that they were great spirits, and in whatever age they had lived would have stepped out in advance of their time. Like the great minds of the day, they regarded the effete customs and institutions about them, as milestones only, indicating how far yesterday's thought had travelled; and with the energy native to their character, launched out into the New World where unrestricted they urged thought on.

But, while we accord to the Puritans the praise that should justly be ascribed to their moral influence on those about them, to their hearty and successful endeavors to spread education throughout the community in which they lived, and to the discrimination which led them to introduce the best features of English domestic economy into their polity, we must not rob others of glory by ascribing to them all the consequences which have flowed from their uncon-

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scious acts; else, with equal charity, we should regard Miltiades as the source of all the beauties of Grecian literature and art, Columbus as the cause of all our greatness, and Judas Iscariot the greatest benefactor of mankind.

The rugged hills and deep forests, the hunting grounds of the Penobscots, the Pequots, the Mohicans and Narragansetts, they freed from savage possession; the mighty wilderness, now New England, they redeemed for civilized use. New colonists pour in; in place of hundreds they now count thousands. The old colony of Virginia is now building up new settlements; Maryland is a thriving colony; New York has passed from the Dutch to the English, and the Quakers are multiplying in Pennsylvania. Out of the wilds of America has sprung a great people. Their education deep and varied has been well calculated to prepare them for proper and successful action when the day of decision shall arrive, and the experiment of a new government be launched into political life.

From the beginning, the soil had yielded gratefully to their industry,—too abundantly for the avaricious eye of England. The hand that had ministered little to the comfort of the colonists in the days of youthful adversity, in the day of prosperity was stretched out to deprive them of the full reward of their labors. By the Navigation Act of 1660, they were excluded from the commerce of the world. None but British ships could bear their exports and imports, and none but British subjects trade in their ports.

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The "seven years war" taught the colonists the virtue and necessity of united action; trained them in the arts of war, and gave birth in England to an idea, the enforcing of which was the occasion of our separation. The long mooted question in the English Parliament of taxing the colonies culminated in the passage of the Stamp Act.

The constant wars with the Indians, and the border wars with the French, had made the tillers of the soil a warlike people. The sacred memories that clustered about the graves of their fathers and comrades, who had yielded up their lives in the battles of their country, made that country dear to them, and enkindled in their bosoms a sentiment of patriotism only heightened by their own sufferings, and which finds its best and highest expression in the speeches of Patrick Henry, James Otis, John Adams, and in the living eloquent acts of the Revolution.

Great men had arrived on the stage; great men ready for action, whose hearts were bursting with indignation at the deprivation of rights they had sustained. Franklin was there the philosopher and statesman; the two Adamses; Hancock, who signed his name to the Declaration of Independence in large characters, that it might be easily read across the halls of the English Parliament; and the sturdy Carroll who added "of Carrollton" to his name, that should failure attend their enterprise, the halter might not err in its victim. These men embodied the determined spirit of the time.

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All the elements of an explosion were collected together. It required but a spark to kindle all. It is as true now as twenty-two centuries ago, when pronounced by Aristotle,—"Revolutions are the result of great causes but slight occasions." A mob in Boston, 1770; the burning of the Gaspee in Narragansett Bay, 1772; the destruction of some tea in Boston harbor, 1773; the Boston Port Bill, and abrogation of the Massachusetts charter, 1774, led to the spilling of blood on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and then to a revolution for independence. These are the occasions only; the causes are traceable back through a century.

The time is ripe. The Continental Congress is assembled at Philadelphia; an army is in the field with Washington at its head; the faith of the colonies has been plighted him through their delegates; the day has arrived when all the lessons of the past are to be called into requisition, and the progress of the people stamped upon the age, by the birth of a government, the announcement of a new era. It knocks at the closed door of the legislative hall; the question is, "to be or not to be;" the vote is counted, and the unanimous resolution declared from the President's chair, "that these colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dis-

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solved." The doors are thrown open, and the old bell rings welcome to the dawn of a new epoch, for the birth of an immortal day. Divine Providence speaks again. "Society is for the individual, not the individual for society;" a truth never pronounced before. The idea of the old world, that every man needs some one to take care of him, and that a certain class are the natural guardians of all but the one whose peculiar duty it is to take care of them, was terribly, *terribly* shaken by the Divine enunciation of this day.

In it we see the necessity of all that preceded. It required for its birth a new world, separated from the old, as wide as the two shores of the Atlantic, where the best fruits of civilization, freed from the traditions and prejudices which had hampered their growth in Europe, could arrive at full maturity.

On this day, the people for the first time began to talk as law-makers. On this day, we became a free people. The Revolution proved merely that the Declaration of Independence was true. In this day are wrapt the best lessons of all past history; the century and a half of toil and suffering endured by our ancestors; and, by the Providence of God, we hope a thousand annual returns.

It is needless for me to detail to you the events of the revolution, or the heroes who achieved the freedom of our country. The pages of history are loaded with the deeds of the American champions of freedom. The poet and the novelist have already com

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municated to them the brilliant colorings of the imagination, and we look upon the heights of Charlestown, the Springs of Eutaw, and the plains of York, as the Thermopylæ, the Marathon, the Troy, the classic ground of America. The earth groans under a lofty monument which designates the spot where flowed the blood of Warren, and the names of Greene and Washington stand in bold relief on that pillar of fame whose capital has been lifted to heaven by their merit and your love. Their names dwell, this day, on the lips of millions. The histories of your ancestors are engraven on the hearts of their children; and I should hold you wanting in filial gratitude were it necessary to repeat the oft told story of their sufferings and redress. They conquered and gloried in their conquest. They looked upon their work, and pronounced it good, for they felt that their bonds were burst forever, and that they should transmit to their posterity that richest of all inheritances, a land of civil liberty.

Ninety-four years have passed over our country since she declared to the world her right of self government. There is on record no period so important in events, so fruitful in changes, so productive of both good and evil,—no age which can be so appropriately termed an age of wonders. Other times have seen bloody battles fought, old nations destroyed, and new ones reared up to supply their places. But this is the period which will in the future fix the attention of mankind; this is the goal from which the world has

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started anew on the race which its Creator has destined it to run. It is this epoch to which the future historian will recur in his search for the causes of far distant events, and here find the clue which will lead him safely through the destinies of millions yet unborn.

You doubtless recall the state of Europe at the beginning of this century, drenched in the blood of her sons, her thrones tottering, her ancient land-marks broken down. You have seen the mighty mover of this revolution, after having made his sword his sceptre, his empire a magazine, and his people an army, oppose himself to an allied world, unconquered but by the elements, unchecked in his career but by the barriers which nature had set for him. You have seen this man, whose gifts were thrones, stripped of the spoils which he had amassed from the robbery of nations, and borne to an untimely grave by the faithful few who were permitted to share his exile. You have seen the French nation pass under every form of political machinery, and finally lodge in the iron grasp of military despotism; an empire rise and fall in blood on the soil of Mexico; hot beds of revolution spring up in the states of South America; the map of Germany changed by the policy of Bismarck, which culminated in the battle of Sadowa and Kœnizsgratz; and finally, the revolution in Spain, and the haughty crowns of Castile and Arragon, begging a head to fill them. This is but a faint outline of the events

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you have read of or seen, during the present century, in nations foreign to your own. Fill it up with the destruction of all that is beautiful in nature, or unrivalled in art, with famine, carnage and conscription; adorn the whole with the worthless tinsel of military glory, and you will have a complete picture of the deep tragedy that has been enacted about you the past ninety years. But what have been the changes which this period has wrought with us? What the fortunes of that land which Heaven has made our portion? Your fathers were wise in counsel and bold in battle. They pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor for your security. Let us see whether the object of all their sacrifice,—the end of their earthly hopes and labors,—has been realized, or whether their blood and treasure have been wasted, their sufferings and privations in vain.

At the close of the revolutionary war, America, though she had much cause to rejoice, had also much to mourn. Her resources were drained, her commerce destroyed, her wealth spoiled, and her land filled with mourning and desolation. Death had been busy with her citizens; a storm had passed over her forests, and the loftiest oaks were laid low. Time, however, brought healing in its wings for the mourner, the native enterprise and industry of the people whitened the seas again with the sails of peaceful merchantmen, and "Hamilton, like the prophet of old, struck with his staff the rock of our national resources, and a copious stream flowed into our treasury."

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Eighty years have now passed since we were declared a nation. Great changes have taken place. But those which excite our admiration and gratitude are such as have been wrought in the rugged face of the earth, and such as are seen in the rapid and prosperous settlement of an immense and fertile country; in a system of government whose first principle is the good of the people, controlling a mighty people; in the extension of external and the creation of internal commerce, in the diffusion of learning, and the consequent cultivation of good morals. The government is a tower of strength, as firm as a pyramid standing on its base. But the lesson taught by advanced political science, "that a policy morally wrong cannot be politically wise," remained to be impressed upon us, and the eighth decade of our national existence, fearfully terrible, taught us this truth. It is too, too eloquent a theme itself to be touched with words. *Slavery is dead*, and a million lives are its monument.

Had the actions of our predecessors been limited in their operation to their own country, still their glory would have been complete. They would still have been the founders of a mighty republic, and have been entitled to that reverence with which we approach the memory of those whose actions, looking beyond the narrow sphere of their own existence, regard remote posterity. But it is the peculiar quality of successful acts which are really great, springing from just principles, and directed by right reason, that no human

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limits can be assigned to their effects. The principles which produced them recommend them to the mind of man, and the success which attends them enlists also his feelings and interests. Such acts, too, stand approved before Heaven. They fall in with the great plan which nature and revelation teach us has been adopted for the good of mankind, and borne along with it into extended operation, share also in its extended success. For these reasons it is that the efforts of our countrymen effected something more than their immediate purpose; that the praises of our heroes are sung by other than their native bards.

In estimating the influence which the success of the United States, under their present political institutions, has had upon the conduct and fortunes of other nations, we should be careful to guard against what we fear has been, on this subject, the besetting sin of our countrymen—*exaggeration.* This influence has been sufficiently great to be seen with the naked eye, and needs not the magnifying medium of patriotic enthusiasm to give it lustre and dignity.

It is an historic fact that those who have knelt most lowly before the shrine of liberty, and have most zealously breathed to her their devotion, have stained her purity, with the undiscriminating, by ascribing to her power, *effects*, it would be impiety to suppose she produced. Who is there at the present day, who regards the French Revolution with other than feelings of unmixed abhorrence? Who is there who does not feel

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his cheeks burn with shame at the degradation of the human race, when he contemplates the wild excesses, the cruelty, the profanation of all that is dear to social feeling, to moral and religious obligation, and to natural right committed at that ill-fated era, in the holy name of liberty? Who would bathe himself so deep in sacrilege as to ascribe this tragedy to the influence of our institutions, as to boldly declare this the blooming out of our example, to be the handy work of our glorious ancestors. *This is not of us.* It is the fearful exhibition of French philosophy, the practical result of the principles of Rousseau. The fanaticism of mere idealists, the fruitless endeavors of theorizers to reach political perfection, without the moral training of the people which could alone secure it, ending in the destruction of those who essayed the task. These have well nigh obliterated the memory of national sacrifices by the French people, and of a national defence against combined Europe, to which there is nothing superior in the history of modern times.

Without doubt the good and great of every country look back with reverence to the assertors of our independence, and recognize in their principles and success a pledge, that political liberty, whatever may be its future in other parts of the civilized world, will still live and breathe and have its being in this Western Hemisphere.

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The influence which a free and enlightened government like ours has had, and will have, in changing the political creeds of Europe, is undoubtedly great; but we must not vainly imagine that it can work magic effects. Ours is not the flashing fire of Heaven which binds to its glittering course the eyes and hearts of an attentive world. It is rather the genial warmth of the earth, which itself unseen, unfelt, silently operates, and is known only in the beautiful forms it elaborates, from the world of matter, for the happiness and sustenance of man.

To indulge in splendid visions of the approaching greatness of human kind is pleasing; to hold ourselves leading on the nations of Europe to political prosperity, by our bright example, as our fathers did in the march of men to true and permanent glory, is a noble thought, and one well calculated to inspire us with extended views, and generous principles of action. But let us not, because this station is elevated, imagine we possess it, and miscalculating our influence, fall into the weakness of national vanity.

We are told, by plausible orators, that the great principles of policy first acted upon by us are by the influence of our example fast extending their sway in the European world; that their operation upon the public mind is clearly seen; and that at no distant day we shall see, in Europe, republics like ours rising on the ruins of their falling monarchies, founded on the firm basis of public opinion, and advancing the

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world at no measured pace to a state of political millennium.

That Europe—that the world at large—is slowly advancing in knowledge; that the great mass of the people of the earth are more enlightened, and consequently more entitled to free institutions at this than at any former period, we do not doubt. But we as clearly feel that ages must hold on their silent course, before the great conquest over ignorance, prejudice, and military power, will be effected sufficiently to admit of a permanent and successful republican Europe.

We must not, however, miscalculate our influence. The great principles that underly our polity, as a nation, do not yet express themselves by giving rise in Europe to forms of government like our own. But in the latest advance of English reform, in the formal recognition of the sovereignty of the people by the Emperor of the French, in the latest assertion of the right of the people to hold the reins of government by the people of Spain; and, in fine, in the general awakening of the people throughout Europe, to a sense of their rights, we see the principles of our own government, giving the promise of a better future, and the first faint manifestation of its coming. During the struggles, sacrifices, successes, defeats, failures of three quarters of a century, the people of Europe have learned from the new world that they have rights. Let us hope they will complete the lesson (without

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which their victory can never be secured) by learning from the fathers of the western republic, that they have also duties both to God and man.

As the principles which were successfully maintained by the American Revolution, were the slow development of many centuries, so they may require centuries in turn to produce their full effect. But already we see the first great principle of our war of independence nearly triumphant throughout the world. It is, that one nation shall not govern another nation; that States can be upheld by no bayonets but their own. Ours was a war for independence; it was no local rebellion against an oppressive law; no sectional insurrection of classes or interests. It was the uprising of a whole people, who felt that they had attained maturity, and in the words of their declaration, were determined "to assume among the nations of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitled them." It was the first successful assertion, on a large scale, of the right of local self government, since the races of Europe broke away from the Roman Empire. This is very far from the complete attainment of liberty, but it is the first step towards it.

Through the long track of modern history it had been customary, and gave no shock to general feeling, for the powerful nations to subjugate other states and govern them, by foreign ideas, enforced by foreign armies. Against this, 1776 uttered the first effectual

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protest. France, which aided America in the successful assertion of this principle, was untrue to it, when under Buonaparte she attempted to subject all Europe to French satraps, and in no undertaking has France so signally failed. What France could not do, was essayed with equal failure by the most formidable military league which modern Europe had ever seen.

The first great American principle is already successful. Austrian bayonets have disappeared from Italy; Napoleon does not venture to interfere in Spain; Russia no longer hangs like a dark cloud over the path of European progress.

National Independence, though a long way off from perfect freedom, is yet the first step towards its attainment. Domestic despotism does not necessarily humble national pride, or destroy national life. Louis XIVth and Buonaparte were great despots, but they were also great Frenchmen, and France has always looked with pride on the great things which they have done. The crushing effect of the despotism of alien masters is now visible chiefly in the humiliation of Italy, whose national life and spirit are nearly gone, under the experience of centuries of foreign misrule. But even there the great American first principle is doing its work. Before the end of the nineteenth century, the rule which failed by the Merrimac and Hudson will be equally impossible on the Tiber and the Danube.

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When the South American colonies shook the chains that fettered them to Spain, and raised the ensigns of new nationalities, our government first recognized their independence; our courts of justice and custom houses paid to their flag the respect rendered to that of the most powerful nations of Europe. These acts of our government, important as they certainly were, and generous as they must be held, (when we consider the effect which they might have produced on our relations with other governments,) are by no means all of which we have reason to be proud. Negotiations at the time were being carried on among some of the most important European powers for the purpose of procuring an armed interference in favor of Spain, against her colonies, which culminated, as you all know, in the Holy Alliance. England was wavering as to the course she should pursue. At this crisis, so fraught with danger to the freedom of our southern neighbors, the course pursued by our administration, under President Munroe, was at once noble, dignified and successful. There was no hesitation, no wavering. In the language of Mr. Adams, Secretary of State, "taking counsel of their duties, rather than fears, the government informed the world at once, that this nation could not see an interference of the continental powers of Europe in the affairs of our hemisphere, for the purpose of destroying its new born independence and liberty."

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At this enunciation, the Holy Alliance fell asunder, as if it had been a rope of sand; and the new states of South America, by a bloody war, wrote their names on the roll of nations. It is true, indeed, that these nations are ever in a state of civil strife. It is true, perhaps, that they did not well understand, and have not applied the principle, that government is not an abstract, but a relative thing, and in order to be good and successful, must be fitted to the condition of the people over whom it is established. However this may be, one thing is secured to them, their perfect freedom to shape their own destinies; and we may regard them, though for many reasons far, far behind us, as treading in the same bright path of political prosperity with ourselves.

We are now no longer an isolated people, distant three thousand miles from the sovereign States of the civilized world, important as a nation only to ourselves; but stand out to the world as the head, the heart, the strength of a great continent; as the Patriarch in a new race of dynasties already risen in their youthful vigor, and it may be destined to preserve the literature of former ages, the arts and refinements of civilized life, and the purity of religious faith, when other nations shall have lost their political existence or relapsed into their primitive barbarity. We are now no longer in the scale of political consequence a secondary power, exerting but little influence beyond the boundaries of its own territorial possessions; but

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politically, as well as individually, a great people, ranking with the proudest empires of the old world, and leading in the march of nations to prosperity and happiness.

Whether, therefore, looking at home upon ourselves, we regard our internal state and condition, or abroad upon others, we survey our political status, everything conspires to increase and exalt our gratitude to the great source of present good, and future hope, whose mighty power and matchless wisdom, conceived, produced, sustains and governs all. He led our fathers across the ocean, and gave them for an inheritance a land fairer, even, than antiquity has ever fabled. He watched over their infant settlements, and spreading far and wide they have swelled into a mighty empire. He supported their patriotic sons in the unequal struggle of the Revolution. He snatched from our paths the only curse that clogged our progress. Insensible indeed, then, must we be to the noblest feelings of the human heart, if, on this occasion, when recalling the past, reviewing the present, and speculating on the probable future, we can refuse our praises to Him who has so signally distinguished us as a people. But it is not merely in a vain show of words, in the pomp of circumstance, of thanksgiving and annual celebration, that our gratitude should be displayed; but rather in constant endeavors to improve and perpetuate our eminent advantages by a strict perform-

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ance of those duties which devolve upon us, as men, and peculiarly as American citizens.

When we consider the eminence which, as a nation, we have attained in the political world, and the immense influence which we do, at present and will hereafter exert, let us also deeply reflect upon the high and responsible duties incumbent upon us; duties which bind us, not merely to the social community in which we live, our State, or even our country,—but transcending all limits, exceeding all boundaries, bind us to the whole human race. These duties let us sacredly perform, by cultivating the kindly charities of social and domestic life, for thus only can we be good citizens; by contributing as far as in us lies, to the general diffusion of knowledge, and support of religious institutions, for these are our strength, our existence. Thus only can we possess the discrimination and virtue to choose wise and incorruptible rulers, and answer to the world and to ourselves for the power which has been committed to us. Thus, and thus only, can we transmit to posterity the glorious heritage our fathers left us, and for its guard and support, foster, in succeeding generations, that true patriotism, which is seen, alike, "in the thick rush of war," and in the encouragement of the "Sister Arts of Peace."

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PROGRAMME

OF THE

MUNICIPAL CELEBRATION,

JULY 4TH, 1870.

RINGING OF BELLS AND FIRING OF CANNON

AT 6 A. M., 12 M. AND 6 P. M.

MILITARY PROCESSION

AT 7½ O'CLOCK, A. M.

ORATION

AT 11 O'CLOCK, A. M.

REGATTA ON THE SEEKONK RIVER

AT 12 O'CLOCK, M.

PARADE OF THE OLD GUARD

AT 3 O'CLOCK, P. M.

TORCHLIGHT PARADE OF FIRE DEPARTMENT

AT 8 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Amount appropriated, - - -	$3,500 00
Amount expended, - -	3,496 69

WILLIAM W. PAINE,
NICHOLAS VAN SLYCK,
JEROTHMUL B. BARNABY,
DAVID BALLOU,
} *Committee.*

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AN

ORATION

BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1870.

By WILLIAM EVERETT.

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, CITY PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET.
1870.

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CITY OF BOSTON.

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, July 18, 1870.

Ordered, That the thanks of this Board be presented to WILLIAM EVERETT, Esquire, for his eloquent and appropriate Address before the City Government and Citizens of Boston, on the occasion of the ninety-fourth Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence; and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the Address for publication by the City.

Passed.

S. F. McCLEARY,
City Clerk.

Approved, 18th July, 1870.

NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF,
Mayor.

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ORATION.

Mr. Mayor and Fellow-Citizens of Boston:

It is, I assure you, with no slight diffidence that I approach the honorable task which the Committee of Arrangements imposes on me. The mere recital of the names of the distinguished men who have preceded me in the list of annual orators is enough to make any man feel the distinction as well as the labor of this duty. This list is not short; for a hundred successive years has the vote of the town or city government chosen an orator to speak before them on a great public anniversary.

In the year 1771, it was voted that an oration be delivered on the Fifth of March, in commemoration of the so-called Massacre — the first collision of British troops and American citizens — in the previous year; and James Lovell, the master of the Boston Latin School, was chosen to deliver it. A wise choice; for no man can be better prepared to trace with accuracy the distresses and duties of

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nations, or express them with elegance and precision, than he whose daily duty it is to train the youth of his native town in the language, the literature and the history of the wondrous peoples of antiquity.

Thirteen orations were delivered on this anniversary. When in 1783 the treaty between England and the United States had set the first seal on the independence of the latter, it was voted, on motion, I believe, of James Otis, that the annual Boston oration should be on the Fourth of July. Dr. John Warren, an honored name and title, never, it should seem, to die out among us, accordingly performed this duty in 1783. It is now, therefore, the hundredth year of the celebration, and I am the hundred and first orator to address his fellow-citizens of Boston.

My distinguished predecessor, whom we all value for his practical wisdom as much as his attic wit, has told us

> "Little of all we value here
> Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year,
> Without both feeling and looking queer;"

an axiom which some antiquaries in England attempt to carry still further, by asserting that no man is properly authenticated as having lived to be a hundred years old; and certainly there is a strong feeling in our community that anything which has existed

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for a hundred years has got to show cause why this lease for three lives should be renewed. The old-world prepossession in favor of antiquity has very little hold now upon us; we care for little that has not modern improvements attached to it; — and after tinkering away on the Fourth of July celebrations to get them as close to modern ideas as possible, the public has begun to hear a murmur creep through it, that the old house had better be pulled down altogether; — or to drop metaphor and take up *slang*, that the "Fourth of July is played out." I would not quote these words before this audience to defend them; — but they are said, and no one will pretend that the day is observed with the same enthusiasm that it was twenty, thirty, or forty years ago.

This might be laid to the charge of the hot weather. In changing the season of our annual celebration from March to July, we certainly have not gained much in comfort — and doubtless many persons find a great open-air celebration oppressive in the heats of summer. But if the Fourth of July is really ceasing to excite an annual enthusiasm, it is not because the thermometer stands at 85°, or because we hear the waves beating cool on the rocks at Nahant. The Parisians crowd as eagerly as ever to the *fête* of Bonaparte on the 15th of August. Is it true, that

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the vulgar phrase I quoted to you involves a fact? that the celebration of the Fourth of July is merely a piece of stage pageantry, a play of which the actors and audience are alike thoroughly weary? When George the Fourth was crowned, the pageant of the Coronation gave such general delight, that it was put as a spectacle on the stage of Drury Lane theatre. Here it was copied with such accurate magnificence that Elliston, who performed the King, was always so intoxicated — with his part — as to bless his assembled people with tearful solemnity, and it would have been hard for the most cautious observer of palace and theatre in 1821 to say which was the real, and which was the stage King. But nations are waking up to the belief that such spectacles are fit for the stage alone; that when we go out from the doors of the theatre to real life, we must stop all plays, and purge everything in the nature of a pageant from actual government. Can it then be, that we, who wonder why England is so patient with her monarch and her peers, have been in reality prolonging to a decrepit old age a mimic enthusiasm for certain old-world events, whose real significance was exhausted a generation ago? I propose to give this hour to a consideration of the question; and if our answer is "yes" — then let this be the last speech that

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ends the fifth act of the hundred years' pageantry, and the fireworks to-night close the transformation scene of the empty spectacle.

One hundred years! Let us try to realize, fellow-citizens, the immense distance there is between the thoughts that might fairly occupy an orator in 1771, and those that now rise instinctively to his mind. The orations for the first thirteen years were delivered in commemoration of the Boston Massacre of 1770. That singular event was much in the minds of all men in both Europe and America. It was the first armed collision between the colonies and the mother country; has been considered by many to contain the germ of the Declaration of Independence; and was well calculated to make such careful observers as Horace Walpole tremble for its effect on national feelings. No more striking event for an orator a hundred years ago than the danger of separation between East and West.

A hundred years pass, — and is there a more striking event for an orator than the marvellous union of east and west by the Ocean Telegraph and the Pacific Railroads? Suppose another collision between English and Americans in the streets of Boston to-day. They could get word across the ocean, and we across the continent, each in an instant of

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time; but our succors would be at hand from San Francisco long before theirs could arrive from London. I look upon this absolute trampling down the barriers of material nature as an event worthy to close the American century which appeared to begin with the breaking of the ties of blood and nationality.

But I can bring before you the lapse of a century perhaps more vividly in another way. There is no better way of noting this lapse than by the lives of men. Towards the end of the year 1770 died George Grenville, the first British minister who ever conceived the idea of taxing the American colonies. It was but about eight years since he had first been the responsible author of any measures of state. But as the inventor of the stamp act, he had succeeded in making himself utterly odious to the colonies, and when, not very long before the first of these orations, the news of his death would be fully understood all over America, many a man would say, "But for him, we might have been as good friends as ever with England."

And now, fellow-citizens, our newspapers have hardly got done with commemoration of the death of that son of England whose name is best known to Americans of all the hordes that acknowledge her sway. It may be that in truth we hold to the opinion

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of Carlyle, who wrote many years ago that "the British islands were inhabited by something like 20,000,000 of men, women and children, mostly fools." But as long as Charles Dickens lived, we could not, for his sake, hate England altogether. The expressions of sorrow for his death, which, beginning from the palace, were echoed throughout the length and breadth of England, were as much exceeded here as our land is larger than hers. The few fanatical hands that sought to fling a nettle instead of a rose on his bier were indignantly and contemptuously beaten down. Nay more, those jests and criticisms on America, which in other Englishmen are an offence, we positively refuse to take in ill-part from him, and so as the hundred years close, we felt that all the hated names of generations, — Grenvilles and Gages and Burgoynes — Tarletons and Brokes and Pakenhams — the cold friend and the noisy foe, the Lords of the Council, and the Lairds of the Dockyard, have not done so much by their united efforts to keep the countries apart, as Dickens and Longfellow to keep them together. Nor am I claiming too much for our revolution and the progress it has caused in the world, when I say this, that but for the resistance inaugurated here, in favor of a new order of things, as against the old tradi-

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tions of England,—a new order hardly better comprehended by our friends like Burke and Chatham, than by our enemies like Grenville and North — but for the revolution, I say, of America in 1770, it would not have been physically possible, not morally conceivable that in England, in 1870, the tears of Queen, Lords and Commons should have been mingled over the grave of such a writer as Charles Dickens.

For this century — the century between the Boston Massacre and the Pacific Railroad — between George Grenville and Charles Dickens — is but the history of the development of that idea which first seemed to flash into men's minds with the snap of the British firelocks on the Fifth of March, and first took authoritative form on the Fourth of July — the nationality of America. In these hundred years, this great conception has not been gathering growth uniformly, but by successive stages or crises. And I wish to call your attention to these culminating points in the nation's progress, and if possible, to deduce from their history three important truths.

1st. That the Declaration of Independence contains the hint, at least, of all the successive developments of our nationality.

2d. That at every stage something has been left

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incomplete, which a wise nation will be continually taking up and perfecting.

3d. That this process of development is not at an end; the truths of the Declaration not being, as yet, worked out.

And, fellow-citizens, if I can succeed, even partially, in showing this, then the Fourth of July is not "played out"— then the annual orator has still something to talk about, something to praise, something to note, something to counsel, — then we are not enacting a pageant, but doing a great work, whereon we may well, like our fathers, "mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

This nationality of ours, then, seems to me like a tidal wave, passing in majesty over the century, and cresting in successive billows, as one or another thought, mightier than the rest, assumes a definite shape, and rises and breaks in grandeur and beauty. The first of these crests, if you will let me so call them — the first great thought which exhibits itself as a great fact, is the assertion of our independence as a nation. The full establishment of this great fact occupies the whole space from 1770 to 1783, the first thirteen years of our Boston orations. Not till the original antagonist, whose first armed collision

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with us was seen in these streets a hundred years ago, threw down her sword, and acknowledged her defeat, was it right that our celebration day should be changed to the Fourth of July. The spirit that arose in 1770 was struggling for six years with all the associations, the traditions, the affections of the past, with all the doubts and fears for the future. At last, the internal agony could be borne no longer — the Declaration of Independence was wrung by main force from the heart of the people. Six more years, however, were needed to establish the fact, — and every hour of those six years — every victory, every defeat, every alliance welded, every intrigue foiled, even Lee's braggadocio and Arnold's treachery did its part to establish it beyond all question, in the minds not only of Englishmen, but of every other nation, that we are a people like them. They greatly err, it seems to me, who would make the Declaration of Independence the sole determining element in this great series of events. As the formal expression of the people's will, it was most essential, — as the cry forced from their heart it is most touching, — but I feel that its true significance has been misinterpreted, when the declaration is made synonymous with the establishment of independence.

From 1783 we are a nation like others. Whatever

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they may do, as the Declaration says, we may do—we are one in the great commonwealth of peoples—we are sharers and contributors in the great world stock of art, literature and science; we are bound by all the precepts, and may claim all the benefits of that glorious system of rights and duties, the work of the first intellects of the world, that is known as the law of nations. How concisely is this last truth expressed in that last clause of the Declaration, when it asserts that we shall hold Englishmen, as all other nations, "to be enemies in war, in peace, friends." A fit rebuke to that miserable policy—too often fostered and defended among us—which would make us not independent among nations, but isolated from them, which teaches that Americans should look on every other country with suspicion and contempt,—and which, refusing to cultivate a single friendship in peace, may find itself at last without one ally in war.

The second crest in our national wave was the consolidation of the country by the adoption of the Constitution. The Declaration of Independence was formed by the delegates of the United States, — as the United States, they asserted their right to an equal place among the nations of the earth, —as the United States they entered into an alliance with France and Spain, and ultimately wrung the

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acknowledgment of their nationality from England. The Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union— mark that word perpetual — asserted no new principle, — they merely attempted to give form to that which already existed, and the Constitution of the United States, ordained and established in order to form a more perfect Union, is, as that very phrase declares, not the act which made a people one, but the act of a people already one. That we are as we are, may be the work of the Constitution; but that we are what we are, is the work of the Declaration. The restrictions, the barriers, the guards of the Articles of Confederation would be like the fallen trunks that impede and perplex the navigation of the Mississippi. The grave enactments of the Constitution are as the stately levees, which, while they prevent the destructive exuberance of the glorious current, only direct and further the sweep of its imperial progress to the sea. Once more, that solemn and pregnant assertion of the Fourth of July that the United States have the right to do anything which free and independent states ought to do, contains full authority for every word in that marvellous instrument of 1787, which carries throughout the length and breadth of the land a supreme authority and absolute sway, greater in its direct expression

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of national will than was ever vouchsafed, in their highest pitch of power, to the edicts of Alexander, the decrees of the Roman Senate, or the acts of the august Parliament of Britain. So strangely, so providentially has the simple, logical, legitimate interpretation of the Constitution surpassed and defeated the hopes and fears of all who saw its birth. For not Patrick Henry, who thought it did too much, nor Hamilton, who thought it did too little, nor Madison, who believed it had just hit the happy medium, had any conception of its legitimate development — and I would say to all "strict constructionists," the untimely brood of a dead and gone generation, who can see nothing in the Constitution but what they read in Elliott's Debates, that they can no more stop the evolution from it of a centralized, consolidated, imperial government, above, beneath, beyond all state sovereignty, than the Indians along the Republican Fork can stop the engines of the Pacific railroad by putting red clay pipe-heads on the track.

The next great step in the progress of our nationality is the extension of the authority of the Constitution and the principles of the Declaration beyond the territory originally included in the colonies of Europe. The progress has been so gradual, the States have grown up so systematically from East

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to West, that we are apt to overlook what an entirely different process is the growth of our territory beyond the Rocky Mountains, from anything which has happened to the east of them. It was a great step to cross the Appalachian range and found Kentucky and Tennessee; it was a great step to leap the Ohio, and plant the new, free life of Illinois and Wisconsin. It was a still more daring feat, it was in the opinion of our ancestors unconstitutional, to acquire Louisiana and Florida by purchase. But all these States were within the range of the original English colonists, or within that of the original French colonists, whose power fell seven years before the century we are considering, — or, in the extreme case, had received European civilization as soon as ourselves, or even sooner. But in extending the genius of our government to the regions on the Pacific coast, we are entering upon a land unknown even to the nations of Europe in 1776. In the maps published by geographers of authority in the middle of the last century, the whole northern part of America is laid down with a wildness of speculation which reminds one of Chinese or Arabic science. In this same year 1770, from which I date my subject, I find recorded the death of Capt. Christopher Middleton, who received the Royal So-

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ciety's Medal for his explorations in the Arctic Seas. But Captain Middleton had been sent in 1742 to explore a northwest passage from Hudson's Bay to the South Sea, and it was evidently expected that it would be but the journey of a few days from ocean to ocean in latitude 60°. It was not till Washington's first administration was drawing to its close, that Capt. Robert Gray of Boston discovered the Columbia River, nor till twelve years after that it was reached overland. In two generations we have California and Oregon entering the Union as states. Now here, fellow-citizens, we have a new idea, — a new element in the national life. All the previous additions to the old thirteen, however different in their history, their soil, or the genius of their first settlers, yet looked more or less to the towns on the Atlantic seaboard for the full development of their resources. No matter what authority they might claim in virtue of the unheard-of stream of agricultural and mineral wealth which they were destined to pour upon the old world, — as long as the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence run eastward, they must still look to the Atlantic ports as the channels through which that abundance should flow, and everything that the old world could give them in exchange must come across that same Atlantic ocean, which throughout its expanse is the true Mediterranean or connector of the lands.

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And it is not only as a medium of commerce, not only to carry out its native wealth and bring back its acquired luxuries, that the sea and the coast are needed by a great inland country like ours. No, nor yet for that other marvellous influence which only the sea imparts from its rocks and beaches, that strange health-giving force which comes from salt air and salt water alone, above the purest inspiration of the mountain, and the deepest rest of the plains. There is a nobler power yet, which the sea, and nothing but the sea, breathes into the heart of a nation. The mountaineer learns the austerer virtues, which are apt to wither at the first touch of civilization, and the selfish independence which bids every other nation stand off; — the inhabitant of the plains learns to accumulate wealth, with that sort of fair-weather enterprise which tends only to foster prosperity, and ends in sluggish content. But it is the sea-kings and their descendants alone, who enjoy the freest liberty in a genial intercourse with every land, who tear their golden treasures from the caves and floods of the barren main, who make a sport of danger and a mock of difficulty, whose messengers are winds, and the flames of fire their ministers. We children of tide-water, who draw in the ocean with every breath, can

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hardly appreciate what a blessing we enjoy above those who live far removed from it. I was told by one of our own lamented dead, who marched with Sherman to the sea, that some of the Western men on arriving at the shore stooped down and drank the water, of which the taste rather staggered them. I fear physical geography was neglected in their school. But another Western man, worth all Sherman's army put together, — I mean President Lincoln, — told me with his own lips in 1863, that he longed to stay a while at the sea-shore, for he had never seen the sea in his life, except hastily from the windows of a railroad car. As he said it, that wild, sweet, unearthly look of melancholy that he too often wore, played across his rugged features, softening them to more than woman's tenderness, and he seemed to say like a man who resembled him in nothing but a love of liberty, and the abuse he got for it, —

> "I could lie down like a tired child
> And weep away the life of care
> Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
> Till death like sleep should steal on me,
> And I might feel in the warm air
> My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
> Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

Oh why was he not spared to us one summer more, that we might show him the sea? How all our coast

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would have risen like one man to greet him! How all the Lincolns in Hingham would have fought to be the first to get him, and the last to part with him! How we should have waked his child-like mirth to tenfold peals of laughter at the sports and stories of the sea-shore! How the old fishermen and sailors would have crowded round to welcome the rugged Westerner that was so like themselves — how we would have laid before him all the treasures of beach and rock, the wonders of fortress and beacon, how we would have blown away the cares and miseries of four wretched years with one whiff of an incoming tide! How we would have sent him back again to tell his own rich valleys, where nature seems to have outdone all her exploits of fertility, that after all there were no hearts and hands like the coastmen's in New England!

Now this mighty influence of the sea, which all history tells us has such an effect on nations, our Western brethren had for years to seek from us. They were obliged to descend to the coast of the same water that bore the ships of King Athelstane, of Rollo, of Columbus, of Philip. But when Oregon and California came into our family of States, a western coast, a coast all their own, was spread before them, and an ocean highway whose like Athelstane and

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Columbus never knew. No longer need they look eastward for the treasures of India or China or Japan. It is Europe and we that must receive these treasures from them. No longer do they need to learn of us the enterprise, the liberty, the generosity of the sea-kings; their own glorious ocean, their own peaceful sea, exempts them forever from such dependence. Truly, fellow-citizens, a mighty step in national progress.

The next crest in the wave of our nationality is but too well known to all of us. Then it was that noxious seaweeds floated to the surface, and tinged the flood of an angry crimson dye. I propose now to say but few words on the two great additions made to our national experience in the last ten years, viz: — The maintenance by force of arms of the country's unity, and the emancipation of the negroes by the proclamation of the executive. Speaking with the hesitation which becomes a young man in the presence of those to whom the problems of constitutional law were familiar before his birth, I shall venture to propound a view which would seem capable of determining these two questions with greater simplicity and completeness than more elaborate theories. The Declaration of Independence which we have heard read, — is it a mere rhetorical

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flourish? is it a mere manifesto? is it only another way of saying, "Let us fight this question of Rebellion out"? Not so, every true American answers; it is a state paper of the greatest significance, in which some exceptionable phrases are overcome by the weight of the matter. Yes; but what kind of a state paper? Was it merely like the letters which a secretary of state writes to a foreign minister, to explain or defend something in the conduct of himself or another official? or has it in some way a binding force beyond the temporary occasion? I believe a document of such a character, creating and moving a nation as it did, brought before the world with every possible formality by the unanimous vote of the representative body of the nation, and accepted by all successive generations as the authoritative exposition of the popular will, can be regarded in no other light than as an exposition, in accordance with that will, of the great principles of *organic law*. And if so, then no organic or statute law that contravenes it can in principle be legal; and none that clearly furthers it can in principle be illegal. No stream can rise higher than its fountain. No articles of confederation, or constitution, or treaties, or acts, or ordinances, can claim to express the sense of the nation more directly than the original charter which set the whole in motion.

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Let us apply this principle to secession and emancipation. The declaration begins by recognizing the possibility of inevitable separation between States, — and it asserts also the necessity of a decent statement of the impelling causes in the face of the world, as also the duty of patient remonstrance before appealing to arms. Now, fellow-citizens, consider the actual history of the secession, consider that instead of anything like patient remonstrance we had sanguinary threats and abuse, and that when the so-called fatal hour came, so far from any statement of reasons out of decent respect to mankind, on the part of the unanimous representatives of the Southern people, half-a-dozen men, without rhyme or reason, said "we 're off." Can we resist the conclusion, that such an act of separation is not only not recognized but is absolutely disowned by the signers of the Declaration, and that consequently the government and people of that nation which the Declaration created are in duty bound to see in it only a wilful rebellion, and as such to treat it, in virtue of that clause in our great charter which claims that the United States may do everything which sovereign and independent States of right ought to do?

And so for the emancipation. I have heard good men, and wise men, express every variety of opin-

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ion about it. I have heard some condemn it as unconstitutional; others defend it, as a military necessity; and others again praise it, as a noble casting aside of legal shackles, and an assertion of the great principles of man's rights. Yes, but not a new assertion, nor an illegal one. It is asserted in the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with the rights of liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and asserted not as a Utopian theory, not as a philanthropic challenge, but as a solemn decree of the people of the United States, in the very birth-hour of their national existence, and through the mouth of their authorized representatives. The emancipation proclamation therefore was simply the carrying out of the dictum of an original charter; none the less organic law, because subsequent restrictive enactment had checked its legitimate operation. It was a return to old principles, not an assertion of new ones; it was Law and not Theory.

The latest step in our national progress is that which I named as the great event to close the century,—the establishing of a speedy means of communication between the extremities of the country. The Pacific Railroad is needed if the country is to be the United States. Think, fellow-citizens, if we had had

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that railroad in 1861, how it would have relieved my sainted predecessor, Starr King, in his almost single-handed fight that kept California for the nation, and took him from it. I regard this connection as just as essentially involved in the Declaration as the battle of Saratoga, or the treaty of 1783. If we are to be the United States, I say again, we must be united. If we are to be independent of the rest of the world, we must hold together ourselves. I do not know what Political Economy may prove next, as to the right of Government to help a railroad; pretty soon I expect to hear that it has no right to build a light-house. But I am certain of this, that if Congress is to have members from the Pacific States, it must give them means to get to the Atlantic, or very soon they will cease to legislate in a pacific spirit. There were those who prophesied that the admission of California in 1850 meant a separate nation on that shore. I firmly believe that the Pacific Railroad, as it closes this century which opened in 1770 with a threat of separation, is an assurance that the century of '76 will go by many times without seeing another declaration of independence within the borders of the United States.

I have thus attempted, fellow-citizens, to sketch the most important steps in our national progress

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during the century since the national independence first appeared inevitable. I do not mean to say this list would be everywhere agreed to. But I do say that these great events, the establishment of our nationality; the defining of our organic law; the extension of its authority over lands not included in our original limits, and ultimately over those undiscovered in 1770, and finding their national outlet in another ocean; the defence by arms of our national authority at home; the emancipation of the African race, and finally, the physical uniting of all parts of the country, must be allowed by all to be at least the most important of the great crises in our history. Now, fellow-citizens, if I have succeeded in making my meaning clear to you, you will see in all these steps the great truths I named at the outset, and first, that they all derive their vitality from the original impulse given, the original energy breathed by the Declaration of Independence, which created the United States, endowed them with every attribute of national authority, and laid down the organic laws under which that power should be swayed, and hence the declaration is not "played out" but is as alive and real to-day as ever. I think I may safely rest this here.

But, you will remember, I asserted that these suc-

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cessive developments and evolutions of the principles of 1776 had not yet come to an end; that at every step something had been left undone, and that there were yet greater things for the Declaration to effect before it could have its perfect work. I have not the time to elaborate the first of these propositions at length — nor is it necessary; for it is apparent to every man that there have always been at least two causes at work from the very foundation of the government to prevent the true carrying out of our great destiny. The first is that strange love of restriction, which has constantly from time to time appeared, tending to hamper independence, to hamper the confederation, to hamper the Constitution, to hamper every session of Congress since Congress was, with a fear, that this, or that, or the other was not within the powers of whatever was then the highest authority. Occasionally, the party that holds this view has actually succeeded in making some of their restrictions authoritative; but always have they been swept away by the advancing genius of the Declaration; and, I trust, the time is not far distant, when it will be thoroughly recognized by constitutional lawyers that the very small number of restrictions placed upon the powers of the general government by the Constitution, is, in reality, to prevent

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still more serious restrictions being laid on the public liberty; and that the genius of the entire instrument, in obedience to that of the Declaration, is not restrictive, but encouraging, clothing Congress with power, not stripping it, and bidding the nation go on, and do all that a nation of right may do.

The second cause why, at each stage of our progress, we have not done our entire work, is from that thought so deeply enrooted in the American heart, that we must "go ahead" — that if the nation makes progress, it is enough; and, in truth, if to advance were all, if to clear away the wilderness were the sum of national duty, we might well be satisfied. I have endeavored to point out the stages of progress of a century. No other nation ever went so far ahead in twice the period. But *how* have we done the work? Have we planted the wilderness that we have cleared? Have we always seen to it that it should not relapse into wildness? Alas, too often not! You are familiar with the heedless waste of land practised hitherto in many of our Southern States. Virgin soil has been tilled without rotation or manuring till it could be tilled no more, and then it has been abandoned for other virgin soil, and this exhaustive practice has been repeated *ad infinitum*. Now this is only a type of what has been

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done throughout the country, and throughout the century, in almost every part of the work. An immensity has been half done, very little thoroughly done. It is time to stop this; — it is time to add to our faith virtue; that is, not merely to go on, and on, and on, but to detail at least one-half the nation's strength to perfect, while the other is advancing; to see that we are content with no make-shifts, no temporary expedients, but that all our national work is of the best. And here it is that I find a most noble and ever-extending field for the energies of our own section, and our own city. It is for New England, it is for Boston, the oldest, the best trained, the most experienced part of the country, to carry out to perfection the ideas which others initiate. It is in vain for us to attempt to keep progress with our brethren of San Francisco or Des Moines in the matter of going ahead; but we may beat them out of the field in the art of perfecting half-done work. Well and nobly did we discharge our duty as pioneers when that *was* our duty, and when thoroughness of detail, and stability of performance, resulting from higher education and closer competition, were to be found in Europe alone. Now that the advanced guard has moved westward, it is theirs to pioneer, ours to perfect. Nor let

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either them or us despise this duty. In the great work of rearing the nation's edifice, remember that

> "'Tis not timber, lead, and stone
> The architect requires alone
> To finish a fine building;
> The structure were but half complete,
> If he could possibly forget
> The carving and the gilding."

Now this same carving and gilding must include everything that is demanded by elegance, refinement and comfort; by all the tenderer and delicate emotions; everything which makes our life worth more than Daniel Boone's or Red Jacket's. I need not name all the points in which Boston might aspire to control the world in this direction; but one, I will. It is the duty of Boston to see that her places of education are something besides schools; that she teaches something more than what are called, in derision I suppose, useful branches; for they are of no use except for the one lowest ambition; they may teach one how to make money, but they can teach him neither to be contented in its absence, nor happy in its use. Boston, as the head of the older states, must bring up her children to a thorough, lofty, deep and refined knowledge in every department of science, literature, history and art, without which all the power in the world makes men mere tigers, and all the wealth in the world assimilates them to swine.

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For these reasons, we may say that the work of the Declaration is not exhausted; that its celebration is not played out. But there is one more great truth I alluded to, namely, that at least one more stage must come in its legitimate development, before its work is over. I have hinted it before : it is for America to understand and assume her true position as a member of the commonwealth of nations. Almost simultaneous with the completion of the Pacific railroad is the doubling of our telegraphic communication with Europe, and its extension to India ; and soon we shall see a belt of telegraph entirely around the world. As we are thus brought physically nearer the other nations, I trust we shall be brought morally nearer to them, that we shall give up the selfish, exclusive, repellent feeling which we call independent and American, and know that all nations form one brotherhood.

It cannot, I think, be denied, that such a feeling does very largely exist, — a feeling that as we are on another continent, so we are on another world. It is easy to see its origin. As colonies we knew Europe only through England. America's greatest friends and lovers, men like Chatham and Burke, who attacked the measures of the Ministry as legally or morally wrong, always seemed to maintain that

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through England alone the colonies ought to communicate with the world. Naturally, then, Americans came to believe that the Declaration separated them, cut them adrift, cast them off from England, Europe, the world, and left them to work out the problem of national duty in isolation.

Hence arises that strange feeling which makes so many Americans visit the whole of Europe as they visit the buried cities near Naples; as a sort of enormous Pompeii, where a kindly interposition of Providence has entirely destroyed all real life, and left a variety of national and social relics as in a museum, where we can see how a set of unreal people live as they lived in the dark ages, bearing no kind of relation to ourselves. Or if they advance a step beyond this, they still have a sort of Pompeian idea of Europe and Asia; for they look on them as containing many objects suitable for models of beauty and luxury in art or architecture, but hardly a thing which deserves to be copied in our real practical life; a life in which they are fairly convinced no European can teach them anything. Nay, can it be doubted, that there exists among us a still deeper, darker spirit of doubt, distrust, almost of hatred to Europe, which looks on the Atlantic as typical merely of the great gulf forever fixed between us? If this feeling,

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which I grant is very vague, were brought to an accurate definition, it would be that all but the lowest class in Europe were hopelessly opposed to us in principle; and that without a convulsion, to which the French Revolution offers no parallel, after which all that was left alive should at once model itself on our example,—we never can be in sympathy.

Now, fellow-citizens, such feelings may have a certain lofty pride and freedom about them; but they are wholly ungenerous, wholly unchristian, and certainly derive no countenance from the Declaration. That wonderful document does not isolate us from the nations, it sets us among them; — it recognizes a decent respect for the opinions of mankind; it tells us not to regard England and the rest of the world with distrust, suspicion and hatred, but as "enemies in war, in peace, friends." It is time for us to remember these maxims, — it is time for us to cease looking at the old world from the wrong side. When we burst away a hundred years ago, we looked back at Europe with a scowl, and turned our faces steadily westward—we broke down the hard ground, and climbed the hills; we spread over the rich plains, we toiled through the desert and up the eternal peaks; and rushing down the golden valleys, at last we stand on the shore of ocean; and as we still fix our

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gaze westward, we find that the world is not an endless plane, but a bounded sphere, and that the onward look from the new West only brings us back to the other side of the old East. Then, if we gaze clearly, without prejudice or prepossession, we find that after all, as both religion and science tell, we too spring from that mystic eastern world, whence every race of man has come. Then we shall learn that our fathers did well in setting us among the nations. We shall learn that the old world is no congeries of buried cities, no mere museum of antediluvian curiosities, but the real home of live men — men who know how to live: we shall find models there worthy of our imitation, not merely in the luxuries of life, not merely in its pretty matters and playthings, but in real solid concerns of strength, progress, happiness; and finally we shall know that the great heart of Europe, from king to serf, beats with us and not against us.

Fellow-citizens, this problem of the true relations of the United States to the rest of the world is at this moment forcing itself upon us. At this very moment we are in danger of refusing a gift which old Asia, the ever patient mother of the world, is offering to the youngest of her children. When we placed flowers the other day on the graves of our

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brethren in gratitude for their noble sacrifice, we could not help thinking what a terrible gap they left among us, and how all our difficulties at present are derived from the one want of men — men with arms, heads, hands — to fill, however imperfectly, the place of our lost thousands. The plenty that has come with peace is of no use. Our corn stands unreaped, our timber rots in the forest, our iron moulders in the mountain, for the want of men, men to do the work. At this moment a people of the old world — the most ancient, the most industrious, the most thrifty, the most ingenious, the best convinced of the value of education — are crowding from their overstocked land to our doors, not as sturdy beggars, but as honest laborers, asking for work. Will you turn them away? Will you persist in refusing their help to make the national burdens lighter? Have you so poorly learnt the Declaration that you are going at this hour to take up the old cries of "race," and "America for the Americans"? Good Heavens! Ten years ago the North rose against the oppressions of the African — swore there should be no distinction of color, steadily refused to consider the question, "What will you do with the Negro?" and persisted, at the risk of national existence, in establishing that the black man was

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as good as the Caucasian — and now comes the Mongolian, and asks to do the very thing you want done, and some of the very men who have declaimed loudest against distinctions of race and color talk about degradation from the contact. If you really mean to reject this timely aid that Asia offers — if you really so construe the Declaration of Independence — then don't talk about acts of Congress to protect ship-building and encourage commerce, but use your iron to make a high wall all round the frontier — plant a thick hedge of pine-trees outside — and retire to your lofty isolation. And perhaps, a thousand years hence, some travelling Chinese will break down the barrier, worse than his own great wall, and find the remnants of cities, as unintelligible as those of Central America, and as useless to the world.

No, fellow-citizens, this would be copying China in the worst side of her character. Not so is our national duty. Rather let us go on as of yore, throwing wide open our gates to all comers, and putting the Declaration into the freest and fullest practice. In that case it can never be played out, but every year will add new glories to its celebration. And so, when a hundred years hence a worthier orator, whom you and I shall never

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see, shall address our successors, — when Boston shall gather in her arms, from a circuit of a hundred miles, a population of a million and a half of citizens,—when two hundred thousand children shall throng her schools—when her libraries and museums, grown to tenfold their present size, shall still be bursting with their stores of art and literature—when her harbor is crowded with five thousand sail, proudly flaunting the stars and stripes—when our ancient university shall count ten students for every one she now instructs, and show an income equal to her present capital—when the legislature shall sit but a single month in the year, except when detained on tunnel business,—when the directors of a network of railroads all over the state shall throng the state-house thrusting their surplus dividends into the hands of the state treasurer for investment — when all our hyperboles shall become less than the earnest of the prosperity of the United States — then, I say, the orator who succeeds me will claim it as the noblest honor of Boston that she stands between the old world and the new, — the advanced outpost of one, the rear-guard of the other, and the loved and cherished friend of both.

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1870, Nov. 1.
Gift of
Hon. Chas. Sumner,
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(16. U. 1830.)

The Fourth of July 1870

at Vienna.

The Fourth of July was celebrated by a dinner given by the Hon. John Jay, Minister of the United States at his residence No. 6 Kolowrat-Ring. In the Dining Hall the American and Austrian flags were blended. The company included: His Excellency The Chancellor of the Empire Count de Beust, H. E. the Count Alfred Potocki, President of the Austrian Ministry, H. E. the Comte Georges Festetics of the Hungarian Ministry, His Eminence the Nuncio of the Holy See. Their Excellencies Mr. Varnhagen, Minister of Brazil, Mr. Dué, Minister of Sweden and Norway. Mr. Falbe, Minister of Denmark, Mr. Mollenbeck, chargé of Baden, Mr. de Gagern, Minister of Hesse-Darmstadt, Mr. Böse, Minister of Saxony, The Marquis de Cazeau, Chargé d'affaires of the French Embassy, Mr. Curtopassi, Chargé d'affaires of Italy, Mr. von Hofmann. — Capt. Mullany U. S. N. Lieut. Com Higginson U. S. N. Mr. J. F. Delaplaine, Secretary of legation. Gen. P. S. Post, U. S. Consul. Mr. G. W. Lane. Mr. R. G. Davenport U. S. N. Mr. Berwind U. S. N.

Among the invited guests, who were prevented from attending by ill health, absence or official duties, were Their Excellencies Lord Bloomfield the Ambassador of England, Haïder Effendi the Ambassador of Turkey, Prince Orloff, The Prince Ypsilanti, Minister of Greece, The Prince Dietrichstein-Mensdorff, Governor of Bohe-

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mia. Their Excellencies Count Andrassy of Hungary. Baron de Schweinitz, Minister from Berlin, Don Cipriano del Mazo, Minister of Spain, Mr. de Tschudi, Minister of Switzerland, Viscount de Jonghe, d'Ardoye, Minister of Belgium, Don Santa Quiteria, Minister of Portugal, Baron Gamm, Mr. Mitrowsky, the Duc de Penthièvre, Baron Orczy, Baron Rothschild, Baron Thienen, The Prince Schwarzenberg. The Prince Aug. Coburg. The Hon. Ferd. Eber of the Hungarian Diet, Mr. G. W. Lippitt, Mr. de Cramer, Mr. Davidoff, Mr. Thayer etc.

After dinner Mr. Jay said:

Before offering you the toasts of the evening, I beg leave for my countrymen and myself to thank cordially our illustrious European guests, who honour with their presence this National birthday.

They know, that America has recently redeemed the pledges of its founders, that she has reduced to practice their declaration made 94 years ago, of the equal rights of all. They appreciate the feelings, which lead Americans on these occasions to recall with reverent affection the early history and fathers of the Republic.

Scarcely was its independence established, when the loose Confederation of States found itself in danger of dissolution, from what Washington with prophetic voice called „that monster" — State Sovereignty. Even Washington began to despair of his country. To Madison he wrote: „Thirteen sovereignties pulling against each other, and all tugging at the Federal head will soon bring ruin on the whole". To Knox he said: „Our affairs seem to be approaching some awful crisis. God only knows, what the result will be".

To escape the danger, that threatened the country, not from foreign foes, but from the antagonistic opinions of its own citizens, all claiming to be equally patriotic: to calm their fears, to convince their judgment, to conciliate their differences, to frame a Constitution and to persuade the people to adopt it, which should meet at once the reasonable wishes of the States, and the legitimate demands of the entire nation, — this was the problem, which taxed the statesmanship of America, and of which that statesmanship furnished the solution.

To appreciate the extent and the difficulties of the task, pray recall for a moment the political situation.

Thirteen separate States extending from Plymouth Rock to the Gulf of Mexico, differing in climate and soil, founded at different times

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and in part by distinct nationalities, each having its own constitution, its own laws, its own internal polity, its cherished traditions, its olden memories, were to be harmoniously embraced in a more perfect and consolidated union, with a National Government, that the States should be equally bound to support: and which should be sovereign and supreme in all the powers necessary for the common defence and the general welfare.

The Convention presided over by Washington, assisted by Hamilton Franklin and Madison, did their work with wisdom, moderation, firmness and courage: and the American people, after the most careful deliberation, ratified their Constitution. Its leading features have of late commanded the attention of the world. The division of the popular sovereignty between the National and State Governments, giving to the first, specified powers and reserving all the rest to the States and to the people; the division of Congress into two houses, the one elected by the State Legislatures, and the other directly by the citizens; a supreme National Judiciary, and a bill of rights securing the liberties of the people, personal, political and religious, to the end, that America should have free churches in a free State.

The National Government thus became the guardian and protector of all sections.

Massachusetts with her stern Puritans, Rhode Island with her Royal Charter, New-York with her Dutch manors, and her Huguenot and English memories, Pennsylvania with her Quaker city, Delaware with her Swedish traditions, Maryland with her catholic gentry, Virginia with her landed estates and aristocratic planters, the Carolinas and Georgia with their own traditions, became without losing their characteristics, the constituent parts of a great Empire. (Hear! Hear!)

But the Constitution accomplished more than this. It prepared the way in the future for the equal accession of new States however distinct in language, laws and traditions. In 1803 we bought from the first Napoleon, the Orleans Territory with its French and Creoles, its civil code and the Catholic religion. In 1819. we purchased Florida, which, for two centuries, had acknowledged the dominion of Spain. Next came Texas, and then New Mexico and California, all with a Spanish and mixed population. In 1854 we added Arizona, with its Mexican and Indian peoples, and in 1867 Russia ceded to us Alaska.

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To day thanks to our Constitution, the descendants of Puritan and Cavalier, Protestant and Catholic, Frenchman and Spaniard, Mexican and Russian dwell in harmony upon their native soil, and cherish their own institutions: while millions of Celts from Ireland, Teutons from the Fatherland, Representatives of every nationality in Europe and recently thousands of Chinese are assisting to people our Continent, and 37 States lend strength and vigour to the National Government, which fosters and protects the whole. (Hear! Hear!)

A striking illustration of this last point, was afforded by the late rebellion. That movement was based upon the alleged necessity of Secession to preserve the rights and sovereignty of the seceding States. But the leaders of those States had forgotten, that the tendency of military power towards centralization and despotism, would leave small chance for the sovereignty of individual States amid the clash of war. A year had scarcely passed, since they discarded the National Constitution, before every trace of State rights and dignity, had been trampled out by the rebel authorities at Richmond.

From that despotism they were rescued by the National arm, and it is because those „wayward sisters" were led firmly back into the family circle, that they now enjoy their former freedom, with a prospect of more than their former prosperity.

The proper working of our system requires undoubtedly, the loyal assistance of all the States; and the importance of such loyal action is seen in the fact, that while the rash withdrawal of a few States compelled the Nation to raise armies of more than 2,000,000 men, now that those States have resumed their normal duties, the American Republic with a population of 40 Millions, requires an army of only 30,000. (Hear!)

The return of peace gave a new impulse to the National industry and especially to roads and education — A week now unites New-York and San Francisco, and to the 50,000 miles of Railways completed, will be added 30,000 now in progress.

The toast I am to offer you is to the official head of the Republic. But it recalls one whose services, in preserving the Constitution established by Washington, have been honoured by a grateful people. and

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who from Washington's seat administers on Washington's principles a Republic, free, prosperous, harmonious and united.

I have the honour to give you

The President of the United States.

The toast having been received with warm applause the American Minister again rose and said.

The next toast is to the Sovereign of this great and varied Empire, so rich in those natural resources, that invite the industry and contribute to the wealth of Nations.

In the early days of the American Republic, Austria was ruled by Maria Theresa and Joseph the Second, and the policy identified with those great names, was in some of its grandest features of religious liberty, freedom of the press and public education, similar to that of Washington.

A century has all but passed, and again the policy of the ancient Empire, over which the Habsburghs have reigned for 600 Years, has its points of resemblance to that of our young Republic.

On the last recurrence of Washington's birthday, our illustrious guest the Chancellor said in significant words, which the Ocean Cable, the Telegraph and the press scattered broad cast through our contry. „I trust, that the motto of the great Republic across the Ocean, Unity and Freedom will always be and remain ours, Unity and Freedom, the first as the only element of strength, the last as the great principle of progress."

I presume, that the motto of the Emperor himself, expresses the same idea in the simple words **„Viribus unitis."**

I have the honour to give you **His I. R. Majesty Francis Joseph Emperor of Austria, Apostolic King of Hungary!**

The company received the toast standing and with the utmost ordiality, and His Excellency the **Count de Beust** responded as follows:

Gentlemen, it is with diffidence, that I rise to address you after the very able speech we have just heard, but as the first Minister of the Crown, the pleasant duty devolves upon me, to tender in the name of His Majesty, his best thanks for the loyal manner,

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in which his name and the prosperity of his Empire have been proposed and received. Besides I feel, that I must say a few words, having listened with the greatest interest to Mr Jay, first on the ground of his eloquence, and secondly because his views were for me of special importance.

It is always with great pleasure, that I hear from the lips of an authority his ideas on his country, for I find, that I can learn by comparing them with my own.

Mr. Jay recorded how Washington was afraid of the autonomy of 13 States. Now there are 37; each a little realm of itself, with every diversity of Nationality creed and legislation.

Why then could autonomy be granted to them to such an extent? Simply because none of them refrained from entering the common Parliament.

It is unquestionable, that Parliamentary life is not always pleasant. neither for the Government, nor for the members, nor for the people, But Gentlemen, in my opinion it is equally dangerous for Governments, as well as for nations to shirk parliamentary duties. Parliament is to a nation, what home is to the family. Where the Unity ceases to exist, a household cannot prosper, and falls to pieces; and may I be allowed to recall a french proverb, containing a great truth; „Les absents ont toujours tort, et ils finissent surtout par avoir tort "

Following Mr. Jay's first speech, I should be very happy were I able to reccommend to the Cabinet, a reduction of our budget, based upon the almost utopian proportion of army to population, thirty thousand to forty Millions.

But we are unfortunately not blessed with King Neptune, as our neighbour, with whom there is no necessity pour parler a disarmament, and who after every advance, invariably retires (hear! hear! and laughter.)

Large armies are indeed expensive, and we are on our part precluded from acquiring territories by purchase, but one thing we have bought and paid for very dearly, Experience: si vis pacem para bellum.

Gentlemen we are here assembled this evening to celebrate the anniversary of America's Independence How and with what fearful struggles that independance was won is now a matter of history. Suffice is for me to recall that the two mighty nations then foes are now

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friends. May they ever remain so: Time has closed old wounds; the hatchet is buried. And if rivalry still exist, it is in the arts of peace, in a generous competition to advance and improve, all that tends to the progress of civilization (hear! hear!)

I beg to propose the health of our worthy host the United States Minister at this Court.

Mr. Jay returned his thanks for the Compliment so cordially paid him and said:

Besides the presence of His Excellency the Chancellor of this Dual Empire, we are honoured to night by the presence of the Chief of the Ministry of Austria proper, in whose beautiful capital, we are assembled, a capital I may add, whose prosperity, which becomes each day more conspicious, is soon to be enhanced by that magnificent improvement of the Danube, at whose recent inauguration some of us had the honour of assisting.

I beg to give you with our best wishes

The Ministry of Austria and its distinguished Chief, His Excellency the **Count Potocki.** (Hear! Hear!)

The Count Alfred Potocki in responding said.

Gentlemen!

Though it is about a quarter of century, that I had no opportunity of so returning my thanks, I shall still try to do it in your own language, and thank you before all Mr. Jay, for your best wishes, you were kind enough to express for the success of the difficult task, which lays before me. In your country there are men, who succeed in public life, supported by the feeling of their honest intentions, and they have the pluck to carry their point That pluck deserves to be imitated; allow me to mention the Statesman's name, whose quiet determination saved his country. May **Abraham Lincoln's** name live for ever in the memory of his grateful country.

At the conclusion of Count Potocki's remarks, the company having risen in honour of Lincoln's memory Mr. Jay said that among the expected guests, of whose presence they were deprived by official business was his Excellency the Count Andrassy, whose name was identified with Hungary, and whose regrets at being unable to

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attend had been expressed in the warmest terms. They were however honoured by the presence of an eminent representative of Hungary, the Hungarian minister near His Majesty at Vienna, and he begged to give

The Royal Ministry of Hungary

and to couple with it the health of his honourable and distinguished friend, His Excellency the **Count Georges Festetics.**

Count Festetics responding in French said:

The Count Andrassy will be sensibly touched with the words of your Excellency, and that your Excellency has been so kind as to remember him here in connection with the government of Hungary.

Hungary which has always felt so great a regard for the United States of America, hopes that sentiment with be reciprocal, and warmly desires that their mutual regard shall continue always.

Mr. Jay after reciprocating the friendly assurances of Count Festetics said: The next toast, Gentlemen is comprehensive in its scope, for it is to all the nations, with which America is in amity, and that includes happily all the nations of the world. It embraces also their Diplomatic Representatives at Vienna, and this reminds us of the personal loss we have sustained in the departure of Count Bray and the Marquis of Pepoli, and the yet more recent transfer to Paris and London, of the Duke de Gramont and the Prince Orloff. Several members of our Corps are absent to night, and among those, who most kindly expressed their regret at being unable to attend, a regret, which you will all share, was that eminent and experienced Diplomat, the Ambassador of England, the Ambassador of Turkey, the Ministers of Germany, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Belgium, Switzerland and Holland; Nor can I, Gentlemen, forbear alluding to the loss, which England and the world have just sustained in the death of Lord Clarendon. He has left, to his children a great and beautiful fame: and we may all be the better, for remembering his words, that „the one special art required in Diplomacy is to be perfectly honest, truthful and strait-forward."

To the toast, which you are now to honour, I shall hope for a response from His Eminence the Nuncio of the Holy See.

I give you:

Peace to the Nations of the world, and health to their Representatives at Vienna.

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His Eminence **M. Falcinelli Antoniacci** Archbishop of Athens in partibus, **Apostolic Nuncio** of the Pontifical States, and the head of the Diplomatic Corps at Vienna acknowledged the compliment on behalf of his Colleagues and proposed in response.

The great Republic of the United states,

which the Company rose to honour.

The American minister said: The last toast that I shall give you, is one, which in America and by Americans everywhere, is always received with enthusiasm; especially since the recent events which have added to it such profound and touching associations.

I am glad that it will be responded to tonight by a gallant officer, who has won by his distinguished services, his conspicious position as Commander of the „Richmond" of our Mediterranean squadron, and who happily reached Trieste in time to join us.

I beg to give you.

The navy and army of the united States and I couple with it the name of my gallant friend **Captain Mullany.**

Captain Mullany who had lost his arm at Mobile where he served with Admiral Farragut, responded as follows.

Your Excellency.

I regret that the duty of responding to the toast just proposed has not devolved upon one more competent to do it justice than myself, however. I thank you my Countrymen, and you Gentlemen of other nationalities, who are present this evening to assist in commemorating the anniversary of a day consecrated to freedom in the annals of the American nation, for the cordial response you have accorded to the toast just presented, complimentary to the Navy and Army of the United States.

We are proud of the confidence reposed in us by the people of our Country, a confidence which is not misplaced; for the Navy and Army will ever be ready to aid in the future, as they have done heretofore, in upholding the honour and dignity of the Flag of the United States, and the perpetuity of the American Union.

Being deprived of the pleasure of celebrating this great anniversary in my own Land, I am extremely gratified to be

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afforded the privelege of doing so in a Country whose Government and people are so kindly disposed towards those of my own.

In conclusion allow me to present for your consideration a toast.

The Commander in Chief of the Imperial and Royal Austrian Navy, Admiral Tegethoff, distinguished alike for his great gallantry in battle, and ability in his profession as a Naval officer. (hear! hear!)

With the toast to Admiral Tegethoff which was drunk with enthusiasm the proceedings ended.

The following note was received from His Excellency **the Count Andrassy.**

Dear Sir.

I firmly hoped, I should be able to avail myself of your kind invitation to Dinner for the remembrance of the annivers ary of American Independence, and this was the reason for which I waited with an answer till now. Unhappily one of our most important internal questions, the law for the Coordination of municipalities, being put on the order of day just now, I find that it would be quite impossible for me to absent myself even for a day, and feel myself obliged to ask your kind indulgence for not being able to avail myself of your kind invitation. I sincerely regret being deprived of the occasion of expressing all the warm sympathy I feel for the noble nation, that you represent, and hope, that you will kindly excuse your faithfully devoted.

Andrassy.

Buda, 1. July.

His Excellency Mr. Jay.

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18--

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT

OREGON, MISSOURI,

BY

Isaac

Hon. I. C. PARKER,

OF SAINT JOSEPH, MISSOURI,

JULY 4, A. D. 1871.

Published by Request.

SAINT JOSEPH, MO.
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1871.

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1871, Aug. 5.
Gift of
Hon. Chas. Sumner,
of Boston.
(H. U. 1830.)

ADDRESS.

Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, and unto all the inhabitants thereof.—Lev. xxv.—10.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

WE read that after the children of Israel had escaped from the most galling bondage in Egypt, and after the Lord of hosts had triumphed gloriously over those who despised the sentiment "that all men are created free and equal," and the horse and rider had been thrown into the sea, and after right had prevailed over might in the very morning of the world, and those who had escaped from the thraldom of the Egyptian task masters had sung their songs of joy on the banks of their deliverance, the great law giver Moses received from the Deity, not only that higher law upon which is based the Christian's faith, but also that code which all civilized nations have directly, or indirectly recognized as the one by which the world can be governed. It was then that the command which I have read to you, came pure and spotless from the mouth of God himself, when he spoke to Moses from amidst the fire and smoke and awful thunders of Sinai, commanding him to "hallow the fiftieth year and proclaim liberty throughout all the land, and unto all the inhabitants thereof."

We in this age of the world fully recognise the fact that the principle of this command has its seat and center in the mind of the Deity, and its mission is the harmony of the universe, and because it became known of men as being the

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will of God, you and I, together with the people of this whole land, in obedience to what has become a time honored custom, not only here but wherever may be found Americans, and wherever floats the flag of the free, and also in obedience to a sense of patriotic duty, quit the field and the anvil, the workshop and the counter, the busy marts of commerce and the flaming forge, the noise and bustle and heat of the city, as well as the quiet of the country home, to assemble around the altars of American liberty, and place thereon the oblations of our faith in "a government of the people, by the people and for the people," pledging our troth anew to those eternal rights of man proclaimed by the fathers, when they ninety-five years ago to-day hurled in the very face of despotism the immortal declaration: "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure those rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

We have often been told that history repeats itself; and I was forcibly struck with the truth of this, when a few weeks ago I stood within the walls of Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, and gazed upon the old liberty bell, now preserved within that sacred temple of American liberty as a priceless national heirloom. It will be remembered that the Continental Congress, during the time of its deliberations upon the Declaration which has been read to you to-day, sat with closed doors. It had been engaged several days in the discussion of this measure, which they of that day believed if adopted would change the fate of a continent, and which we now believe will in time revolutionize the world. On the night of the third of July, 1776, it was noised abroad in the city of Philadelphia that on the morning of the fourth of July the final action of Congress would be taken on the Declaration. Thousands of anxious people had assembled in the street and public square in front of the hall. All hearts in that assembly and through-

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out the colonies, were throbbing with anxiety. All minds were intent upon one thought: "What would Congress do?" was passed from lip to lip, of that immense throng. The old bellman was at his post in the belfry. A little boy had been placed beneath him to give him the signal when to ring. The morning sun was shining brightly. The assembled throng looked upon it as a good omen, being symbolic of the new risen sun of independence even then discernable in the political heavens. The morning wore on apace. Finally the Declaration was adopted, and the little boy was seen to clap his hands and heard by the multitude below to shout at the top of his voice to the old bellman, "ring! ring! ring!" The old man did ring, and a nation was born, and the birthday of that nation we all over this land, from where the morning sun first kisses the blue waves of the Atlantic to where he sinks to rest beneath the silvery waters of the Pacific, this day celebrate. The old man did ring, and when he did so, he rang out the death knell of despotism and human slavery, and rang in the new era wherein liberty to all the people was to be the rule, and oppression the exception. The old man did ring, and the clear notes of that bell were sweet music to the ears of the patriot fathers assembled below, who stood ready to pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, as those within its hallowed walls had already done, to maintain the eternal rights of man. The ringing of that bell carried glad tidings of great joy to the colonists who were in arms every where, and as its sweet notes were borne across the fertile slopes of the old Keystone state, the people caught the sound and rejoiced; and as they heard its ringing tones wafted upon the breeze down in the beautiful valleys of Virginia, her patriot sons and daughters met its notes with shouts of rejoicing; and the sound of that ringing was greeted with the cheers of those in the old Bay state, who had seen Warren give up his young life as a Holocaust to liberty at Bunker Hill; and those who had seen the sons of free America butchered by the minions of despotism at Lexington; and they were heard amid the swamps

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of the Carolinas, there increasing the patriotic devotion of Sumpter's and Marion's men; and we can almost imagine that this proclamation of liberty as it was borne upon the wings of the wind was caught up by the angels of heaven, and as it mingled with their sweet songs of rejoicing, was carried back to the throne of that God, who, thousands of years before, had said, upon a mountain top, standing out upon the sands of the desert of Arabia: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, and unto all the inhabitants thereof."

This old bell has a history. It was imported from England in 1752, for the state house of Pennsylvania, but having met with some accident in the trial ringing, after it was landed, it lost its tone, and had to be re-cast. This was done under the direction of Isaac Norris, Esq., then speaker of the Colonial Assembly. This was twenty-three years before it proclaimed to the people of America the Declaration of Independence; and strange as it may seem, at this time was placed upon it the remarkable motto so prophetic of its future use, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, and unto all the inhabitants thereof." This declaration or command which emanated from God, was carried by the flight of time down through the ages until it was caught up and placed in letters of iron, thereby indicating its strength and power over the minds of the children of men, upon the old bell, which will stand as a monument to liberty as lasting as time, and as eternal as the everlasting hills. Truly, history does repeat itself. This bell became useless after it had done its work of telling the people of the colonies, and through them the nations of the earth, that a new nation had been born among them, and was already knocking at the doors of despotism for recognition—a nation whose children were free. It had one mission to perform, and when that was done its work was accomplished. It was then to be placed with the sword of Washington, the staff of Franklin, and the pen of Jefferson, and the bullet-torn and blood-stained battle-flags of the nation, all sacred archives of a government whose every citizen is a peer of his fellow.

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No British forge was pure enough to send forth metal that would sound the key note to American Liberty ; therefore the bell had to be re-cast in this country. The soil of Briton was so cursed by the tread of despotism that no British mine could send forth from its bowels ore sufficiently pure to make a bell that would ring out the chime of "Liberty and Union, one and forever inseparable," therefore it had to be purified in a furnace the fires of which were lit up by the hands of men who would be free. No British workmen sufficiently understand the principles of Liberty, to make the tongue of that bell, therefore it had to be modeled by the strong right arm of an American Freeman. When we consider all of these things, and that this motto was placed upon it twenty-three years before it was destined to obey the command of Him, who doeth all things well, by proclaiming liberty throughout all the land, and unto all the inhabitants thereof, and long before any one in the Colonies had even dreamed of Independence, we can truly say that he who does not recognize the finger of God in this work, must most certainly be forgetful of the fact that he alone holds in the hollow of his hand the destiny of nations; marking out and controlling that destiny with the same unerring certainty with which the Star of Bethlehem guided the wise men of the East to the lowly cradle of Him who became as man that the children of men might be free.

It can truly be said that it is well for us, upon the annual return of this, our National Anniversary, to hang our banners on the outer wall, to forget all political differences for the time being; sink the partizan in the patriot, and join hands around our country's altar. Here we can ponder over the trials and sacrifices endured by the officers and soldiers of the Continental army who achieved our Independence. We can reflect over the terrible dangers which were incurred by the brave, and good men who framed and adopted the Declaration of Independence which brought forth upon this Continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the idea that all men are created equal.

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All nations have had, and now have their national holidays. Greece had her Olympic games; Rome could degrade her name, tarnish her great achievements, and blacken her pages in the world's history, and desecrate the soil of her country by causing to be poured out the blood of her Gladiators heartlessly butchered, to make a holiday for her people.

The aristocracy of modern Europe can greet with joy the annual return of the day upon which some Prince or Princess was born; the representative of some dynasty which is sustained in the interest of despotism, which would fetter even tighter with the chains of slavery, the rights of the people, which feeds and fattens upon the substance of that people, and then looks with scorn and contempt, mingled with a self-righteous indignation upon the idea that they are capable of self government. But the celebration of the great anniversary festival of this nation, and of the world, was left in the providence of God, to the children of free America who commemorate, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty, this day of deliverance—the most memorable epoch recorded in the annals of the world's history.

John Adams, in his letter of July 3d, 1776, to Mrs. Adams, said "this day ought to be solemnized with pomp, and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, balls, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

How well do we continue to fulfil the wish of Mr. Adams, one of the fathers who, four score and fifteen years ago to-day planted in a soil dedicated by God to freedom, the tree of liberty, which in the march of time will shelter the nations of the earth, and beneath the branches of which, all people can seek safety from the pitiless frowns of despotism, and can plant themselves upon the grand principles of our American Declaration of freedom, and defy the power of tyrants and mock to scorn the puny efforts of those who wield the sceptre of power for the aggrandizement of the few, and not so as to confer the blessings of life, liberty and property upon

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the many. At the time this tree of liberty was planted by those who were the nation's founders, the soil had already been prepared to receive it, by its being purified by the blood of those patriots of 1776, who had already fallen in the struggle for freedom, and who had preferred death in the face of the foe in defence of human rights, rather than life, with civil degradation, and political slavery. When this declaration was proclaimed, the British Parliament had passed the memorable stamp act. This act, under the influence of such men as Lord Camden, who had declared in the British Parliament that "Taxation and representation were inseparably united; God hath joined them, and no British Parliament could put them asunder," after a short time had been repealed. When this occurred, there was great rejoicing throughout the Colonies, for they thought they saw a disposition manifested by the mother country to harmonize their differences, and they had not even yet been weaned from their old affection for the land of their forefathers, nor had they ceased to glory in the British name. But their joy was of short duration, for in a little more than a year from the repeal of the stamp act, another act was passed by Parliament, imposing duties upon all tin, paper, glass, paints, and lead that should be imported into the Colonies. This was an avowed attempt to raise revenue, though in form, the bill was like other acts, for the regulation of trade, and on this account, it was hoped it would escape censure.

But the principle first advanced by James Otis, was now generally adopted by the Colonies—that revenue bills, under the forms of regulations of trade violated their rights quite as much as direct taxation. Thus the flame of opposition was kindled anew, and raged as hotly as ever. Non-importation was an obvious and legal means of escaping these taxes, and extensive combinations were formed to refrain from the use, not only of the taxed articles, but as far as possible of all other British commodities. Under the influence of this sentiment, the patriots of Massachusetts had made a tea pot of Boston harbor. But little revenue did the British Government

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derive from this act. The cause of the Colonies even then found sympathy among those who loved liberty on the Continent of Europe, and even in the British Parliament it was embraced by the great orator and statesman, the elder Pitt, and such lovers of liberty as Conway, and Col. Barri, and Lord Camden. They knew it was not an objection to the payment of the tax that caused resistance on the part of the Colonies, but it was because they claimed all the privileges of British subjects, and especially that of not being taxed without their own consent. In other words, they claimed a voice in making the laws by which they were to be governed. They claimed that God and nature intended they should enjoy the right to liberty as regulated by law.

They asserted the great principle, that man is capable of self government. The colonies had now nothing to expect but war, for they well knew that no grand principle had ever been established until the pathway of its progress had been paved with human bones, and moistened with human blood.

The firing of the king's troops upon the people on Lexington common, April 18, 1775, rang the alarm bell of the revolution. Then the red flames of war shot down their lurid glare from every hillside and mountain top throughout the colonies. The valleys resounded to the tramp of armed men. The first gun in the grand war for liberty had been fired. The plow was left standing in the furrow—the hammer upon the anvil—the plane upon the bench; the lawyer's office was closed; the man of God quit the sacred desk for the field of strife; the merchant left his counter; all hastened to join the armies of the colonies, commanded by Washington, to strike a blow in the good cause in behalf of the right against the tyrant who sought to reduce to a state of vassalage, men who came to America that they might be free. Large British armies were brought across the sea to bring into submission the rebellious subjects of Great Britain, as they were called. In May, 1775, the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. The colonies had tasted of the terrors of war, yet they faltered not.

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They felt that God was just, and that justice would yet triumph. They knew the race was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but to the cause which had the happiness and welfare of man upon its side. They knew what liberty meant, for they had already drunk at its fountain, but never did they appreciate its full meaning until its key note was sounded, when their representatives in Congress assembled, proclaimed that the colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent among the nations of the earth. When this declaration was signed they gathered new strength; they were inspired with new hopes for the future. They saw for the first time, perhaps, the possibility of a great government where liberty, regulated by law, would be guaranteed to all, even the humblest of its citizens, and where each freeman would wield a weapon more potent than the power of kings,

"A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.
And from its force nor doors nor locks
Can shield you! 'tis the ballot box."

The colonies then had to meet the stern and terrible realities of war. They were beaten by the trained legions of Britain, on many bloody fields, yet they faltered not. Their ranks were thinned by the ravages of war, yet they were none the less hopeful. The sufferings of that continental army can never be described by human tongue nor human pen. Nor was all this suffering and all these sacrifices borne by the fathers of the revolution alone, but our good revolutionary mothers were equal participants in the great struggle for liberty with their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons. One of these mothers had sent six sons to the war, and when news was brought back that two of them had been slain in battle, she replied: "I would rather all had been killed in battle than that one should come back to me a coward." It will always be so with the women of America. They are ever ready to imitate not only in deeds denoting courage, but also in works indicating charity, the sainted mother of the Savior of the world who stood at His

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grave, and when even Apostles trembled and were afraid, she was brave. At the time of this great war for independence, the window sash were made of lead, and our revolutionary mothers took the windows out of their houses and melted the leaden sash and moulded them into bullets for their sons in the continental army. They tore up their garments for bandages, and sent them away to the hospitals. They picked old rags to pieces making lint for the wounded until their finger ends were bleeding. They knit stockings for the suffering heroes who yet rallied around Washington in his winter's camp at Valley Forge, his men barefooted, and leaving their bloody footprints as they walked in the snow, and thinking of the sufferings of these men their eyes were blinded with weeping, and tear-drops fell glistening on their knitting needles. Their souls went out in compassionate sympathy for those suffering heroes who amid the storm, and snow, and ice of a terrible December night, were led by Washington across the Delaware. On bended knees our patriotic revolutionary mothers breathed to the Throne of Grace heart earnest petitions for God's blessing, and protection to the suffering soldier boys in camp or hospital, while the earnest, brave men of that trying period in our history, with "In God we trust," as their motto, kept on hurling manly blows against the cohorts of despotism.

While the men fought, the women prayed and worked, until victory perched upon our standard when General Burgoyne who commanded an army of ten thousand men, and who was instructed to force his way down Lake Champlain, then cross to Albany and descend the Hudson and join the British forces at New York, was cut short in his career by being captured, with his whole army, by General Gates, at Saratoga, in 1777. Here the colonies, with God and right upon their side, humbled in the dust "a power to which, for the purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome in the height of her glory, is not to be compared, a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun and keeping company

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with the hours, encircles the whole earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." Battle after battle was fought until the power of the Briton was broken forever in America by the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown. There the British lion was compelled to take his paw from the pure form of the goddess of American liberty. There the flag of the Briton was forever furled in this country, and in its stead was unfurled "the banner of the free." There the power which had invoked to its aid against those who were but contending for what belonged to them, the tomahawk and scalping knife of the merciless savage, and which called in the assistance of the foreign mercenary, was beaten back, and the sons of liberty then saw the full fruition of all their toils and bloody sacrifices. Then it was shown to the world that he who fought for the right was fighting in a bright field where every sword caught some beams of glory, and every bayonet flashed forth some sentiment of liberty.

Then the world saw that he who fought for freedom, for God, and his native land could overcome him who went to battle beneath the cool and poisonous shade of aristocracy, with no honors to await his daring, his life of danger and hardship, uncheered by hope, and his death unnoticed.

The God of battles at last smiled on the good cause. Great Britain, after seven years of unrelenting warfare, saw that her power was wasted in vain. She had seen her armies, one after another melt away as mist before the morning sun. One defeat after another increased her shame and disaster. She was involved in bloody wars on the Continent of Europe. Negotiations for peace were therefore commenced by her, with the American Commissioners at Paris, and a provisional treaty was signed November 30th, 1782.

This peace came not too soon for exhausted and bleeding America. The people were in a state of the most absolute poverty. The sufferings of the officers and men of the army were great; they saw nothing but penury and want staring them in the face, when they were disbanded and returned to

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their homes, made desolate by the ravages of war. There were those ever ready to sow the seeds of discord, and nothing but the firmness, moderation and wisdom of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," saved the nation from ruin. At the close of the war, the Colonies were burdened with a heavy debt, of which they had not the means of even paying the interest; the public credit was annihilated; commerce and manufactories were in a torpid condition, and the country was almost without a Government.

During the greater part of the struggle, Congress had possessed no authority but what was tacitly granted to it, from the necessity of the case. The individual States were unwilling to give up any of that independence which they were striving to vindicate against a foreign power. They claimed complete sovereignty, and were unwilling to appear only as the members of a Confederacy, under the control of a Central Government. In 1777 a plan of union had been framed and adopted in Congress after two years' discussion, not as the best that could be imagined, or as adapted to all exigencies, but as the only one suited to existing circumstances, or at all likely to be adopted. It was not to go into effect until it was ratified by all the States, and only four of them could be induced at first, to adopt it. Slowly and reluctantly the others gave in their adhesion; the consent of New Jersey and Delaware not being obtained till 1779, and that of Maryland, not until 1781, when at last the final sanction of the articles of Confederation as they were called, was joyfully announced by Congress. But the Union thus effected, was very inadequate to the ends in view. It did not establish a Central Government; it was only a league of several independent sovereignties. The Congress of the nation, under this confederation, had no power but to recommend measures—it could not enforce them—and it was left to the States to obey the recommendations or not, at their pleasure. It was a Government of influence, and not of power, if indeed influence can be called government; but it was not one under which

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the lives, liberties and property of the governed could be secure. It soon became manifest that it would become necessary to establish a Government capable of exerting more power toward those who might be unwilling to obey its laws. The establishment of our Union by the adoption of that Magna Charta of American Liberty; the Constitution of the United States was the embodiment of that sentiment. Unionism meant a single nation.

The adoption of the Constitution was the establishment of that Unionism, therefore the adoption of the Federal Constitution was the creation of The Nation. This was the object of the fathers when they in their preamble to that instrument declared, "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America." Here the power of the people was recognized; here the fact that this was a "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, was made manifest." Very many persons at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, objected to it because they believed that it deprived the States of too much power; but when we reflect upon the object of Government, we must conclude, and especially after our experience in this country, that this power was properly lodged in the Government of United States, rather than in those of the States.

Under our present system, we can behold the great dome of the Union rising and expanding to Heaven; extending over all the States, but not resting on them for existence or support. At the time of the treaty of peace between the Colonies and England, the limits of the Republic extended from the great lakes to the 31st degree of latitude, and from the Atlantic to the middle channel of the Mississippi river. Since then, the limits of the Union have been enlarged and fixed by the treaties of cession in 1803 with Napoleon, as first Consul of the

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French Republic; that of 1819 with Spain; by the admission in 1846 of Texas; by the treaty of limits of that year with Great Britain, fixing the dividing line between the then Territory of Oregon and the British Possessions; by the treaties of 1848 and 1853 with Mexico, and the treaty of 1867 with Alexander II, the Emperor of all the Russias. By these treaties of cession the area of the United States of America has been increased eight times its original extent, covering nearly 4,000,000 of square miles of Territory. Much of this Territory was then a howling wilderness, or an unbroken waste, inhabited by wild beasts, and scarcely less savage Indians. But by the energy of American freemen, that wilderness has been made to rejoice, and that unbroken waste to blossom as the rose. No era in the history of the world presents such evidences of the march of empire; of the material development of a country, and the intellectual, social and moral advancement of its people, as does ours. Truly we have a history that is the very miracle of history. Into our young life, not yet one hundred years long, are crowded a constellation of epochs enough to make resplendent with glory whole centuries of common years. From thirteen States represented by thirteen stars upon our banner, we have increased until the constellation representing the grand sisterhood of States covers the whole of the Heaven-lit blue of that flag. The colonies were weak, and they were looked upon with contempt by the despotisms of Europe.

In the success of our fathers, they saw the success of the people, and they knew right well that that success meant their ultimate downfall. But how the scene has changed; there is not a power on earth that does not to-day court the favor of the Government of the United States. We are now known and honored throughout the world. There was a time in the history of Rome, when to say "I am a Roman citizen," insured personal liberty and protection throughout the then civilized world; but he who can now say "I am an American citizen," finds in that sentence a magic power which will protect him all around the Globe.

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But a few weeks ago we saw exhibited on a foreign soil the respect foreign nations have for our prowess. When Paris was in flames; when a bloody, relentless mob inaugurated a carnival of blood, and surged through the streets, sparing neither sex, age nor condition; becoming wild with rage and drunken with the blood of its victims, it surged along until it reached the residence of the American minister. It saw floating in the breeze above that residence, the stars and stripes of our country's banner. There it streamed "full high aloft with not a stripe erased nor a-star obscured," and amid the screams of the murdered victims and the infuriated yells of the mob which rolled the bloody waves of desolation and murder to the very walls of that residence, a still small voice whispered to that mob, "By this sign I seek protection," and it fell back in dismay, filled with admiration, even while it sought fresh victims and reveled amid its bloody orgies, for the mighty nation beyond the waters of the deep blue sea, where every citizen is a freeman in the full enjoyment of liberty as regulated by law, and whether he stands beneath his own roof tree, upon his own soil, or in a foreign land, or upon the deck of an American vessel, all he has to do is to invoke the aid of that banner, and forty millions of American freemen with the principles of personal liberty firmly fixed in their minds and firmly imbedded in their hearts, are ready to rush to his rescue and throw around him a panoply of protection which no nation in this age can penetrate. Truly, we can now say,

"Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet and freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

It is useless for me to dwell upon our progress as a nation, because it is written upon every page of our history; it is manifest in every thing we see around us. The confines of civilization have step by step moved westward, crossing great rivers and vast prairies and plains, and dense forests, and ascending mighty mountains until it planted the church and the school house, the warp and woof of our American Union, upon

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the golden sands of the Pacific slope, and sent our messengers of commerce, spreading their white wings on old ocean's bosom, bearing our civilization far away to Asia, telling the people of that land that there is a land beyond the sea, where every man is free.

Forty years ago there was not a railroad in the United States. Now these arteries of commerce penetrate the whole body of the nation, binding it together more closely with bands of iron. Twenty-five years ago there was not a telegraph line in the United States, but since that time we have spanned old ocean and girdled the whole earth with the tamed lightnings of heaven, thus bringing all nations together, and more directly under the influence of that power which is the grand seat of liberty, the United States of America, and teaching all nations that sentiment in which we believe, which was contained in the declaration thundered forth from amidst Mar's hills by Paul, when he said, "of one blood are all nations created to dwell on the face of the earth forever." Great cities have sprung up everywhere over this bright and beautiful land. Prosperous villages are now dotted over it like the stars in the heavens. Its valleys and mountain slopes are covered with the homes of freemen. Now

> "Toil swings the ax, and forests bow;
> The fields break out in radiant bloom.
> Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
> And cities cluster 'round the loom."

Yet by all this progress, and all this prosperity, the justice of God could not be turned aside. Our fathers sinned in permitting slavery to remain in a government whose corner stone was human freedom. It was somewhat anomalous for them to go to war for the principle that all men are created free and equal, and then bring into existence a government that tolerated, or indirectly recognized the most accursed system of human bondage ever devised by man's cruelty. Perhaps they could not do otherwise. They had to make concessions to each other to secure unity and harmony among the colonies. They knew it was an evil, having in its train all the crimes,

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woes, and miseries that were ever inflicted upon man. Yet they hoped to see it placed in course of ultimate extinction by the colonies themselves. But God is just, and he punishes the sins of nations as well as of men, and we had to wipe out this stain upon our national escutcheon in blood. Slavery begot aristocracy, a contempt for labor, a disregard for the rights of others, and a desire to destroy the government. That desire culminated when the rebellion burst upon the land in 1861. Then came the final great test to our institutions.

What patriot can ever forget what he felt when the news came over the wires that the hand of treason against our common country had struck yonder bright banner from the walls of Fort Sumpter? Can we ever forget the great uprising of the loyal nation; party distinctions forgotten; party sunk in patriotism? When the great and good Lincoln called for troops, and the deep toned voice of the mighty Douglas resounded through the land, declaring "that he who was not for his country in such an hour, was against his country;" and all the loyal people resolved that the stars and stripes should again float over Fort Sumpter; aye, should greet the morning sunlight and kiss the last rays of the setting sun, not only above the brick and mortar of Sumpter, but from the Kennebec to the Rio Grande, from lake Superior to the gulf of Mexico, the symbol of liberty, the shield and protection of American citizenship.

We remember when war meetings were held in our little country school houses, when the prairies were all alive with patriotic ardor; and the fife and drum were beating up recruits in the streets of our towns and cities. Yes, we remember all this. Wait until we are old men and women, and we will remember these scenes even better than now, and around our firesides we will tell our children how a free people, their own rulers, living in a government of their own, with a common impulse, rallied to their country's defense, in the hour of her dire need.

It was grand! Something to be remembered always—to

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be proud of always. The rebellion passed over this fair land, leaving its mark on each brow, its shadow in each household; but, thank God, when the cohorts of liberty prevailed, they eliminated the curse of slavery from our system. They raised every man to the dignity of a freeman. They planted that bright, triumphant banner of liberty on every foot of American soil. They established forever, if we are but true to our ancestry, to ourselves and to posterity, the perpetuity of our institutions. They said our great rivers, in all their long, majestic course to the sea, should pass through but one country. They said our ocean bounds should be but the boundries of one nation. Their deeds have made us truly one people, one nation, with one government, one system of laws, one and the same country, bound together by a common interest, a common ancestry, and united, as I trust we are to be, when the scars of the rebellion shall have healed, by the silver cords of love and affection for each other. We worship the same God, according to the dictates of our own conscience. We ought to be all seeking the one common end—the happiness of our people and the greatness and glory of our land. The down-trodden of every race have an interest in us. The oppressed of Ireland look upon our flag as they see it streaming from the masthead of some merchantman in their harbors across the sea, and sigh for a home in the bright land of hope that sends forth that banner. The oppressed of England, looking upon it, remember the pilgrim fathers flying from English tyranny to plant that banner beyond blue ocean's wintry waves, and wish the liberty that banner guarantees may be theirs too. The Italian refugee hails it in a foreign port, and breathes a prayer that the flag of Italy may sometime insure to Italians that liberty which the flag of America guarantees to Americans.

The liberty loving German, loving liberty for himself, and all the world beside, who loaned us money by buying our bonds in the dark days of treason, now points to our banner as the fulfillment of his prophecy, that those who fight for liberty will win the battle. The poor Frenchman, when he

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looks around him and beholds the ruin and desolation of his fair vine-clad France, ruined by that despotism which has hurled its curses upon the people from a French throne, remembers La Fayette, looks upon our bright banner and hopes his France will some day yet be free. The lovers of liberty in Spain point to our banner, and shout for a Government like ours.

And the people of Canada, and of Cuba—the queen of the Antillas, standing away out amid the dashing waves of the Atlantic, and San Domingo and all the Islands on the American Continent are even now wishing for the time when they can call our flag their own. And who shall hinder them? Who shall stand in the way of the march of our manifest destiny? Who shall be so unreasonable as to say these countries and these islands which are even now either trembling within the grasp of monarchs, or being crushed out by the heel of despotism, you shall not become a part of us? I trust none.

Ten long years have passed since the second war in this land waged for the rights of freemen burst upon the country, and those ten years are crowded full of the most glorious memories of our national life, and the most touching, sweetest and saddest memories that our hearts cherish. The dead are gathered to their long homes. We kneel by their graves and utter a prayer for their spirits fled. We plant above their clay the willow and the laurel, and we feel that blood like this

"For liberty shed so holy is
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss.
Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds, and breaks in her cause."

We, as citizens of this Republic must not forget that we have duties to perfarm—solemn, high, imperative duties. We must bear in mind that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. We must remain as faithful sentinels on the watch tower of freedom, guarding well the portals of liberty, ever bearing in mind that

"Freedom's battles once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

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We must keep before us the sacrifices of life, and blood, and treasure made by our ancestors when they laid broad and deep the foundations of our Government. We must not forget the noble deeds performed by the fair women and brave men for the defense of the Nation during the last great struggle for its existence, remembering

"That four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen
On battle plain and in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you."

That there are thousands upon thousands of weeeping Rachels and mourning Jacobs who are only comforted because their sons died for the nation. We have but to do our duty as well as the friends of the Government have performed theirs in the past, and as well as those who braved the terorrs of the battle field in its defense in our day, and our career of glory and greatness is but in its infancy.

There are even yet dangers which beset our national pathway. They can be avoided by a correct and faithful performance of our duty; by vigilant and watchful care on the part of all good citizens.

Then let us retire from the celebration of this, our ninety-fifth national birthday with renewed faith in our institutions, with a firm determination on our part that let come what will, no traitor hand shall ever again be laid upon the Government which protects all alike; which secures liberty to all, no matter whether it be the opulent and powerful, or the poor and lowly. That the mailed hand of power wielded by the whole American people will drag to justice any who may in the future dare to strike at the existence of the nation. Let us resolve to hasten that day when the nations "shall learn war no more," when the battle flags shall be furled; when the sword shall be beaten into the scythe, and the cannon shall become the plowshare; when the universal brotherhood of man shall be proclaimed and recognized everywhere; when peace on earth and good will to men shall be the watchword among the nations; when

"All crime shall cease and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning justice lift aloft her scale,
Peace over the world her olive wand extend,
And white robed innocence from heaven descend."

When the universal world shall come to know that it cannot escape, if it would, obedience to the command of Him who hath said: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, and unto all the inhabitants thereof."

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Sargent, H. B.
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AN

ORATION

BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1871.

By HORACE BINNEY SARGENT.

BOSTON:
ROCKWELL & CHURCHILL, CITY PRINTERS,
122 WASHINGTON STREET.
1871.

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1871. Aug. 15.
Gift of
Sam'l. A. Green, M.D.
of Boston.
(H. U. 1851.)

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CITY OF BOSTON.

IN COMMON COUNCIL, July 6, 1871.

Ordered, That the thanks of the City Council are due, and they are hereby tendered, to GENERAL HORACE BINNEY SARGENT, for the very able and eloquent address delivered by him before the City Government and citizens of Boston, on the occasion of the ninety-fifth anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence; and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the address for publication by the City.

Sent up for concurrence.

MATTHIAS RICH, *President.*

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, July 10, 1871.

Concurred.

CHARLES E. JENKINS, *Chairman.*

Approved July 11, 1871.

WILLIAM GASTON, *Mayor.*

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ORATION.

THE earliest dawn to-day recalled those words of Milton's Agonistes, —

> "The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
> In each high street."

This is the chief national festival, yet commemorated, as John Adams thought it should be for evermore, "by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God," and with "pomp, parade, guns, bells, bonfires, nad illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other."

Ninety-five years of anxious triumph — the agony of glory — have passed away! Why is it that this excitable people, not fettered by too much reverence for the old, and eminently fond of new sensations, still watch, with unabated, hereditary enthusiasm, the rising of this day's sun? Why is it not dimmed to them by the distance of near a hundred annual journeys through illimitable space? Why do not the vast and near events, that the last decade has swept into our history, make us regard the Revolution as the day of small things?

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The men of this generation have been actors in successful war, on a scale of military grandeur that our fathers never knew. Within ten years one sheet of paper has enfranchised twice as many millions as were they who broke the British chain by seven years of war. Younger victors, lately robed in garments dyed with Freedom's imperial purple from their veins, who tendered their lives in battles to which Princeton and Monmouth were only skirmish fire, are here to-day. Some of the empty sleeves before me were won by the side of cannon that blazed in miles of battery, on ridges higher than the lowest clouds that touch the monument on Bunker Hill. Even the surrender of Cornwallis is a quiet landscape picture set in the dreamy mist of ninety years, compared with the lurid panorama of your embattled hosts that so lately and so grimly girt with walls of fire a far more wretched and more gallant chieftain.

Yet, while the very actors in these recent scenes frequently forget their dates, most Americans remember the Second, and all, the Fourth of July, 1776, — the immortal days when the decision and the Declaration were made. Why is this long and loyal memory of the nation's heart? Why would treason, if committed to-day, shock us like the profaning of an altar?

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The answer is plain. Our victory in the war of the rebellion was one of the manifestations of established power. But the day which we celebrate marks the birth and enthronement of that power as a new force in our history. To-day is the birthday of a sovereign, — a living, reigning, and immortal sovereign, — the people; the only monarch who need never subsidize an army, but who is sure — until we establish female suffrage — of a musket and a man behind each snow-flake of imperial will. And this sovereign is so allied, by the presence of the people all over the continent, by a general knowledge, which, being the knowledge of everybody, is greater than the knowledge of anybody, and by millions of consentient power, to the infinite attributes of the King of kings, — omnipresence, omniscience, and omnipotence, — that the voice of the people has been wisely and reverently called the voice of God, who is a spirit, and in whose spiritual image men are made. To-day is the birthday of this godlike power — The People. No wonder that The People does not forget it!

The field of history which we enter again to-day has been gleaned for a century. But because the price of Liberty is eternal vigilance, the harvest of history — its lesson — is forever new.

What is this sovereign people? It is not near the

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battered Tuileries, or in the draft riots of New York, that we may seek the infant king, around whose cradle, a century ago, our wise men, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, assembled. The cradle was both a camp and throne; for The People was born from the brain and heart of God, all diademed for empire, and helmeted for war.

To establish this new sovereign power, Franklin brought all his keen insight into the weakness and strength of human nature; Hamilton, his proud, dauntless courage, and the philosophy of a more than human intellect; Adams, his force of resistance, his vast powers, and volcanic fire under pressure; Jefferson, that matchless felicity in seizing and expressing the grand ideas of the people, which makes some of his simplest sentences thrill us like the trumpet tones of the "Marseillaise" and the "Star Spangled Banner" shouted in chorus by ten thousand men; Washington, a divinity of judgment, a nobility of virtue, and a modesty of valor, which consecrate him as the soldierly incarnation of civic immortality.

The devoted supporters of a sovereign give some indication of his qualities. At least we may gather, from the character of his most loyal adherents who place him on the throne, some idea of him, as he

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seemed to them. The solemn consecration, the daring enthusiasm, the unwavering faith, the lofty bearing of the fathers had nothing of the mere iconoclast. They meant something more than the substitution of one ill-regulated monarch for another. Washington did not brave the halter of a traitor for any dishonest, unhoused, unwashed usurper. In the most boisterous enthusiasm of John Adams there is nothing of the demagogue. The memorable conclave of July, when the decision to separate forever from all the dear traditions of the great motherland was made, breathes a triumphant, sad solemnity, which reminds one of a Roman picture, — now probably destroyed by a French mob calling itself the people, — where jubilant archangels, not unprescient of Calvary, and with the glory of the throne upon their robes and faces, gather their overshadowing, illuminating wings around a newborn God in Bethlehem.

If our celebration of this birthday of the people is anything more than lip service, it is worth while to inquire what sort of a ruler these men of the educated, powerful class, and fresh from allegiance to a monarchy, intended to support; that they were so ready to fall on their faces and adore? From what sceptre of human government does the lustre come, which can excite John Adams, at forty-one

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years of age, the "Atlas of Independence," "The Colossus of Debate," to break forth in this exuberant strain: "You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not;" "through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory"?

Few popular phrases have been more misapplied than this specious statement, that "government rests on the consent of the governed." If it mean that government owes its quiescence to the unwillingness of its subjects to attempt escape from present evils by flying to those which are unknown, it is as applicable to an empire as to a republic. But if it mean that the governed must be unanimous in supporting the most vigorous legislation before such legislation can be rightly enforced, and virtually with the consent of the governed, unless they choose to commit themselves boldly to the sacred and inalienable right of revolution *eo nomine*,— government is not worth the devotion of the meanest rebel soldier, whose unburied skeleton is knocked about by the herds of half-wild swine now roaming over that Virginian Wilderness, which the priceless blood of your most beloved sons, poured out in the name of government, has drenched.

Government implies command, and the right and the power to crush out resistance. The strongest

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government on earth is one where the majority of armed citizens make and choose to enforce its laws. Unless mobs, and associations of violent strikers comprise the majority of the armed citizens, mob law ought to be more out of its proper element here than under an Eastern monarch, whose despotism can be tempered by a single assassination. It is the vigor which wields the law more than the weight behind it that deters offenders. If the people were alive to the truth that individual freedom cannot exist with a feeble execution of the laws, mob law, exercised against the will of the voting, arm-bearing majority, would be impossible. But two conditions are essential to this effective majority: one is that the voting, arm-bearing majority shall be vigilant and do the duty of citizens; the other is that such a republican virtue and equality of condition shall be maintained as to secure this majority on the side of conservative interests against a destructive, ill-conditioned minority.

Washington intended to enthrone irresistible *power* resting on the will of enlightened armed majorities. The fathers worshipped no waxen statue with a tinsel sceptre. The will of the people was to be vigorously supreme on its vast quarter-deck. Freedom meant Law.

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The theocracy, which the Pilgrims purposed to establish, — though, perhaps, a dream for centuries to come, — is a pure, popular government, combining the virtues of all forms of government, wisdom, purity, energy, and weight. As in the physical world, the highest organism passes, in its development, through the stages of resemblance to the inferior organisms which have preceded it, so the various inadequate forms of society — aristocracy, oligarchy, and monarchy — seem to be but progressive steps to that exalted social state, in which the great mass of the people, imbued with the wisdom of the few, and the virtue of the best, shall act with the absolute energy of one.

On this birthday of the Republic, we may, perhaps, be permitted to exult a little. It was an inspiring belief of Socrates that the heroes and martyrs and sages of all time, still, in the spirit, push on their earthly work and stimulate the minds of men. Who would be sorry to believe that the soldiers and statesmen of the new-born nation may rejoice to-day with a mighty people which stretches nearly from the Arctic Circle to the Caribbean Sea, and fronts two thousand leagues on oceans which join, through us, the centuries of Europe to the cycles of Cathay, that we have swept the "ephemeral blot" from "an immortal instrument"? If Franklin can recall his

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earthly memories of Wedderburne, may not the philosopher feel a little quiet satisfaction at the spectacle of a most exalted British Commission, sitting in the capital of aggrieved America, to review, and authorized to express regret for a fatal British wrong? Might not a soldier hope that the great Revolutionary Chief may stretch his broad hand in benediction over the living, and greet dear brethren dead with something of the tone which thrilled the weeping Spartan mother on the evening of Thermopylæ,—

"Your son doth sup with Leonidas to-night"?

By celebrating this day we seem to approve the act of our fathers, and to renew our allegiance to that majestic power which they expected their sons to defend against all usurpers from above and from below.

The garnered glory and the triumphs ripe justify exultation. But we should be less wise than the Egyptians, who tried their monarchs dead, if, with the fresh memory of a terrific war, which seemed to be waged by the Almighty for the purpose of equalizing the conditions of men, we should not, at the end of this year of sovereignty, scrutinize the condition of the people.

With the blackened walls of France before us, we ought not to shut our eyes to the fact that a

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widening gulf of discontent and inequality is separating two armed classes in this republic which is founded on equality. Every one knows that the incomes of the very rich are becoming more enormous, while the number of those who have no surplus to save is steadily increasing. While masses are becoming more ready to be purchased, individuals are becoming more able to purchase them. Thus, luxury and mercenary bands, for civil wars, grow up together. Under this inequality, labor and capital are becoming mutually defiant. The theory that the laborer is to be kept in his place is now meeting another, that capital has no right which labor is bound to respect. The fact is patent that capital is not less selfish than ever, and that labor is becoming generally dishonest in quantity and quality. The battle-field and the battle-cries are as old as civilization. Capital, forgetting that organizations now give a corporate power to labor-strikes, and still hoping to win its invariable victory, calls him who announces the disease and suggests a cure — incendiary.

But never before in the history of nations were both parties to this social combat equally armed with vote and bayonet. The revolution, by introducing the element of equality, complicated the problem. The war of the rebellion enlarged that

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element. We have given to labor suffrage and arms! Henceforth, men, without property or character, may make and unmake kings.

The protection of four things — life, liberty, property, and character — was formerly supposed to be the end of government and laws. American theories of suffrage give all the powers of legislation over four interests to men who may have only two of them, — liberty and life.

When discontent as to the distribution of property takes general possession of a class of armed men who have the power of voting upon interests which they covet and do not possess, mobs — the great peril of a republic — may be expected. To hide one's eyes from the peril does not avert it. Protection, not concealment, is now demanded. Protection must be sought and can be found in the conservative character and interests of the armed majority. The problem is how to make the armed majority conservative.

Whenever the standard of value has been changed, such discontents as the present have arisen. At such epochs the luxury of the rich has kept pace with the poverty of the poor. The history of the change is simple.

In a studio at Florence, twenty years ago, a sculptor was shaping a mass of clay. From his

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artistic fingers grew the figure of a seductive woman, emptying at her feet a cornucopia of gold, while from the muscular grasp of her right hand, which was concealed behind her, depended a scourge of thorns. It was the statue of California.

Two or three years later, Chevalier predicted the form of inequality and discontent which now disturbs the relations of capital and labor in the United States. As a student of social science, he knew that the sudden and extraordinary augmentation of gold would most disastrously affect regular salaries, which are not easily increased, and those commodities which cannot be kept over for a better market. Labor, especially, is a perishable commodity. The miner and the needle-woman cannot let the sun go down on an unsold day. To-day cannot be stored up till to-morrow. Starvation, unaided from without, can make no terms. It is more helpless before the employer than is the borrower before the money-lender. Labor-organizations grow out of this utter helplessness. Only by the combination of the employed and unemployed can half-paid labor wait for a better market.

The influx of gold has lengthened the yard-stick by which we measure values. Paper currency has increased such inflation. But even if we were to resume specie payments to-morrow, we have perma-

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nently entered on an era of higher prices. If it were not for labor-saving machinery, and the opening of some new fields of commerce and production, we should find an increase in the price of every article of general consumption as measured by the standard, gold. Provisions, land in localities not still asleep, house-rents, boarding and lodging have trebled in price. Generally, except in house-service, which is both largely paid and free from the anxieties of self-support, wages have only doubled. The rise of wages has not kept pace with the rise of prices paid by the poor, or with the profits of capital.

Our homilists, who decry luxury among the working-classes, forget that their luxury, their comfortable homes, their pretty tea-service, their beautiful chromos on the wall, are the measure of the safety and conservative well-being of the republic. Such are the conditions of the conservative armed majority.

We have a proverb, "Be virtuous, and you will be happy," to which some philosopher, with a grim sense of humor, has added the words, "but you will not have a very good time." The older civilization of the Chinese has more profoundly sounded the truth of miserable human nature. "Be happy, and you will be virtuous," say the disciples of Con-

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fucius. Discontent and a republic, founded on equality, cannot dwell together. The sentiments of an incendiary swell his heart who dreads to look upon his children because the wolf is at the door.

More money, rather than more unemployed time to agonize over the want of it, is the cure for the heart-burning of the poor. Men are so unwilling to be taxed directly, and take so kindly to indirect extortion, that the real demand, "more wages" for a certain measure of work, assumes the less offensive, more plausible form, "a smaller measure of work for the money." Labor, following the example of the trader, is trying to substitute the wine quart for the beer quart; and, failing of this, everywhere offers an adulterated or diluted article. Eight hours are not the remedy for the labor-murrain that infects the country. For no rule of contentment is more perfect than this, — "A little more money than one wants, and a little less time than one needs." Contentment, honesty, and chastity are suffering, not for want of time to be chaste, honest, and contented, but because labor has not yet felt its just proportion of the impetus that the change of the standard has given to values.

A host of anxious women is taking the place of the happy mothers of the people. Enforced misery of miseries is vitiating the republic at its very source

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of life. A mob of dishonest, discontented men, armed with vote and musket, crowd the steps, and press upon the throne that our fathers established. These men must be converted or repelled.

Precepts and exhortations will not avail. We may preach charity till we faint. Even the great charter of our liberties, the Federal Constitution, is only a bundle of inoperative, but excellent principles. We give them effect by legislation. Society is only held together by statutes. Life and virtue should be protected against the slow approaches of necessity, as well as against the more sudden assault. The degradation of the future mothers of the people is a horror so monstrous, that, as the wages of a sailor cling to the last plank of a ship, the salvation of women ought to be made the first duty of the State. Either we should provide employment for women, at sufficient compensation, so that they can be fit, pure mothers of the people; or we should drown the female children, as they do in China which orginates the proverb, "Be happy, and you will be virtuous." God knows it would be less cruel.

I hear the angry cry of those who think that virtue and vice, and happiness and misery should be left to the natural laws of demand and supply: "Manufacturers will be ruined, if wages are to be

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increased." Perhaps they may be; and capital may have to seek more lucrative occupation, as labor is advised to do, under the natural laws of demand and supply. But something must be done to remedy a fatal disease of the republic. The exhortations of charity are unavailing. But the State, — God bless her! — has the power of enforcing charity by taxation. The citizens are taxed for public schools, to prevent ignorance. Why should they not be taxed for public factories, to prevent theft and prostitution? The State and the poor may well be partners in a grand co-operative system. Why should not the government, which has factories of ships and cannon, establish factories to create the cheap defence of nations? The expense of police, of penitentiaries, of civil wars, of a republic lost, is a more serious item than the whole cost of State normal factories. The protection of feeble girls, of broken-down women, the comfortable and virtuous rearing of the mothers of the people, is founded on the bare, selfish, common sense that makes the farmer house his ewes from winter storms, and save his heifers from the plough. The co-operative system should be initiated by legislative charity based on the power of inexhaustible taxation. The taxes of civil war are heavier. It is better for the State to weave cotton at a loss than to make the

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social warp and woof so rotten that luxury and misery, tugging at the republic, can rend it. It is better for the rich to eat into accumulated capital than for the poor, the armed majority, to become Catilines in the fever of accumulating debt. We must make the laborer conservative, or reduce him to a very low, servile, defenceless state, which Calhoun thought essential to the condition of service in a republic of equals. A commission to prepare a tabular statement of the purchasing power of gold, as compared with a period twenty years ago, would confer signal service on the country. It would demonstrate the justice or injustice of the present discontent.

The failure hitherto to adjust all compensations to the new value of gold seriously affects the power of the sovereign people to employ its ablest servants. In New England the salaries of judges have so much declined in relative value, that only the highest sense of public duty retains in a vital service men who, by practice in their own courts, might secure thrice the sum of their judicial salaries. This is certainly burning the candle of economy at both ends, which was not Franklin's intention.

The salutary competition that an increase of salaries would create is intimately connected with a most desirable reform, — abolition of all unpaid offices. A

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housekeeper would be deemed insane who, unless he should load all his pistols and lock up his spoons, should pay those servants, who were interested in the disbursement of his money, no wages. Yet this grave folly our monarch, The People, is constantly committing. I need make no apology for alluding to this pernicious error, in the presence of a city government chosen, in a manner most honorable to itself and its respected chief, by a revolutionary uprising of all parties against abuses which time and quiescence had sanctioned as the perquisites of patriotism. We know that every year crowds the trades and professions with honest, able and anxious men, who would become candidates for public office if it offered legitimate and adequate support. The public would be better served by servants whom it could reprimand for malfeasance, than it ought to be by volunteers who sacrifice their own interests to public spirit.

Intimately connected also with the abolition of unpaid public offices which cost the nation enormous sums of waste, is the duty of a citizen to accept adequately paid office and vote at elections. The People, like any other monarch, is entitled to the service of its subjects. That tenure of lands, which under monarchies depends on some trifling annual service to the king, is based on this principle of con-

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stant duty. But the lord would not hold the ewer or buckle on the spur, unless some forfeiture should attend his nonfeasance. Precepts, without laws and penalties, will not secure anxious allegiance.

American as I am, in every fibre of my heart, I find the secret of national power in another land than my own. If I should ask the question, where purity of life, frugal simplicity of habits, intellectual culture, patriotic fire, and all male virtues predominate; where the most affectionate domestic ties combine the larger, grander love for Fatherland; where the interests of armed millions are welded into the mighty wedge of one iron will; where we hear that majestic tread of humanity, with a great purpose before it and a great nation behind it,—the voice of even an American assembly would correctly reply. And why do we find this simple virtue, this earnest republican energy, under the shadow of the Prussian throne? Is it the form of government that makes Prussia the power that she is?

Let France — let Paris, —

"Unhappy Paris, but to women brave," —

whose daily bulletins sound like a chapter from Ezekiel, reply.

Compulsory legislation, based on a scheme of national greatness, devised long ago, has made the

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Prussian a dutiful citizen. The want of such legislation has changed the beauty of France to ashes. The absence of such legislation here, under our false theories of the consent of the governed, of the sanctity of an enlightened American elector, and that liberty requires a weak executive expression of an armed nation's will, has degraded American politics and office so low, that, except in moments of peril, when God comes down among the people with pentecostal flame, inspiring them to think in thoughts and speak in tongues which they did not know, many able and honest men of iron, who would serve the people as loyally as they would serve the omniscient Lord of Hosts, will have nothing to do with public affairs.

As the legislation of Prussia, with intent to create an invincible army of citizens, has compelled every man to be a trained soldier; as there, no learning, wealth, or refinement exempts gentle or noble from military service; as there, no sluggishness of the well-conditioned, no selfishness of private business, no sneers of caste, which are often the tremors of cowardice, are permitted to detain one vitalizing drop of blood from the national heart and arm; as there, in the transcendent Prussia of today, the worthy may never devolve their muskets on the base, — so we, who think the ballot supersedes

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the bayonet, and would not see it turned against society by the vicious, improvident, and dangerous classes who have no interest of property or character to protect, should, under the severest pains and penalties, compel every citizen to vote. Election days should be the roll-call of the nation, as they were at the election of the Magyar Kings, when a hundred thousand sword-points flashed to heaven, and a hundred thousand bearded throats thundered "I will!"

The citizen has no more right to withhold his unit, from the sum of law and order, than has the soldier to desert a field where his musket may decide the combat. If we are a government, the governing power must not desert itself.

To counteract the much-lauded, but undoubted and irrevocable evil of unqualified suffrage, the support of the republic by the most educated, refined, opulent and influential citizens is to be especially desired. The machinery to compel their attendance is simple. The absence of a checking mark against a name, after the polls were closed, would be *prima facie* evidence of delinquency, subject of course to rebutting testimony. A fine, based on some percentage of the delinquent's next tax-bill, to be added thereto and collected with the tax, would insure the anxious attendance of the

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largest holders in the great joint-stock concern, — society. Non-voting, contemptuous grumblers would become earnest debaters at primary meetings. Nominees, who are not party hacks, would come before the people. For between high-headed contempt for all parties, and compelled action in support of either, there is a wide difference. The rich candidates for office are not necessarily more corrupt than the poor, and the pockets able to tempt the rich by a sufficient bribe are comparatively few. The fancy that all nominees must be well known to the electors is dissipated by a single fact. The most and least intelligent blindly follow a ballot born of rank corruption.

By making the exercise of suffrage compulsory, we should learn how many of our fair sisters desire to be forced to do an act, which, if not backed by armed force, is only a tender appeal to the courtesy of law-breakers. In a composite government like ours an illusory manifestation of popular will may involve a State in impotent hostility to other States, or to the Federal authority. Washington, the soldier, intended to found a strong government. Contempt for shams and blank cartridge lies at the base of power.

However just it may be that women with property should be allowed a voice in making the laws; how-

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ever true it may be that some male voters are an exception to the general rule of bearing arms; however difficult it may be for the sexes so to arrange their union that almost every child-bearing woman shall merge her life in the protection of her intended mate, some arm-bearing man, and make with him one political individual, — there would seem to be no safety to society in impotent suffrage, and no profit in arraying the women of one section against the women of another — except to the milliners. The loftiest sigh of aspiration, the purest ballot, would not have deterred Jefferson Davis from his mad career. That politician is unworthy who can be made, by a gentle, white-gloved pressure, or a smile, to surrender from the gauntleted hand of strength the iron sceptre of a universally-voting and arm-bearing nation, until those sweet millennial days when every woman is a shepherdess and every man — a sheep. What would Miles Standish have thought of it?

If I could, by earnest prayer upon my knees, persuade this nation to make one law, that law should compel every able-bodied American to devote the first year of his manhood to the exclusive, vigorous, military discipline of a Normal *Camp*. The want of the mental and moral habit of implicit obedience to authority is the licentious American deficiency.

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Irreverence is the vulgar American vice. And vulgar vice is so rapid in its generalizations, that contempt for one commandment soon dethrones the decalogue. The world expresses surprise that our returning soldiers are generally law-abiding, gently-mannered citizens. But service in a good regiment is a liberal education in all the brave, grand, loyal principles of duty. The soldier learns to obey, and to enforce authority, because he finds subordination to be the necessary part of every link in an endless chain of power.

A year of such iron discipline, in a normal camp, as the Prussian citizen cheerfully and patriotically undergoes, would teach the American citizen something of the majesty of the people, as the law-making power. Connivance at a breach of law is as insulting to the offended authority as is association with an officer under arrest. The degradation of the public mind in this regard curiously appears in the fact, that while we arrest the mere spectators at a gaming-table, as parties to an offence, we permit every citizen with impunity to tempt, by money and frenzied prayers, the illicit vendor of liquor to break the law.

It is not surprising, with such loose notions about mutual responsibility for participation in a breach of statute law, that the temperance question

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should be unprofitably hustled about by two bodies of reformers; one of which, permitting all men to patronize and tempt, would only punish the tempted vendor; and the other of which would dam the ever-flowing cataract of human appetite, without leaving the smallest sluiceway for the waters. The People, as a law-making, law-enforcing power, is not yet sensible of its own sacred majesty.

Nor will it be a sacred sovereign power in the sense that our fathers intended, until the voting armed majority shall be invested with the interests of property and character as well as with life and liberty; this contented and virtuous majority electing and supporting fully paid officials; these officials enforcing the will of the people by the aid of a *very* highly paid police, who, being freed from political obligation to any unpaid servants of the public, see, hear, remember, and report.

The first century of our national experiment is nearly closed. Society, so prosperous in many ways, is filled with the discontented. Some of these are war-worn men, whose very quietness of manner is formidable because it indicates the subordination of weak individual impulse to the irresistible movement in mass. These men, without alliances of family or home, because they are too poor to contract them, are bound to other men,

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stern as themselves, by ties of years and battle blood, which is thicker than water. Their hearts throb with memories of personal valor which thrill the workshops and the fields. Constitutions are as weak as withes before the throes of Agonistes in his discontent. As a conservative power, these men have saved the life of the nation. As a destructive element, they can imperil it. Make them conservative by a just division of profits, or by the necessary legislation to start them in co-operative partnerships.

Let the State in its own factories raise wages to the just point, where, if the capitalist can comfortably live, a poorer republican citizen can live in comfort and hope also. Compel these men to be honest in their labor as an equivalent for justice and honesty in wages. These soldiers will obey the law. Use their equality against the discontent of the vicious and improvident when the evil day shall come. The national glory is a common bond of sympathy. The flag is not more loved and honored in the high street where trumpets sound, than in dark lanes where some anxious daughter of the people — too poor to leave her needle even for an hour — gives a glance of tearful triumph at her treasures to-day, — the flaxen lock of her patriot son, and the coat with its once crimson stain, — *her* beloved Red, White, and Blue.

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A strong government founded on consent is possible, if we are practically, unselfishly grateful for the Declaration of Independence. The life of the immortal words, uttered on the field of Gettysburg with the inspiration of Isaiah, is their glow of consecration. Only in this spirit of consecration, by yielding some portion of our individual liberty and prosperity to the necessity of making the armed and voting mass conservative, can we approach the Ideal Republic, the ultimate government of the world, the strongest government out of Heaven, — that highest social organism of virtue, wisdom, and power, the type and image of God himself, — law-enacting, law-obeying, consentient mankind.

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AN

ORATION

BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1872.

By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jr.

BOSTON:
ROCKWELL & CHURCHILL, CITY PRINTERS,
122 Washington Street.
1872.

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1875 Sept. 16
Gift of
Simon Greenleaf, LL.D.
(Class of 1751)

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CITY OF BOSTON.

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, July 8, 1872.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council are due, and they are hereby tendered, to CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., for his exceedingly eloquent and interesting oration delivered before the municipal authorities of this City on the fourth of July; and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Passed. Sent down for concurrence.

S. LITTLE, *Chairman.*

IN COMMON COUNCIL, July 11, 1872.

Concurred.

M. F. DICKINSON, JR., *President.*

Approved July 11, 1872.

WILLIAM GASTON, *Mayor.*

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ORATION.

In the neighboring graveyard, — within a stone's throw of the spot where we are gathered together, — rest the remains of five men whose violent death, more than a century ago, in what is still the chief commercial street of our city, stirred to its depths the heart of the country. No monument, the work of human hands, marks the common grave of the victims of what is still known as the Boston Massacre, but over it the elm trees spread their graceful branches, beneath whose protecting shade in the heart of the city they lie, unknown and unnoticed. With the memorable event of March 5th, 1770, through which the names of five rioters in an obscure provincial town became inseparably connected with one of the great epochs in history, originated the custom of this annual address before the authorities of the town and city of Boston. A year ago the first century was completed. Through your favor it has devolved upon me to celebrate the opening of the second.

Standing thus, as it were, upon the threshold of a

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new cycle, memory cannot but revert to those who, in response to your summons, have addressed the citizens of Boston during the century which has now elapsed. The roll is indeed a distinguished one. In its record of honorable and familiar names is read the history of Massachusetts, — almost of America. Patriots all, — to-day they pass before us in solemn procession. As is meet and proper here in New England, — representing in his person that principle of free schools which hath ever been the rock of her salvation and the source of her prosperity, — Master James Lovell, then principal of the Boston Latin School, leads all the rest; — and, as if nothing should be wanting to make that first occasion typical of the time and of the race, both education and religion were inseparably associated with it, for the master of the Latin School spoke from the pulpit of the Old South Church.

After Master Lovell follow famous names, — I might almost say familiar faces. As regards the celebration of 1772, occurring second in order, and exactly one hundred years ago, Gov. Hutchinson has recorded in his history, that "Mr. Adams had been pressed to pronounce the oration upon this occasion, but declined it; and Dr. Warren, who afterwards lost his life at Bunker's Hill, and whose popularity was increasing, undertook it. Though he gained no

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great applause for his oratorical abilities, yet the fervour, which is the most essential part of such compositions, could not fail of its effect upon the minds of the great concourse of people present." Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren!—to use the words of Danton, "names tolerably well known in the history of the revolution." Stately John Hancock then passes before us, the ideal representative of a race of formal and polished gentry now wholly extinct. Thacher, Morton, Austin, Tudor and Minot succeed; once more we see and hear Harrison Gray Otis, that famous moderator whose silvery eloquence through so many years fascinated the town-meetings in Faneuil Hall; brave old Josiah Quincy again stands before us, instinct with his fiery nature, — municipal integrity personified; Channing, Savage, Dexter, Lyman, Loring, Gray, and Curtis; Sprague, Hillard and Holmes, all challenge attention; while scattered among the rest, appear Lemuel Shaw, whose ponderous sense and infinite learning shed so rich a lustre on the jurisprudence of the Commonwealth; John Gorham Palfrey, the faithful and erudite historian of New England; Charles Sumner, the deep glow of whose eloquence has burned his name into the history of emancipation and of his native land; Horace Mann, the martyr to an unselfish devotion in the great cause of education; and Edward Everett, the last ech-

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oes of whose musical rhetoric seem yet to linger in the recesses of this hall, as if loth to die away from the scene of their magical triumphs.

One by one these my predecessors pass before you, each laying his gift upon the altar. Teachers, Generals, Senators, Governors of the Commonwealth, Presidents of the Continental Congress, and of the United States; merchants, scholars, physicians, divines, soldiers, and jurists; poets, historians, and statesmen, — the long roll-call of those who in turn have answered to your call is well calculated to fill your hearts with honest pride, as you thus enumerate the famous progeny of the ancient town. To me, however, their latest successor, they teach a lesson of modesty, — I might almost say of deep humility. Their presence speaks to me of my shortcomings, and causes me to feel how much more eloquent than any words or thoughts of mine is the memory of the silent voices of the past.

And yet it is no easy task to restrain the imagination, or to put a curb upon the fancy, as the mind reverts to that memorable panorama which has swept before the eyes of your century of orators. Who could fitly portray it? — The majestic organ notes of Webster can no more roll out in sonorous music in answer to your call; nor can the clarion voice and exquisite periods of Everett be sum-

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moned to the task. They would have been equal to it. Others may, perhaps, shadow forth a feeble outline of the great picture; but where is the majestic sweep of the brush, and the warm sunset coloring, which alone reveal the hand of the master! Yet a precedent is not wanting. Ninety-seven years ago an orator, whose gorgeous language replete with philosophic thought has excited the mingled admiration and despair of three generations of the English-speaking race, lifted the veil from such a picture in all its consummate perfection of finish. He imagined a kindly angel, standing fourscore years before by the cradle of the aged Bathurst, and there opening to him the material wonders which were to pass before his eyes, ere yet he was to taste of death. Well might Burke, as he dropped the veil over his immortal picture, exclaim, that if this had then been foretold, would it not have required all the sanguine credulity of youth and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm to create belief in it! Yet how commonplace, how uninspiring, were the events which had transpired and the results which had been achieved during the life of Bathurst, compared with those which crowded in rapid sequence before the eyes of that venerable Samaritan, who passed away a few days since within our city, on the threshold of his hundredth year! Born while the memory of the Boston

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massacre was fresh in the minds of the citizens, in the very year in which Warren, with the shadow of his coming death already upon him, poured forth before his fellow-colonists his expression of that love of liberty, which was so soon to hurry him, a Major General and yet a volunteer, to die on Bunker's Hill, — born before one drop of the blood of any armed man had yet been shed in the momentous struggle then so nearly impending, — what a century of thick-coming events and swiftest progress was destined to pass before his eyes, ere that infant was to taste of death! Our own revolution, the transplanting of the trees of liberty to Europe, the awful resurrection of France, the *cagmanoles*, the guillotine, the reign of terror, — until, at last, a maniac nation flung in the face of the banded monarchs of Europe the head of a King. Then Bonaparte passed before the eyes of a frightened world, and four continents trembled beneath the tread of his legions. When the guard broke at Waterloo, he who so recently died had just concluded his forty-third year; but he who saw the meteor of the Napoleons flash up in the bright blaze of Lodi was destined to see it smoulder away in the foul smoke of Sedan. The close of that life was to witness events even more portentous than its beginning; again his own country was to be racked by civil war, and, before

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the century was complete, France was once more to be devastated, and the very pillars of civilization were to tremble under the terrible throes of a modern Enceladus.

And yet these were but the noisy outward incidents of a century, which, amid the ever-recurring din of arms, has contributed more than any other since the birth of recorded time to the sum of human possessions. Within its term of years a few patient, thoughtful men, — undisturbed amid the noisy ring of arms or the clatter of politicians' tongues, — taking no note of voluminous state papers, of treatises on the abstract functions of government, or of changes of dynasty and power, — within these years those silent men from within the quiet recesses of their shops and their laboratories have reorganized our world. Steam, the loom, electricity, the newspaper! — In presence of such controlling forces as these, how small and immaterial, — what very dust in the balance, — are the labored contrivances of statesmen: — not wars, nor revolutions, nor state craft, but a continued and successful application of science to every art or act of ordinary life, — whether of peace or of war, — must constitute the lasting claim of the century which has now elapsed to the grateful memory of those which are to come. One rub of that brightly

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burning lamp, and the very vapor was compressed into a slave more docile and potent than he who obeyed the imagined behests of Aladdin; — a wave of the magician's wand, and the thunderbolt of Jove was turned into the post-boy of man; — a glance of that penetrating eye, and the very rocks revealed their secrets, while the sacred traditions which sixty centuries of faith had graven into the human mind became as the baseless fabric of a vision.

Nor is there any country in the whole family of nations which has proved so sensitive to the touch of this animating spirit as our own. It has been to us at once the source of all our greatness and of all our woes. It was Arkwright who, through one invention, inaugurated the reign of the Cotton King; — it was Stephenson and Fulton and Morse who, by others, enabled us to end it. Thus, turning sharply from a past so full of great results accomplished we find ourselves in presence of a future big with possibilities, but seething with revolution and instinct with a spirit of change. In that future two things only can we Americans regard as fixed. We are to remain one country, and that country is entering upon an era of material prosperity such as the utmost imaginings of other times have failed to picture. That we are destined to remain a united people, is a proposition which few would be disposed to deny, and which

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it would not be profitable to discuss. This point was settled in the issue of the war of the rebellion, — by that dread ordeal of battle from whose decision there lies no appeal. That, as a people, we are now entering upon an era of material prosperity to which no history, even though that history be our own, affords a parallel, is apparent from a few considerations. A century ago, Edmund Burke, after depicting, as he only could depict, the progress already made by those whom he described as being, but a few years before, "a set of miserable outcasts, not so much sent as thrown out on the bleak and barren shore of a desolate wilderness three thousand miles from all civilized intercourse," and who were still, even when he spoke, "a people, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood,"— even then, while measuring in his comprehensive mind the progress that infant people had already made, the great orator exclaimed in the House of Commons, "And pray, Sir, what is there in the world that is equal to it?" But what would Burke have said, — what language could even he have found to express the possibilities of the future, — could he in prophetic vision have advanced with that growing people of whom he spoke, and, standing where we now stand, have measured its material future by its past? — Could even he have gazed undazzled upon the glowing radiance of that still rising sun?

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Three fixed conditions assure to us this material future of which the realities will beggar exaggeration. And, lest I may seem to be trenching on that excessive national glorification, which is the prescriptive privilege of this day, let me further add that to one only of these conditions can we, as a people, claim any peculiar credit to ourselves. These three conditions are, a soil of boundless richness, — in which is concealed a mineral and a vegetable wealth which many generations will be unable fully to develop, and which untold centuries cannot exhaust, — upon the more complete and rapid development of which a singularly intelligent, energetic and determined race is day by day bringing to bear those last and most perfect appliances of science of which our fathers did not dream, and in the use of which we as yet have acquired but the proficiency of novices. These premises are no less simple than undeniable, but these once conceded, — and from the conclusion there is no escape. The purely material development of the coming century will in its results as much excel the last, as did the last excel that which preceded it, which, also, in its time had called forth the wondering ejaculations of Burke.

This, however, is but one side of the picture, upon which I do not purpose now to dwell; it is the stimulating and the glowing side, but it carries with it a

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reverse. There is no ordeal to which the nation, any more than the man, the aggregate any more than the individual, can be subjected, so trying, so crucial, as the sudden accumulation of wealth. The richest soils ever bring forth the most profuse of harvests, but it is amid their rank vegetation that the noxious herbs spring up, and the venomous reptiles lurk. As with Rome, so will it be with us, — the Seine will surely mix with our Hudson. Already have we tasted the impure waters of the modern Orontes, and as yet the sluice-gates are hardly lifted. We may rest assured that the trials of the future will be exactly proportioned to the advantages of the future, and our responsibilities will be measured only by our opportunities. Then, as now and heretofore, eternal vigilance will be the price of liberty, and to the nation no more than to the individual will it profit anything, though it gain the whole world, so it lose its own soul.

It is to this grave responsibility — a responsibility under which we now stagger to the verge oftentimes of falling, and which, nevertheless, is ever increasing upon us — that I seek to call your attention to-day. In the coming time a peculiar and unequal portion of this great burden is imposed upon us here and upon our Commonwealth, — a burden consciously assumed within the last ten years. You all know

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how, in the inscrutable ways of Providence, two distinct seminal principles of a future civilization were planted on the silent shores of this continent. One fell at Plymouth, the other at Jamestown. You all know how in the slow progress of time, these seminal principles fructified and brought forth after their kind, and how the progeny of each, in obedience to primal scriptural command, went forth to multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it. It is not pleasant upon this day, nor is it necessary to now dilate upon the fundamental differences which from the first existed between the social and industrial organizations of these two great columns of advancing civilization. All now realize that those differences were of a nature which did not admit of a compromise, — which were as old as civilization itself, — and that, as the two columns converged, the irrepressible conflict between them could only result in the mastery of the one or of the other. It was from the beginning written in the book of fate that either the Plymouth theories or the Jamestown theories of society, of government, and of the rights and duties and dignity of man should wholly and exclusively predominate over this continent; — there was not room for both. The Titanic struggle between them was destined to culminate in the lifetime of our generation, and its terrible history and decisive result will

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ever be fresh in our memory. These have been sufficiently dwelt upon here and elsewhere, and have received already their meed of eloquence. The weighty responsibility, the great load of duty which that decisive victory imposed upon those in whose hands thenceforth rested the destinies of a continent has hardly received its due consideration. For Massachusetts, however, this theme is one not lightly to be ignored. This ancient Commonwealth, more than any of her sisters, through the long stages of debate, unrest and unconscious preparation which preceded the conflict, typified one of the parties to it, and, true to the fundamental theories of her social existence, held up the banner with no faltering hands. The battle won, and the column victorious, there remained to her no escape from the future. She may prove unequal to the event, she cannot abdicate responsibility for it. At the bar of the most remote posterity, when other nations, with other customs and manners, shall people an America, then teeming with undreamed-of millions, — nations which will read of us and of our deeds in the full, strong light of long subsequent events, as we now read of the civil wars of Greece and Rome, — at the bar of that posterity Massachusetts must be prepared to answer for the use now to be made of the victory so recently achieved.

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We are thus plunging into a future of which we are only sure that it is to be one of immeasurable possibilities for good and evil, and in which it is incumbent upon us to play a leader's part. Can the old Commonwealth be made to retain during the next century the position she has so firmly held against all comers during the last? — Numerically, be it remembered, her destiny is already decided. Long since distanced by her younger sisters, by her own offspring even, Massachusetts is doomed to pass further and further from the number of those communities which influence results through the enumerations of the census. Her future appeal must lie to intelligence and not to numbers, to reason and not to votes. With the Commonwealth standing thus on the verge of the great future, freighted to the water's edge with responsibility, shorn of numerical importance, it is for this generation in the immediate present to take final counsel as to the course in which her safety and her honor lie. Fortunately, that course is a direct and simple one, if we, her children, have but the will and virtue to pursue it. It lies in the intelligent appreciation of the few great principles of brotherhood, duty and faith, in which our Commonwealth was founded, and in a firm, persistent adherence to them. We, too, "must put our feet in the tracks of our forefathers, where we can neither wander nor stumble."

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Nor is this rule of conduct — so trite, so commonplace — one easy to pursue. A fidelity, under the temptations of great success, to the simple traditions of youth has ever proved the most difficult trial of maturer life. Nor with us is the present free from doubt. The era of recent change has affected Massachusetts as it has affected few other communities; with the exception of her traditions, there is little within her limits, or in the way of life of her children, which is as it formerly was. What, indeed, was that Massachusetts of a hundred years ago which excited the glowing encomium of Burke, and of which we read and talk so much, and know so little? — The boundaries of the Commonwealth were the same then as now, but it was the home of another civilization. There is no need to laud the bygone days, or to bemoan the degeneracy of the present time; we have our virtues and our defects, and our fathers before us had theirs; but then and now the State is the aggregate of its citizens, and their modes of life must shape its history. To know the reason of its institutions, we must study that social existence which is the soil from whence they grew. To judge of their permanence, we must understand those fundamental social and industrial conditions which were essential to their origin, and without which they cannot long exist.

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Therefore is it very incumbent upon us, if we would truly forecast the future, maturely to reflect upon the past as well as upon the present, that we may appreciate into whose hands is passing that ark of the covenant in which are garnered up the saving traditions of our race.

The Massachusetts of the Boston Massacre was a vigorous community of some two hundred and seventy thousand souls, or a poor twenty thousand more than are now numbered within the wards of this single municipality alone. Its people were a hardy, thrifty race, who tilled an ungrateful soil and navigated a stormy sea; self-educated, self-sustaining, self-reliant, they looked to no government for protection to themselves or to their industry, only too grateful if the harsh mother who had cast them forth upon the wilderness would abandon them to work out their own destiny in their own hard, simple way. They were not a pleasant race, — their stern life was a poor school for the development of gentle amenities; their existence had been one long, hard struggle with a rugged soil and scarce more rugged sea, until the biting east wind of the bleak New England shore seemed to have eaten into their souls, developing a stern, unsympathetic race; dogged, tenacious, unyielding and crabbed; overflowing with energy,

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full of resource, and impregnated with a deep love of liberty. Not that their liberty verged upon license, — that indeed was most remote from their conceptions; theirs was a grave, well-ordered, simple Commonwealth, in which they themselves laid down the law, whether on their own hearth-stones or in their own town-halls. Theirs was the purest, truest democracy which the world as yet has seen; no doctrinaire, no theorist, no speculative framer of constitutions or professional philanthropist sprinkled with sentimentalities the cradle of that hardy, native brat; — but it was the gnarly offspring of the farm and of the fishing-smack, and, like all pure things of native growth, it well preserved the flavor of the soil. Their life was not a joyous one, nor was it the life of towns; there was no city within the limits of their State; their laws were simple, for their wants were few; their wealth lay in their lands and in their ships, and with them the richest were poor, and poorest lived in abundance. Such were the laborers in our early vineyard; they sowed and we have reaped; they labored, and we have entered into the fruits of their labors.

How is it with the Commonwealth to-day? I would not decry the present. Our days are better than the days of our fathers; our lines have fallen in pleasanter places. I would not, if I could, reverse

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the wheels of time, nor seek to make the sun of progress tarry in its course. I appreciate to the full the delights and advantages of this later day; its literature, its science, and its art; its improved taste, its increased wealth, its cities, its theatres, its galleries of pictured art, and its stores of richest thought. It is not unnatural that we, too, should love to dally 'mid the soft delights of our Capua. Nor can we of this generation well profess a fear lest the good moral fibre of our fathers has disappeared from their children. We, too, have seen a gallant nation spring to arms at the call of country, and, under a pure and sacred sense of duty, grasp sabre and musket, and bare its head in battle. Our children can never say that we were untrue to our traditions. And yet the old Commonwealth is gone! Where once two hundred and seventy thousand colonists tilled the soil and faced the sea, are now gathered together a million and a half of busy, bustling men, living in cities, working in factories, revelling in undreamed-of wealth, and struggling under harsh and hopeless poverty; a community becoming more and more sharply divided between those who have, and those who have not; the responsibility and knowledge of government disappearing year by year with the old town meetings; ignorance and vice keeping steady pace with the increase of poverty, while the old

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ominous class-cries of other lands and darker days grow yearly more familiar to our unaccustomed ears. A century ago, seventy out of every hundred of the inhabitants of Massachusetts dwelt in communities numbering less than twenty-two hundred each, while but a single town in the province contained above five thousand souls. To-day — and this marks well the change — the majority dwell in communities of at least ten thousand each, while twenty-four cities and towns contain more than half of the inhabitants of the Commonwealth, one sixth of all of whom are citizens of Boston. Instead of the yeoman, sailor race, living in the open air and in close contact with nature, we have become a manufacturing community whose teeming population, crowded into heated shops or noisy mills, tends incessantly the busy loom, or feeds the hungry furnace. Whether we will or not, therefore, this grave problem is presented before us: — a system of government, the growth of one form of social and industrial being, is to be preserved in another and wholly different form; — the traditions of a scattered race of yeomen and fishermen are to be kept in vigorous life in an artisan community which is swarming to cities.

Herein, as I take it, lies for us the political significance of that labor question which is yearly assuming

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such increased proportions. It is, in fact, the blind, unconscious effort of a new social and industrial organization to adapt to its needs the forms and traditions of another time. And yet, unless I greatly err, I think it will be found that the social and political organization which we inherited from our fathers depended for its successful working upon two essential principles, and upon two alone. These were a universal, practical, hard-headed education, not only in the knowledge taught in schools, but in that derived from an active contact with men and public affairs;— and next, and more important still, was the happy distribution of property, which gave to the vast majority of citizens that dignity of proprietorship, which is the strongest guaranty of social and political stability. These were, — these are the solid corner-stones of our edifice. While they rest undisturbed, the building cannot fall.

Of the first there is no need to speak. Massachusetts is fully and finally committed to the cause of universal, — if need be, of compulsory education. Popular opinion and public and private wealth are ever ready to respond when that cord is struck. It is but necessary to point out defects, — whether existing deficiencies or possible development not yet attained, — and already the work of reform is more than half accomplished. Whenever and wherever a

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real need exists for common schools, or high schools or normal schools; for academies or universities; for truant schools or industrial schools or public libraries, we may rest assured that not in our generation at least will the Commonwealth long be wanting to its record. More in this respect she cannot do. The grand old practical college of the public life is vanishing with the memory of town-meeting days. The active contact with nature and with men, that teaching which no course of lectures nor instruction from a normal school can at all replace, is inconsistent with the present modes of life. These grave deficiencies neither legislation nor public spirit can again make good. It remains for us to supply their place as best we may through that poor machinery of our schools, which we can yet control; — nor, if this is done, need we fear the grand result. A people trained in youth to the quick reception of new ideas may wander greatly from its path, but is never wholly lost.

When we pass on, however, to that other essential element to all real social or political stability, which is found only in the general contentment of the great mass of those for whose well-being all government exists, our horizon is not wholly free from clouds. They hang, indeed, lightly over the present, but it is the haze of to-day which betokens the storm of to-

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morrow. The rapid increase of manufacturing prosperity has hitherto implied the no less rapid increase of operative want, and a Commonwealth founded on manufactures is as yet a house built on the sand. It thus becomes a necessity of our continued existence that the sense of proprietorship, the dignity of ownership, — that only immovable basis of free institutions, — should somehow or in some way be widely disseminated through all classes in our State. This, however, can spring only from a consciousness in the great mass of the people that they individually have an interest in the vested accumulations of the whole. Our future Commonwealth is not to be governed by those who have a stake in the soil, and it is therefore incumbent upon us to extend the saving dignity which encompasses the land-owner to the operative as well, — it must belong to him who tends the loom no less than to him who follows the plough. Our Commonwealth can only be governed by all of her children, absolutely equal before her law, and, that they may govern well, all should give their hostages to fortune.

This is our latest problem. A new social system demands of us nothing less than an industrial reorganization, lest it result in a political decay. The lines of division in our community must not become horizontal; but, to prevent their becoming so, it is nec-

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essary that labor and capital should be partners, that they may not be enemies; or, that failing, it is necessary that the laborers should own their own capital, and not the capitalists, labor. This much was settled in the war of the rebellion. It is not given us yet to see how this great result is to come about, but we can rest assured that it will not come about through any bombardment of rhetorical epigrams, nor yet through the noisy resolutions of strikes; it will not come to us through political action, nor yet through the passage of multitudinous laws intended to regulate the hours of human toil, or the value of human labor, or the demand for wealth; all these are but the barren product of that spirit of political tampering which has been described as the odious vice of restless and unstable minds. Not our generation, nor many succeeding ones, will see the millennium created by an act of Legislature, and ushered into being by the club of a constable. Far otherwise; the industrial and social reorganization essential to our future, like all far-reaching social movements, can only result from the combined and quiet action of an intelligent and determined people, attending in their own way to their daily work, and coldly disregarding all short cuts and royal roads to their promised land. It must be the result of the deep ground-swell of a steady purpose,

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and will never originate in the frothy eddies of an idle rhetoric. Germany has already taught us one lesson; England is teaching us another. Both lessons come to us as the still, small voice of reason and hope, making itself heard amid the noisy and profitless tumult of passion. In those countries, a few among the owners of labor have at last learned to co-operate, as well as to combine. Are, then, the laborers of Germany and of Great Britain, — those whom we so constantly refer to in our vile political jargon as "the pauper labor of Europe," — are they more intelligent or determined than those of Massachusetts? — Few at least, here, would care to maintain it. Are they better endowed with means with which to further their experiments? — I cannot say; but with one hundred and sixty millions of wealth hoarded in the savings-banks of the Commonwealth, our people should have a sufficiency of capital. Yet the intelligent, self-reliant, determined children of Massachusetts hang backward in this great work, while others, in less fortunate lands, press to the front. Nevertheless, the work will yet be accomplished, and what the savings-bank now is to the laboring class of Massachusetts, that and much more will the mill and the workshop be in the future. Here, and here alone, lies the solution of the problem, — therein is the ark of salvation.

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An immutable law, wiser than any recorded upon human statute book, has decreed that every people may, in course of time, regulate its own destiny. No human power external to themselves can assist them greatly, and none can permanently retard them. To each community there ultimately comes, through government or notwithstanding government, such an industrial and social system as they themselves shall make. The future of Massachusetts rests in the hands of the mass of her citizens, who now crowd together in towns, as their fathers lived apart in the country. It is for them to decide, for her and for themselves, whether they will hereafter be dependents at the doors of corporations, and suppliants at the bar of the Legislature, or whether they will stand up in the honest dignity of independent manhood, and emancipate themselves. Capital is selfish and hard; indeed, if it ceased to be so, it would not long exist; it does not deal in sentiment; by the law of its being, against which it is childish to declaim, it buys where it can buy for least, and sells where it can sell for most; skill and muscle are but one portion of its raw material, as coal and cotton are another. It can be effectively approached in one way, and in only one. To deal successfully with it, labor has yet to prove one essential, vital postulate, — it must demonstrate

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that labor is more profitable to capital as a partner, than as an employee. In these few words rest the whole issue of this great debate; but this it can never do, till it tries and fails, and fails and tries again, for nothing here will succeed but success. One great, co-operative triumph, the result of its own unassisted capital and its own directing brain, would thus outweigh to the labor of Massachusetts the results of a thousand successful strikes. At once a new Declaration of Independence, and another Bunker's Hill, through its stimulating impulse the self-reliant energy still native to the soil would again assert itself, and would go forth, refreshed and invigorated by its moral victory, to the encounter with those other trials which the future has in store.

Still great changes are not easily or quickly wrought, nor is the period of transition apt to be a pleasant one. May we not, however, firmly trust, that the groans and contortions of the present are but the agony of travail? Truth is ever born out of error, and success most surely follows the patient study of failure. That in the future, the children of Massachusetts will no more be wanting to themselves than they have proved to be in the past, we have as yet small ground to fear. With the burden comes the strength; the hour will find the man.

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When the time is ripe, unless the record of the past is to serve as a sad reproach to the future, more than one of her sons will rise up in Massachusetts, — a prophet in our Israel, — even as Horace Mann rose up a third of a century ago. The harvest was ready, and lo! — the reaper was there. The work that Mann did for education, these others will do for industry; they will reorganize it and infuse into its veins the rich blood of a better life; they will cause the workman on his bench to feel that he also has a property in his tools and in the workshop, the home of his labors; that he, too, owns a part of what results from his toil. By so doing, they will restore to labor its independence and its dignity; to the laborer, the great attributes of his republican manhood; to the State, the essentials of a continued stability.

An intelligent people, all equal before the law, and laboring together in a community of interest, might throw a light defiance in the face of change. The forces of evil, though they include even civil corruption, could not prevail against it. True to its early traditions, its early traditions would guide it in safety through the dark night of storm and disaster. And should Massachusetts now sustain herself and prove equal to the great occasion, when another century of orators shall have responded to your

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call, my remote successor, after dwelling in purer accents upon the wonders which it shall have been the happy destiny of the coming generations to unfold, may turn to his distant present, and there behold our ancient Commonwealth still retaining her place at the head of that proud column whose animating spirit went forth from her shores, and which he also in truth and in soberness may see as "a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam."

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1873. 21

AN

ORATION

BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1873.

By JOHN F. W. WARE.

BOSTON:
ROCKWELL & CHURCHILL, CITY PRINTERS,
122 Washington Street.
1873.

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1873, Nov. 22.
Gift of
Hon. Charles Sumner,
of Boston.
(H. U. 1830.)

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CITY OF BOSTON.

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, July 7, 1873.

Ordered, That the thanks of the City Council be tendered to the Rev. John F. W. Ware for the very patriotic and eloquent Oration delivered by him before the Municipal Authorities of this city on the Fourth of July instant; and that he be requested to furnish a copy thereof for publication.

Passed; sent down for concurrence.

L. R. CUTTER, *Chairman.*

IN COMMON COUNCIL, July 10, 1873.

Concurred:

E. O. SHEPARD,
President.

Approved July 12, 1873.

HENRY L. PIERCE, *Mayor.*

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ORATION.

Mr. Mayor, Gentlemen of the Councils, Citizens: —

The republic draws toward the close of its first century of life. It has escaped the ordinary diseases of adolescence, and we, its children, fondly hope that its life shall be told in uncounted centuries, and that only He who outlives the record of all things shall write its epitaph. It has survived the evil augury of those jealous of it, and of the principles it has essayed to teach; it has passed crises its friends looked forward to with solicitude, or faced with apprehension, while it has been spared that fatal monotony of which the old sea-king chants, — "He who has never been wounded lives a weary life." On its front are honored scars; on its brow wounds yet bleeding. It has a career; it has made a name; it is become a power. It has gone out into the records of time, and the fame thereof can never die. No century of other national existence to be matched against its century of life. Where, in remoter ages or in more immediate time, do we find a people in its maturity achieving what this republic has in its youth?

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Favored of God in the time and the conditions of its birth; in its isolation from foreign entanglements; in its various climate and resource; in river and mountain and harbor and mine; in unity of empire, in form and administration of government; in its religion and its culture; in the industry and integrity of a people not weighted by old-time disability; favored of God in every trial that has disciplined it, the republic has had every element of greatness given it, — has been under bonds to success. This is its great holiday and festival, the anniversary of that immortal morning when the bell in the old tower at Philadelphia, proclaiming "liberty throughout the land," chanted to the ages the new anthem of the free. Of all red-letter days in the human calendar, none so pregnant in meaning and in hope. To us it is the "Glorious Fourth," — glorious by the glory wherewith the fathers baptized it, glorious with the new glory that its sons have won for it upon the battlefield. In one proud memory we weave the names of Philadelphia, Vicksburg and Gettysburg. All through the land, from the boy in the nursery to the man of furrowed brow and deadening senses, the day has been welcomed with turbulent exuberance, as the excited patriot foretold. Under our enthusiasm the very laws are silent. Small boys and bigger boys

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defy the imperative edict of the city, and the most irreproachable of policemen sees without seeing, hears and forbears. It is the jubilee and carnival of extravagance and noise, — strange inspirations of the genius of liberty. We will keep the nation's birthday in soberer sort, recalling the blessings of the past, recounting the obligations of the present, looking not at success and privilege only, but at danger and duty, beseeching the great All-Father so to move in and control the hearts of all His children that when He sets the epitaph above its tomb, it shall be in the Master's brief, expressive phrase, "Well done."

Unlike other nations, ours has no pre-historic existence. Out of a vast, vague past no grim ancestry looks at us. We do not draw our blood of the demi-gods of classic antiquity, or the wild heroes of the Norse Valhalla. Into no dreamy myth-land do we wander searching the corner on which to rest our pedigree. No heraldry blazoned with emblems of forgotten significance, no legends hoar with gathered years, lend their fictitious dignity. It pleases us sometimes to tie ourselves back to an Anglo-Saxon ancestry, and, when we are a little mad with England, we grow specially rhetorical about a common origin and a common property in her language, literature and fame. But it is not so at all. We are a new

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people, the parvenus — the new-comers — of the world. That from which our fathers deliberately separated themselves, that which they fled from and flung away, that from which ocean and sympathy and career divide us, why should we be ambitious to claim? Why not consent to be the new people that we are, and that in other moments and in other things it is our pride to be considered? Why, in a sort of rhetorical maudlin, claim Shakespeare and Westminster Abbey and Runymede and Naseby fight? They are not ours. We have history and an ancestry of our own, great enough to satisfy any ambition. Our birth is prosaic, and our history neither dim nor uncertain. It has no twilight for fancy to dwell upon, or to draw weird pictures out of. It is hard to work its stern features into poetry, rhetoric, or painting. Our ancestors were *men*, not warriors, not sea-kings, not demi-gods, but men moulded in the matrix of a rare manliness; men who grew by the hard things God blessed them with; who couldn't be bent by circumstance, by disaster, by tyranny; before whom all these bended and disappeared. The bald facts stand patent to the world. Our fathers were men an old world did not want, men of troublesome conscience and earnest spirit, who had lost faith in kings and in kings' followers, who believed in a light to shine from God's truth into the heart and into the world

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which men had never seen. It is not forcing fact to speak of the republic as sprung from the loins of the Pilgrims. There were other men of other motive to settle themselves along the Atlantic shore; but playing no part in the busy drama are James-town, and the first harbor of Lord Baltimore's colony, and Hendrik Hudson's discovery, and the Huguenots' retreat. Some local influence of each survives in custom, institution, character; but the world goes on forgetting them. Alone has Pilgrim character and Pilgrim principle outrun the narrow limit of province and of blood. The men of Scrooby village, the passengers of the Mayflower, the exiles of Plymouth rock, or the more courtly men of the later Massachusetts Colony, have given their character to the republic. The pact of the Mayflower preceded, contained, necessitated the Declaration of Independence as the blossom precedes, necessitates, contains the fruit. It is the Pilgrim spirit that breathes in that immortal paper; that guided that first bold signature, which the brave man hoped was large enough for kings to see; that to-day dominates the land. In the same breath that they have denied, derided, despised the men and principles of New England, have I heard men make the half-reluctant, half-admiring confession, that there is no hope to the country except in their supremacy. Not yet quite

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true of them what Plutarch says of the good King Numa: "It is the fortune of all good men that their virtue rises in glory after their deaths, and that the envy which evil men conceive against them never outlives them long;" but it grows upon the people as they outgrow local prejudice, and will grow as we shall sink petty and sectional jealousies, and come at last to have a country, that but for the men who landed at Plymouth, the America of the first century could not have existed. Christianity dates back to a stable in Judea; the republic to the hard gray rock by the sea. Upon it American liberty was born. Its sponsors were the grim men who had dared despots, disease and storm. It bases and supports the nation, and the principles of it are the stay and staff of the republic. The calm, judicious De Tocqueville says: "Here is a stone which the feet of a few poor fugitives pressed for an instant, and this stone becomes famous; it is treasured by a great nation; a fragment is prized as a relic. But what has become of the door-steps of a thousand palaces?" In no metaphor is it that the republic is founded on a rock. The American republic to-day is the century growth of the seed dropped upon it.

I will not make the part in the national anniversary to which you have invited me, a thing of meaningless, exaggerated boast. I pay most cordial

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honor to, I claim and am proud to own as countrymen, the historic men who took their part, or lived or died for the Commonwealth; while I believe the real founders and fathers of the republic to have been those from whom we more immediately take descent, and that their policy, principles, character, have stamped themselves upon, will perpetuate the nation. And more than policy or principle, it is the character they were of, the actual men they were, the lives they lived out before all men, the genuine, sturdy manhood that they made, that is their special boon to us, that calls for special gratitude, for study and for imitation. Other men have had honorable ancestors, other men have had costly legacies, but never have people entered into such heritage as we. In privilege, we stand at the head, before all peoples, and the privilege is in the manhood we may look up to. Over all, that was the characteristic of the national fathers. They carried through by it what completest system and policy would have failed in. More than the country they gave, more than the laws they made, more than the principles they established, was the integrity they were of; that their best gift to us. One of the prominent writers of English essay says that "Christianity starts from the unbounded admiration of a person," and that "all

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true moral progress is made through admiration." It is our fortune to have the admirable persons of our ancestors before us, though we have not lifted admiration to the point that inspires imitation. That we are a mighty people is reiterated to us from every Senate chamber and every stump, at every civic and political gathering. But the republic, no more than anything else, is stronger than its weakest part. And our weakest part is not our international policy, our system of government, our internal differences; not questions of revenue, currency, labor. It is the moral tone underlying thrift and energy, society and church and law. Side by side with every material prosperity there has been growing a laxity of individual honor, a worship of expediency, a love of the hazards of money and of power, a moral enervation and obtuseness which come to the surface in all dealings, personal and national, and are got to be recognized as the characteristics of the American man. We have not gone on with the steadfastness of our ancestry, building in an honorable life with all we do; but, leaving out the honorable things, have grasped for those which satisfy a low and personal ambition. There was a chance, under the inspirations of the past, under the culture of our institutions, to have built a broad, and recognized, and honored American character;

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and there is chance yet, if, forsaking the way in which we have gone too far, we will take the backward step, and build anew, from our fathers' foundations, the fabric of American manhood.

An English writer of our day has said that "patriotism is only another name for the worship of relics." The definition seems to me paltry and unworthy. If it be only that — of the dead past — let it be buried. We can better at any time afford to go without a past, than forego the future. But we cannot dismiss the idea of patriotism that way. It is more; it is deeper; it is holier. No "relic worship" nerved our fathers for that struggle which De Tocqueville declares "was the result of a mature and reflecting preference for freedom, and not the vague or ill-defined craving for independence." It was "more light yet" for man that they saw, as with finger of fire, beckoning them from out the low black clouds that hung upon the western horizon. No "relic worship" sent our sons, our brothers, ourselves, into the civil strife. Not that which was behind in the honored past, but that which lay in the quick womb of hope; not that which had been bequeathed, but that which we should ourselves bequeath. The patriot's is not the backward-looking eye alone, nor do his duties cease with the hour and peril of battle. As the heart in man, so the republic

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is always in peril, and danger threatens most when men feel most secure. Only eternal vigilance is safety.

These are the dull and enervating days of peace, and to the excitements of war have succeeded those of commercial prosperity. We have resumed the ways and arts of peace, and we have resumed its neglects. We are settled down as if the war had settled all outstanding questions, and there was nothing for us to do but to pursue the way marked by our ambitions. We speak of danger as past, as if danger were only that which the bayonet could face, and the shell dissipate; as if rebellions against morality were not as disastrous as rebellions against law; as if the worst wounds are not the wounds we give ourselves, and suicide the meanest of all deaths. The perils of the republic are not all passed. I am not one of those who think that permanence and prosperity were secured through that strife, because permanence and prosperity are made of other stuff. It did not cure, it did not probe, it did not reach the worst diseases of the body politic. Though we have closed up that struggle, and voted to call ourselves once more a free, and united, and happy people; though the old stars and stripes to-day float everywhere, and the other changeling is forgotten; though politicians have "shaken hands across a bloody chasm," and

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Confederate living have placed flowers above the graves of Federal dead, the republic has not passed the point of peril. Peace came to us too soon. The greatest of war's lessons had not been learned. We came from the contest braggart, self-mastered not at all; our own part in it exaggerated, God's part overlooked. Back to the old ways we went, forward to new careers, with a maddened speed goading ourselves where already there was no need of spur. Everything was inflated, ourselves most of all, everything in excess, no balance, no repose, no foresight; everything under pressure, and one sees no human way out of it except by convulsions which shall shake, not government perhaps, not finance, not commerce, manufactures, trades alone, but, worse and more, that of which already we may count the foreshadows, man's faith in man, in himself, in the very fact of a higher moral law. Consulting the outside of prosperity, we cannot deny the mighty stride of the republic day by day, and while men sleep. Looking only at industry and resource and thrift and material success, it all seems well, too bright to fade. But clouds are in the horizon, and their mutter reaches the ear that is wise to hear. There are conditions about us that cannot continue. Of no time since the formation of the republic may it be more truly said, that all its best, its past, its

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promise is at hazard. What the press tells us from day to day of plans and deeds, of policies and politics, of contrivance and connivance, of the clash of interests that are local and selfish with rights that are broad and universal, gives us not the sup of horrors, but the full meal of despairs. There would seem nothing that is not in process of decay. Either these are the most atrocious libels that follow up and fix upon the men of politics and of traffic, or they are to the core morally unsound; either the land is given over to a reprobate tongue, or the men of it, of all classes and occupations, are fatally corrupt.

The war we have had was not, after all, the test and strain of institution and of government. In these peace-days it is that strain and test come; in these that is the nation's trial of what sort it is; in these that the question is to be settled of national advance, national perpetuity, national integrity. What of readjustment the war demanded, what of reconstruction it necessitates, quite as much needed here as elsewhere, north as south. While we are thinking of, legislating for, complaining about the still malcontent, a graver duty lies nearer home. The reconstruction this day needs is not that of once rebellious States; is not a question of local or national policy; is not a thing for force, for law, for enactment, for Executive. It is reconstructed selves

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that is demanded, a more conscientious, consistent, individual manhood. The republic is not saved, nor can it be, so long as everywhere the old, unrestrained spirit of self — petulant, aggressive, noisy, on every occasion obtrusive — asserts itself. He looks very superficially at causes and results, who does not know how all life-troubles, civil as personal, spring from the self in man. As the years drift us away from the point of strife, and prosperity, with its cares and deceits, demands us, I cannot feel that the republic is secure, because I do not find that quality of manhood which must underlie the nation, as it should underlie the man. Ours is the dull time of the patriot's existence, but that does not excuse us from the patriot's duties; it is no time to give over a patriot's cares. The patriot spirit does not wait occasion, does not slowly rouse at the last, uttermost peril; it does not need to be perpetually "fired," but is itself a fire; is not a meteor-flash, but a steady, self-feeding flame; is not a moment's effusion, but a life. The patriot is a sober man, anxious in thought, faithful in service, alive to the least and humblest duty as man or citizen, sturdy and steady under dull routine, resolved that through him the republic receive no harm. Only as I can put an honest manhood in, am I in any way a patriot. No feat of arms, no gift of moneys, no imprisonment in Libbys,

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no eloquence, no, not death, make men patriot. These are cheap. They are of impulse, of excitement, or of necessity; they strike and act from the nerve, and not the soul. The calm and steady life, true to noblest instinct and loftiest example, ready in duty as in danger, under tame and weary toil as under excited pressure, to do as to die, that makes the patriot, as it makes the man. Washington, Putnam, Greene, are not alone our patriots; the men who died in State street, or on Bunker's Hill; who fell at Gettysburg, or saw the last of the "rebel rag" at Richmond; who lie beneath the turf of ten thousand graves, or who live to flower-crown their memories; but the men in all the land, — north, south, east, west, — the men of toil, the men of scholarship, the men of wealth, who live in devoted fealty to every-day principles of right and honor and truth. To whatever of personal reconstruction is needed, such man will bend himself, not appalled by its difficulty, but stimulated by its necessity. In it will he know no pause, till out of himself shall be taken everything low and mean, and he shall be worthy to support his country, to be the defender of its liberty.

One stern and pressing patriot duty to-day. We, the sovereign people, may be morally upright yet, sound at heart, though there is so much that does not

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look like it; but we trust ourselves and all our dearest interests to the keeping of immoral men, — men who never see deeper or further than what shall serve themselves, men who turn the trust we repose in them to that end. Politics is a noble science, but party intrigue and chicane threaten the very life of the republic. These get into all our responsible places, and rule out principle and brains from custom-houses to school committees. The great interests of the republic must not and cannot remain at the mercy of partisan intrigue or transient gusts of popular opinion. We put men into office who flatter us by calling themselves our servants; and once secure in their place and the manipulations that will keep them there, like the animals spoken of in Scripture, they turn again and rend us. We are as afraid of our servants as the Southern aristocracy was of its slaves. They bully us out of our morality. They leave us scarce the name of liberty. They suffer us in no opinion. They override us by trick. The republic is lapsed into an oligarchy. We keep its name, its form, its phrases; but there is no tyranny on God's earth so galling, so degrading, so fraught with mischief as the tyranny that the moral cowardice of the American people has placed in the hands of the American public man. If we will not break it, it must recoil upon us, or, what is worse, infinitely

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worse, upon our children. Of no use our individual morality, if we will not take it out of its individual belongings, and apply it to public service. It is not a half quality. Better without it. Has it come to this that that leading American paper, *The Nation*, can soberly say, "All being corrupt, what is the use of investigating each other?" Has it come to this, that America can undertake nothing without a scandal annexed, a suspicion at least, — a Vienna Exhibition, a Freedman's bureau, a Pacific railway, a Presidential campaign, a Washington treaty? Are we to be followed all the time by the incompetency, the dishonesty, the blunders of those who are, by our system, foisted into places, if not of trust, of conspicuousness? — we can't say honor where no honor is. It is only for us to decide. The shame attaches only so long as we will. We may talk about the evil as in the system, or in the times, or in the men. It is in us. We make that which we allow. Men in place only dare because we permit. The easy-going good-nature with which we look on at things that degrade us in the eyes of nations, and must belittle us in our children's, — turning to our farms and merchandise as if that only concerned us which touches them, — is not a good nature at all, and criminal if it were. It is a blunted moral sense; it is a seared moral consciousness; it is a fatal moral deterioration in you and

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in me. Our easy-going is lack of principle, of courage, of patriotism. The great crimes that go unpunished; the prostitution of the great principles of law to the mere juggle of skilful counsel; the spotted judicial ermine; the audacity of what are popularly termed "rings;" the selfishness of overgrown corporations; the grasping, consolidation and defiance of railways; the nullifying of deliberate enactment, — are only out-croppings, permissions of something more radical, individual, which may go on to permit evils more fatal. These are not merely passing phases of a busy life, carelessly absorbed; they are indications of a spirit which strikes at the life of the republic. They are not convulsions of values and shocks of credit and movements of intrigue and fence of reckless men; but deeper than that, they indicate badness at heart, badness in the men, and, equally, badness in you and in me for letting them be where they can do such things. It is not that men in these relations and with these opportunities are above all or peculiarly sinners. These but express through their opportunity the lack that lies in us all. The sin is that the individual American man has lost that fine, penetrating sense of honor and fidelity and self-control and truth, that keen moral sentiment that distinguished the fathers, and, at a time when men worshipped thrones and kings, made of them the leading

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power of the globe. More unqualifiedly than Taine puts it of the England of to-day, as compared with the England of Cromwell, may it be said of our to-day America as contrasted with that of our fathers — "We no longer look on life as an august temple, but as a machine for solid profits, or a hall for refined amusements. We have our rich, our working-classes, our bankers who preach the gospel of gold; we have gentlemen, lords, dandies who preach the gospel of manners. We overwork ourselves to heap up guineas; or else we make ourselves insipid to attain an elegant dignity. Our hell is no longer, as under Cromwell, the dread of being found guilty before a just Judge, but the dread of making a bad speculation, or of transgressing etiquette. We have no moral convictions, and only floating convictions. We have lost the mainspring of action." To have lost moral conviction is indeed to have lost the mainspring of action. Is it not that to which the American public seems to have come? Parry or shield it as we may, is it not that to which the American individual has lapsed? The American reputation cannot long stand the strain, much less the American character. It is the republic that suffers.

The historian Froude has said — "It would be well if there were some definition of freedom; which would

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enable men to see clearly what they mean and do not mean by that vaguest of words;" and elsewhere he says —"The entire fabric of human existence is woven of the double threads of freedom and authority, which are forever wrestling, one against the other." In that they knew this, the men of the older republic are distinguished from the men of the later. They had just emerged from a conflict that taught them the self-limitings of freedom; had been face to face with perils from which they learned self-respect as self-restraint. The power they grew to have over themselves, they threw into their government; and there presides over the birth of the new nation a spirit of moderation and of health, which gives to its earlier days the characteristics of an individual, rather than of a people. There is balance, confidence, foresight, consideration in all things planned, undertaken, and the republic moves to its place among the countries of the globe, as steadily, as buoyantly, as the well-ballasted hull glides from the stocks to its place among navies. Time and the security of success have largely lost us the ancestral idea of liberty. It will not occur to the true chronicler of our time to speak of the balance of the republic to-day. Not liberty under law, but liberty above law is our popular idea. And this not the legitimate result of our institutions. Republicanism does not tend to anarchy.

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It is no synonym for license. There may be lesser causes, — the reaction from a too stern religion, the enervation of continued success, the rise and struggle between various commercial interests, the relaxing of the rule of home, — but the cause behind all other cause is, that the man has lost the thought of himself as primarily a moral agent, and has given himself to the control of things over which he should have kept the mastery. The republic of to-day reflects its children as that of the fathers did its founders. To shield, to save the republic, we must reach, rouse, convict the man. You, and I, and all America's sons, have got to comprehend that we hold not the destiny of our own souls in our own keeping, or the destiny of untold millions, but the destiny of an idea. The man must go to work upon himself, see in himself the unit of power, the unit of safety. He may not stoop from loftiest principle, because he so endangers the integrity of the republic, the integrity of liberty. Throwing aside all policy of party, of sect, or of self; turning his back upon the wild and lawless pursuit of pleasure, self-indulgence, ambition; shaking himself clear of the encumbering things of mistaken self-interest, under the restrainings of a higher law, must he seek that moral manhood, which, as it was the creator of the republic, so shall it be its only safety.

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Your Honor and Gentlemen! We are not making a grand American manhood side by side with this great American prosperity; it is not the impulse and inspiration of our activities. All our dangers lie in that; not in foreign entanglements; not in the failure of one or the establishment of the other home policy; not in strifes of labor with capital; not in inflated currency or internal dissension; not in the poor, the ignorant, the depraved, the immigrant, whom we call the dangerous, classes. Our dangers are not in classes at all, but in individuals, who have no pure, elevated manhood, no well-regulated, established, restrained self. The need we have to-day over all other needs is the need of an American manhood; and the culture requisite to an American manhood is not necessarily of schools, of college, of position, of many opportunities or many books. It may come in all its rugged, best proportion where these are not, as a man sitting with himself shall see into the great demands of life, and understand how wide and unselfish moral obligation is. The principles that planted themselves by the winter sea were but the wild waste of ocean currents, save for the men who held and lived them, through whose lives they became immortal. Had there been no Carvers, Brewsters, Winslows; no Winthrops, or Endicotts; no Adamses or Quincys; no Washingtons, Henrys, Jeffersons,

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there had been no republic; and stock gamblers, political intriguers, a low judiciary, canting piety, lax morality cannot maintain it. The republic was born in the men who not merely professed, but lived its principles, from the fealty of whose lives the Declaration of Independence and the subsequent Constitution of the United States derived all their dignity and force, and we go on building an enormous and imposing superstructure upon their foundation which must totter to the earth, save as we shall learn to supply its every joint with that sturdy moral probity they were of. It was as manhood failed Carthage and Sparta and Rome that they faltered and fell; as manhood failed, that Cromwell became possible to England, and Napoleon to France. It was manhood failure that made the rebellion inevitable. Would we divert future disaster, ourselves and our children under American culture must grow into American men.

There come to me, over the years, the words, as I think, of Mr. Justice Story — "We stand the latest, and, if we fail, the last experiment at self-government by the people." The republic must not fail; if we be men, it cannot fail. I believe in the future glory of my country; in ever-growing honors to adorn the fair repute of the republic; in a career of which no man would dare to cast the horoscope. In

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the far-off years I hear the solid tramp of the centuries as their deep column moves to the consummation of the purposes of God, and at their far front, steady and sublime, I behold the unflinching eagles of the republic; and at the last grand review hers shall be the place of honor at "the head of the column, on the right." Not by "extending the area of freedom," not through any "manifest destiny," shall her glory come, or any of those cheap things of cheap phrase, which have so long pleased the popular ear, and raised the popular applause. Mr. Emerson has lately said of the Egyptians, they "are a perpetual study for the grace of their forms and motions. No people walk so well, none are so upright, none are so well-developed, so strong. It seems as if an artist should go to them for perfect models." To us should the traveller and the man of thought go for the perfect model of a well-developed, upright, moral manhood. We have a history. It has this central day, a central fact, not in our own career alone, but central in human progress. We do not want fireworks, bells, cannon, periods to round and comprise and compress its celebration. Their noisy accord may do, if we have only to recall a past, to worship relics. We have other and more to do. Cheered, lighted, led by the holy influence and bright examples of the past, armed with that armor which our fathers

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found of proof, as their posterity and God's sons, let us press forward, out of individual character and endeavor, slowly but surely building, for the world's blessing and our country's good, an American manhood, an American people.

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